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THE ENCANTADAS, OR ENCHANTED ISLES.

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(Continued from page 819.)

SKETCH FIFTH.

THE FRIGATE, AND SHIP FLYAWAY.

"Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant I espide,
Through the main sea making her merry flight."

ERE quitting Rodondo, it must not be omitted that here, in 1813, the U. S. frigate *Essex*, Captain David Porter, came near leaving her bones. Lying becalmed one morning with a strong current setting her rapidly towards the rock, a strange sail was descried, which—not out of keeping with alleged enchantments of the neighborhood—seemed to be staggering under a violent wind, while the frigate lay lifeless as if spell-bound. But a light air springing up, all sail was made by the frigate in chase of the enemy, as supposed—he being deemed an English whale-ship—but the rapidity of the current was so great, that soon all sight was lost of him; and at meridian the *Essex*, spite of her drags, was driven so close under the foamlashed cliffs of Rodondo that for a time all hands gave her up. A smart breeze, however, at last helped her off, though the escape was so critical as to seem almost miraculous.

Thus saved from destruction herself, she now made use of that salvation to destroy the other vessel, if possible. Renewing the chase in the direction in which the stranger had disappeared, sight was caught of him the following morning. Upon being descried he hoisted American colors and stood away from the *Essex*.

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A calm ensued; when, still confident that the stranger was an Englishman, Porter despatched a cutter, not to board the enemy, but drive back his boats engaged in towing him. The cutter succeeded. Cutters were subsequently sent to capture him; the stranger now showing English colors in place of American. But when the frigate's boats were within a short distance of their hoped-for prize, another sudden breeze sprang up; the stranger under all sail bore off to the westward, and ere night was hull down ahead of the *Essex*, which all this time lay perfectly becalmed.

This enigmatic craft—American in the morning, and English in the evening—her sails full of wind in a calm—was never again beheld. An enchanted ship no doubt. So at least the sailors swore.

This cruise of the *Essex* in the Pacific during the war of 1812, is perhaps the strangest and most stirring to be found in the history of the American navy. She captured the furthest wandering vessels; visited the remotest seas and isles; long hovered in the charmed vicinity of the enchanted group; and finally valiantly gave up the ghost fighting two English frigates in the harbor of Valparaiso. Mention is made of her here for the same reason that the buccaners will likewise receive record; because, like them, by long cruising among the isles, twice-hunting upon their shores, and generally exploring them; for these and other reasons, the *Essex* is peculiarly associated with the Encantadas.

Here be it said that you have but three eye-witness authorities worth men-

tioning touching the Enchanted Isles:—Cowley, the buccaneer (1684); Colnet, the whaling-ground explorer (1798); Porter, the post captain (1813). Other than these you have but barren, bootless allusions from some few passing voyagers or compilers.

SKETCH SIXTH.

BARRINGTON ISLE AND THE BUCCANEERS.

"Let us all servile base subjection scorn,
And as we be sons of the earth so wide,
Let us our father's heritage divide,
And challenge to ourselves our portions dew
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold on hugger-mugger in their hand."

* * * * *
"Lords of the world, and so will wander free,
Where—so us listeth, uncontrol'd of any."

* * * * *
"How bravely now we live, how jocund, how near
the first inheritance, without fear, how free from little
troubles!"

NEAR two centuries ago Barrington Isle was the resort of that famous wing of the West Indian buccaneers, which, upon their repulse from the Cuban waters, crossing the Isthmus of Darien, ravaged the Pacific side of the Spanish colonies, and, with the regularity and timing of a modern mail, waylaid the royal treasure ships plying between Manilla and Acapulco. After the toils of piratic war, here they came to say their prayers, enjoy their free-and-easies, count their crackers from the cask, their doubloons from the keg, and measure their silks of Asia with long Toledos for their yard-sticks.

As a secure retreat, an undiscoverable hiding place, no spot in those days could have been better fitted. In the centre of a vast and silent sea, but very little traversed; surrounded by islands, whose inhospitable aspect might well drive away the chance navigator; and yet within a few days' sail of the opulent countries which they made their prey; the unmolested buccaneers found here that tranquillity which they fiercely denied to every civilized harbor in that part of the world. Here, after stress of weather, or a temporary drubbing at the hands of their vindictive foes, or in swift flight with golden booty, those old marauders came, and lay snugly out of all harm's reach. But not only was the place a harbor of safety, and a bower of ease, but for utility in other things it was most admirable.

Barrington Isle is in many respects singularly adapted to careening, refitting, refreshing, and other seamen's purposes. Not only has it good water, and good

anchorage, well sheltered from all winds by the high land of Albemarle, but it is the least unproductive isle of the group. Tortoises good for food, trees good for fuel, and long grass good for bedding, abound here, and there are pretty natural walks, and several landscapes to be seen. Indeed, though in its locality belonging to the Enchanted group, Barrington Isle is so unlike most of its neighbors, that it would hardly seem of kin to them.

"I once landed on its western side," says a sentimental voyager long ago, "where it faces the black buttress of Albemarle. I walked beneath groves of trees; not very lofty, and not palm trees, or orange trees, or peach trees, to be sure; but for all that, after long sea-faring very beautiful to walk under, even though they supplied no fruit. And here, in calm spaces at the heads of glades, and on the shaded tops of slopes commanding the most quiet scenery—what do you think I saw? Seats which might have served Brahmans and presidents of peace societies. Fine old ruins of what had once been symmetric lounges of stone and turf; they bore every mark both of artificialness and age, and were undoubtedly made by the buccaneers. One had been a long sofa, with back and arms, just such a sofa as the poet Gray might have loved to throw himself upon, his Crebillon in hand.

"Though they sometimes tarried here for months at a time, and used the spot for a storing-place for spare spars, sails, and casks; yet it is highly improbable that the buccaneers ever erected dwelling-houses upon the isle. They never were here except their ships remained, and they would most likely have slept on board. I mention this, because I cannot avoid the thought, that it is hard to impute the construction of these romantic seats to any other motive than one of pure peacefulness and kindly fellowship with nature. That the buccaneers perpetrated the greatest outrages is very true; that some of them were mere cut-throats is not to be denied; but we know that here and there among their host was a Dampier, a Wafer, and a Cowley, and likewise other men, whose worst reproach was their desperate fortunes; whom persecution, or adversity, or secret and un-avengeable wrongs, had driven from Christian society to seek the melancholy solitude or the guilty adventures of the sea. At any rate, long as those ruins of seats on Barrington remain, the most singular monuments are furnished to the fact, that all of the buccaneers were not unmitigated monsters.

"But during my ramble on the isle I was not long in discovering other tokens, of things quite in accordance with those wild traits, popularly, and no doubt truly enough imputed to the freebooters at large. Had I picked up old sails and rusty hoops I would only have thought of the ship's carpenter and cooper. But I found old cutlasses and daggers reduced to mere threads of rust, which doubtless had stuck between Spanish ribs ere now. These were signs of the murderer and robber; the reveller likewise had left his trace. Mixed with shells, fragments of broken jars were lying here and there, high up upon the beach. They were precisely like the jars now used upon the Spanish coast for the wine and Pisco spirits of that country.

"With a rusty dagger-fragment in one hand, and a bit of a wine-jar in another, I sat me down on the ruinous green sofa I have spoken of, and bethought me long and deeply of these same buccaners. Could it be possible, that they robbed and murdered one day, revelled the next, and rested themselves by turning meditative philosophers, rural poets, and seat-builders on the third? Not very improbable, after all. For consider the vacillations of a man. Still, strange as it may seem, I must also abide by the more charitable thought; namely, that among these adventurers were some gentlemanly, companionable souls, capable of genuine tranquillity and virtue."

SKETCH EIGHTH.

CHARLES' ISLE AND THE DOG-KING.

So with outrageous cry,
A thousand villains round about him swarmed
Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nye;
Vile caltive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed;
All threatening death, all in strange manner armed;
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warred.

We will not be of any occupation,
Let such vile vassals, born to base vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.

SOUTHWEST of Barrington lies Charles' Isle. And hereby hangs a history which I gathered long ago from a shipmate learned in all the lore of outlandish life.

During the successful revolt of the

Spanish provinces from Old Spain, there fought on behalf of Peru a certain Creole adventurer from Cuba, who by his bravery and good fortune at length advanced himself to high rank in the patriot army. The war being ended, Peru found herself like many valorous gentlemen, free and independent enough, but with few shot in the locker. In other words, she had not wherewithal to pay off her troops. But the Creole—I forget his name—volunteered to take his pay in lands. So they told him he might have his pick of the Enchanted Isles, which were then, as they still remain, the nominal appanage of Peru. The soldier straightway embarks thither, explores the group, returns to Callao, and says he will take a deed of Charles' Isle. Moreover, this deed must stipulate that thenceforth Charles' Isle is not only the sole property of the Creole, but is for ever free of Peru, even as Peru of Spain. To be short, this adventurer procures himself to be made in effect Supreme Lord of the Island, one of the princes of the powers of the earth.*

He now sends forth a proclamation inviting subjects to his as yet unpopulated kingdom. Some eighty souls, men and women, respond; and being provided by their leader with necessities, and tools of various sorts, together with a few cattle and goats, take ship for the promised land; the last arrival on board, prior to sailing, being the Creole himself, accompanied, strange to say, by a disciplined cavalry company of large grim dogs. These, it was observed on the passage, refusing to consort with the emigrants, remained aristocratically grouped around their master on the elevated quarter-deck, casting disdainful glances forward upon the inferior rabble there; much as from the ramparts, the soldiers of a garrison thrown into a conquered town, eye the inglorious citizen-mob over which they are set to watch.

Now Charles' Isle not only resembles Barrington Isle in being much more inhabitable than other parts of the group; but it is double the size of Barrington; say forty or fifty miles in circuit.

Safely debarked at last, the company under direction of their lord and patron, forthwith proceeded to build their capital city. They make considerable advance in the way of walls of clinkers, and lava floors, nicely sanded with cinders. On

* The American Spaniards have long been in the habit of making presents of islands to deserving individuals. The pilot Juan Fernandez procured a deed of the isle named after him, and for some years resided there before Selkirk came. It is supposed, however, that he eventually contracted the blues upon his princely property, for after a time he returned to the main, and as report goes, became a very garrulous barber in the city of Lima.

the least barren hills they pasture their cattle, while the goats, adventurers by nature, explore the far inland solitudes for a scanty livelihood of lofty herbage. Meantime, abundance of fish and an inexhaustible tribe of tortoises, supply the adventurer's other wants.

The disorders incident to settling all primitive regions, in the present case were heightened by the peculiarly untoward character of many of the pilgrims. His Majesty was forced at last to proclaim martial law, and actually hunted and shot with his own hand several of his rebellious subjects, who, with most questionable intentions, had clandestinely encamped in the interior; whence they stole by night, to prowl barefooted on tiptoe round the precincts of the lava-palace. It is to be remarked, however, that prior to such stern proceedings, the more reliable men had been judiciously picked out for an infantry body-guard, subordinate to the cavalry body-guard of dogs. But the state of politics in this unhappy nation may be somewhat imagined from the circumstance, that all who were not of the body-guard were downright plotters and malignant traitors. At length the death penalty was tacitly abolished, owing to the timely thought, that were strict sportsman's justice to be dispensed among such subjects, ere long the Nimrod King would have little or no remaining game to shoot. The human part of the life-guard was now disbanded, and set to work cultivating the soil, and raising potatoes; the regular army now solely consisting of the dog-regiment. These, as I have heard, were of a singularly ferocious character, though by severe training rendered docile to their master. Armed to the teeth, the Creole now goes in state, surrounded by his canine janizaries, whose terrific bayings prove quite as serviceable as bayonets in keeping down the surgings of revolt.

But the census of the isle, sadly lessened by the dispensation of justice, and not materially recruited by matrimony, began to fill his mind with sad mistrust. Some way the population must be increased. Now, from its possessing a little water, and its comparative pleasantness of aspect, Charles' Isle at this period was occasionally visited by foreign whalers. These His Majesty had always levied upon for port charges, thereby contributing to his revenue. But now he had additional designs. By insidious arts he from time to time cajoles certain sailors to desert their ships and enlist beneath his banner. Soon as missed, their captains crave permission to go and hunt them up. Whereupon

His Majesty first hides them very carefully away, and then freely permits the search. In consequence, the delinquents are never found, and the ships retire without them.

Thus, by a two-edged policy of this crafty monarch, foreign nations were crippled in the number of their subjects, and his own were greatly multiplied. He particularly petted these renegade strangers. But alas for the deep-laid schemes of ambitious princes, and alas for the vanity of glory. As the foreign-born Pretorians of the Roman state, unwisely introduced into the commonwealth, and still more unwisely made favorites of the Emperors, at last insulted and overturned the throne, even so these lawless mariners, with all the rest of the body-guard and all the populace, broke out into a terrible mutiny, and defied their master. He marched against them with all his dogs. A deadly battle ensued upon the beach. It raged for three hours, the dogs fighting with determined valor, and the sailors reckless of every thing but victory. Three men and thirteen dogs were left dead upon the field, many on both sides were wounded, and the king was forced to fly with the remainder of his canine regiment. The enemy pursued, stoning the dogs with their master into the wilderness of the interior. Discontinuing the pursuit, the victors returned to the village on the shore, stove the spirit-casks, and proclaimed a Republic. The dead men were interred with the honors of war, and the dead dogs ignominiously thrown into the sea. At last, forced by stress of suffering, the fugitive Creole came down from the hills and offered to treat for peace. But the rebels refused it on any other terms than his unconditional banishment. Accordingly, the next ship that arrived carried away the ex-king to Peru.

The history of the king of Charles' Island furnishes another illustration of the difficulty of colonizing barren islands with unprincipled pilgrims.

Doubtless for a long time the exiled monarch, pensively ruralizing in Peru, which afforded him a safe asylum in his calamity, watched every arrival from the Encantadas, to hear news of the failure of the Republic, the consequent penitence of the rebels, and his own recall to royalty. Doubtless he deemed the Republic but a miserable experiment which would soon explode. But no, the insurgents had confederated themselves into a democracy neither Grecian, Roman, nor American. Nay, it was no democracy at all, but a permanent *Riotocracy*, which gloried in

having no law but lawlessness. Great inducements being offered to deserters, their ranks were swelled by accessions of scamps from every ship which touched their shores. Charles' Island was proclaimed the asylum of the oppressed of all navies. Each runaway tar was hailed as a martyr in the cause of freedom, and became immediately installed a ragged citizen of this universal nation. In vain the captains of absconding seamen strove to regain them. Their new compatriots were ready to give any number of ornamental eyes in their behalf. They had few cannon, but their fists were not to be trifled with. So at last it came to pass that no vessels acquainted with the character of that country durst touch there, however sorely in want of refreshment. It became Anathema—a sea Alsatia—the unassailed lurking-place of all sorts of desperadoes, who in the name of liberty did just what they pleased. They continually fluctuated in their numbers. Sailors deserting ships at other islands, or in boats at sea any where in that vicinity, steered for Charles' Isle, as to their sure home of refuge; while sated with the life of the isle, numbers from time to time crossed the water to the neighboring ones, and there presenting themselves to strange captains as shipwrecked seamen, often succeeded in getting on board vessels bound to the Spanish coast; and having a compassionate purse made up for them on landing there.

One warm night during my first visit to the group, our ship was floating along in languid stillness, when some one on the fore-castle shouted "Light ho!" We looked and saw a beacon burning on some obscure land off the beam. Our third mate was not intimate with this part of the world. Going to the captain he said, "Sir, shall I put off in a boat? These must be shipwrecked men."

The captain laughed rather grimly, as, shaking his fist towards the beacon, he rapped out an oath, and said—"No, no, you precious rascals, you don't juggle one of my boats ashore this blessed night. You do well, you thieves—you do benevolently to hoist a light yonder as on a dangerous shoal. It tempts no wise man to pull off and see what's the matter, but bids him steer small and keep off shore—that is Charles' Island; brace up, Mr. mate, and keep the light astern."

SKETCH NINTH.

NORFOLK ISLE AND THE CHOLA WIDOW.

"At last they in an island did espy
A seemly woman sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And loud to them for succor called evermore."

"Black his eye as the midnight sky,
White his neck as the driven snow,
Red his cheek as the morning light;—
Cold he lies in the ground below.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the cactus tree."

FAR to the northeast of Charles' Isle, sequestered from the rest, lies Norfolk Isle; and, however insignificant to most voyagers, to me, through sympathy, that lone island has become a spot made sacred by the strongest trials of humanity.

It was my first visit to the Encantadas. Two days had been spent ashore in hunting tortoises. There was not time to capture many; so on the third afternoon we loosed our sails. We were just in the act of getting under way, the uprooted anchor yet suspended and invisibly swaying beneath the wave, as the good ship gradually turned her heel to leave the isle behind, when the seaman who heaved with me at the windlass paused suddenly, and directed my attention to something moving on the land, not along the beach, but somewhat back, fluttering from a height.

In view of the sequel of this little story, be it here narrated how it came to pass, that an object which partly from its being so small was quite lost to every other man on board, still caught the eye of my handspike companion. The rest of the crew, myself included, merely stood up to our spikes in heaving; whereas, unwontedly exhilarated at every turn of the ponderous windlass, my belted comrade leaped atop of it, with might and main giving a downward, thewey, perpendicular heave, his raised eye bent in cheery animation upon the slowly receding shore. Being high lifted above all others was the reason he perceived the object, otherwise unperceivable: and this elevation of his eye was owing to the elevation of his spirits; and this again—for truth must out—to a dram of Peruvian pisco, in guerdon for some kindness done, secretly administered to him that morning by our mulatto steward. Now, certainly, pisco does a deal of mischief in the world; yet seeing that, in the present case, it was the means, though indirect, of rescuing a human being from the most dreadful

fate, must we not also needs admit that sometimes pisco does a deal of good?

Glancing across the water in the direction pointed out, I saw some white thing hanging from an inland rock, perhaps half a mile from the sea.

"It is a bird; a white-winged bird; perhaps a——no; it is——it is a handkerchief!"

"Aye, a handkerchief!" echoed my comrade, and with a louder shout apprised the captain.

Quickly now—like the running out and training of a great gun—the long cabin spy-glass was thrust through the mizzen rigging from the high platform of the poop; whereupon a human figure was plainly seen upon the inland rock, eagerly waving towards us what seemed to be the handkerchief.

Our captain was a prompt, good fellow. Dropping the glass, he lustily ran forward, ordering the anchor to be dropped again; hands to stand by a boat, and lower away.

In a half-hour's time the swift boat returned. It went with six and came with seven; and the seventh was a woman.

It is not artistic heartlessness, but I wish I could but draw in crayons; for this woman was a most touching sight; and crayons, tracing softly melancholy lines, would best depict the mournful image of the dark-damasked Chola widow.

Her story was soon told, and though given in her own strange language was as quickly understood, for our captain from long trading on the Chilean coast was well versed in the Spanish. A Cholo, or half-breed Indian woman of Payta in Peru, three years gone by, with her young new-wedded husband Felipe, of pure Castilian blood, and her one only Indian brother, Truxill, Hunilla had taken passage on the main in a French whaler, commanded by a joyous man; which vessel, bound to the cruising grounds beyond the Enchanted Isles, proposed passing close by their vicinity. The object of the little party was to procure tortoise oil, a fluid which for its great purity and delicacy is held in high estimation wherever known; and it is well known all along this part of the Pacific coast. With a chest of clothes, tools, cooking utensils, a rude apparatus for trying out the oil, some casks of biscuit, and other things, not omitting two favorite dogs, of which faithful animal all the Cholos are very fond, Hunilla and her companions were safely landed at their chosen place; the Frenchman, according to the contract made ere sailing, engaged to take them off upon returning from a

four months' cruise in the westward seas; which interval the three adventurers deemed quite sufficient for their purposes.

On the isle's lone beach they paid him in silver for their passage out, the stranger having declined to carry them at all except upon that condition; though willing to take every means to insure the due fulfilment of his promise. Felipe had striven hard to have this payment put off to the period of the ship's return. But in vain. Still, they thought they had, in another way, ample pledge of the good faith of the Frenchman. It was arranged that the expenses of the passage home should not be payable in silver, but in tortoises; one hundred tortoises ready captured to the returning captain's hand. These the Cholos meant to secure after their own work was done, against the probable time of the Frenchman's coming back; and no doubt in prospect already felt, that in those hundred tortoises—now somewhere ranging the isle's interior—they possessed one hundred hostages. Enough: the vessel sailed; the gazing three on shore answered the loud glee of the singing crew; and ere evening, the French craft was hull down in the distant sea, its masts three faintest lines which quickly faded from Hunilla's eye.

The stranger had given a blithesome promise, and anchored it with oaths; but oaths and anchors equally will drag; nought else abides on fickle earth but unkept promises of joy. Contrary winds from out unstabled skies, or contrary moods of his more varying mind, or shipwreck and sudden death in solitary waves; whatever was the cause, the blithe stranger never was seen again.

Yet, however dire a calamity was here in store, misgivings of it ere due time never disturbed the Cholos' busy mind, now all intent upon the toilsome matter which had brought them hither. Nay, by swift doom coming like the thief at night, ere seven weeks went by, two of the little party were removed from all anxieties of land or sea. No more they sought to gaze with feverish fear, or still more feverish hope, beyond the present's horizon line; but into the furthest future their own silent spirits sailed. By persevering labor beneath that burning sun, Felipe and Truxill had brought down to their hut many scores of tortoises, and tried out the oil, when, elated with their good success, and to reward themselves for such hard work, they, too hastily, made a catamaran, or Indian raft, much used on the Spanish main, and merrily

started on a fishing trip, just without a long reef with many jagged gaps, running parallel with the shore, about half a mile from it. By some bad tide or hap, or natural negligence of joyfulness (for though they could not be heard, yet by their gestures they seemed singing at the time), forced in deep water against that iron bar, the ill-made catamaran was over-set, and came all to pieces; when, dashed by broad-chested swells between their broken logs and the sharp teeth of the reef, both adventurers perished before Hunilla's eyes.

Before Hunilla's eyes they sank. The real woe of this event passed before her sight as some sham tragedy on the stage. She was seated on a rude bower among the withered thickets, crowning a lofty cliff, a little back from the beach. The thickets were so disposed, that in looking upon the sea at large she peered out from among the branches as from the lattice of a high balcony. But upon the day we speak of here, the better to watch the adventure of those two hearts she loved, Hunilla had withdrawn the branches to one side, and held them so. They formed an oval frame, through which the bluey boundless sea rolled like a painted one. And there, the invisible painter painted to her view the wave-tossed and disjointed raft, its once level logs slantingly upheaved, as raking masts, and the four struggling arms undistinguishable among them; and then all subsided into smooth-flowing creamy waters, slowly drifting the splintered wreck; while first and last, no sound of any sort was heard. Death in a silent picture; a dream of the eye; such vanishing shapes as the mirage shows.

So instant was the scene, so trance-like its mild pictorial effect, so distant from her blasted tower and her common sense of things, that Hunilla gazed and gazed, nor raised a finger or a wail. But as good to sit thus dumb, in stupor staring on that dumb show, for all that otherwise might be done. With half a mile of sea between, could her two enchanted arms aid those four fated ones? The distance long, the time one sand. After the lightning is beheld, what fool shall stay the thunderbolt? Felipe's body was washed ashore, but Truxill's never came; only his gay, braided hat of golden straw—that same sunflower thing he waved to her, pushing from the strand—and now, to the last gallant, it still saluted her. But Felipe's body floated to the marge, with one arm encirclingly outstretched. Lock-jawed in grim death, the lover-hus-

band, softly clasped his bride, true to her even in death's dream. Ah, Heaven, when man thus keeps his faith, wilt thou be faithless who created the faithful one? But they cannot break faith who never plighted it.

It needs not to be said what nameless misery now wrapped the lonely widow. In telling her own story she passed this almost entirely over, simply recounting the event. Construe the comment of her features, as you might; from her mere words little would you have weened that Hunilla was herself the heroine of her tale. But not thus did she defraud us of our tears. All hearts bled that grief could be so brave.

She but showed us her soul's lid, and the strange ciphers thereon engraved; all within, with pride's timidity, was withheld. Yet was there one exception. Holding out her small olive hand before our captain, she said in mild and slowest Spanish, "Señor, I buried him;" then paused, struggled as against the writhed coils of a snake, and cringing suddenly, leaped up, repeating in impassioned pain, "I buried him, my life, my soul!"

Doubtless it was by half-unconscious, automatic motions of her hands, that this heavy-hearted one performed the final offices for Felipe, and planted a rude cross of withered sticks—no green ones might be had—at the head of that lonely grave, where rested now in lasting uncompliment and quiet haven he whom untroubled seas had overthrown.

But some dull sense of another body that should be interred, of another cross that should hallow another grave—unnamed as yet;—some dull anxiety and pain touching her undiscovered brother now haunted the oppressed Hunilla. Her hands fresh from the burial earth, she slowly went back to the beach, with unshaped purposes wandered there, her spell-bound eye bent upon the incessant waves. But they bore nothing to her but a dirge, which maddened her to think that murderers should mourn. As time went by, and these things came less dreamingly to her mind, the strong persuasions of her Romish faith, which sets peculiar store by consecrated urns, prompted her to resume in waking earnest that pious search which had but been begun as in somnambulism. Day after day, week after week, she trod the cindery beach, till at length a double motive edged every eager glance. With equal longing she now looked for the living and the dead; the brother and the captain; alike vanished, never to return. Little accurate note of time had Hunilla

taken under such emotions as were hers, and little, outside herself, served for calendar or dial. As to poor Crusoe in the self-same sea, no saint's bell pealed forth the lapse of week or month; each day went by unchallenged; no chanticler announced those sultry dawns, no lowing herds those poisonous nights. All wanted and steadily recurring sounds, human, or humanized by sweet fellowship with man, but one stirred that torrid trance,—the cry of dogs; save which nought but the rolling sea invaded it, an all pervading monotone; and to the widow that was the least loved voice she could have heard.

No wonder that as her thoughts now wandered to the unreturning ship, and were beaten back again, the hope against hope so struggled in her soul, that at length she desperately said, "Not yet, not yet; my foolish heart runs on too fast." So she forced patience for some further weeks. But to those whom earth's sure indraft draws, patience or impatience is still the same.

Hunilla now sought to settle precisely in her mind, to an hour, how long it was since the ship had sailed; and then, with the same precision, how long a space remained to pass. But this proved impossible. What present day or month it was she could not say. Time was her labyrinth, in which Hunilla was entirely lost.

And now follows—

Against my own purposes a pause descends upon me here. One knows not whether nature doth not impose some secrecy upon him who has been privy to certain things. At least, it is to be doubted whether it be good to blazon such. If some books are deemed most baneful and their sale forbid, how then with deadlier facts, not dreams of doting men? Those whom books will hurt will not be proof against events. Events, not books, should be forbid. But in all things man sows upon the wind, which bloweth just there whither it listeth; for ill or good man cannot know. Often ill comes from the good, as good from ill.

When Hunilla—

Dire sight it is to see some silken beast long dally with a golden lizard ere she devour. More terrible, to see how feline Fate will sometimes dally with a human soul, and by a nameless magic make it repulse one sane despair with another which is but mad. Unwittingly I imp this cat-like thing, sporting with the heart of him who reads; for if he feel not, he does read in vain.

—"The ship sails this day, to-day," at

last said Hunilla to herself; "this gives me certain time to stand on; without certainty I go mad. In loose ignorance I have hoped and hoped; now in firm knowledge I will but wait. Now I live and no longer perish in bewilderings. Holy Virgin, aid me! Thou wilt waft back the ship. Oh, past length of weary weeks—all to be dragged over—to buy the certainty of to-day, I freely give ye, though I tear ye from me!"

As mariners tossed in tempest on some desolate ledge patch them a boat out of the remnants of their vessel's wreck, and launch it in the self-same waves, see here Hunilla, this lone shipwrecked soul, out of treachery invoking trust. Humanity, thou strong thing, I worship thee, not in the laurelled victor, but in this vanquished one.

Truly Hunilla leaned upon a reed, a real one; no metaphor; a real Eastern reed. A piece of hollow cane, drifted from unknown isles, and found upon the beach, its once jagged ends rubbed smoothly even as by sand-paper; its golden glazing gone. Long ground between the sea and land, upper and nether stone, the unvarnished substance was filed bare, and wore another polish now, one with itself, the polish of its agony. Circular lines at intervals cut all round this surface, divided it into six panels of unequal length. In the first were scored the days, each tenth one marked by a longer and deeper notch; the second was scored for the number of sea-fowl eggs for sustenance, picked out from the rocky nests; the third, how many fish had been caught from the shore; the fourth, how many small tortoises found inland; the fifth, how many days of sun; the sixth, of clouds; which last, of the two, was the greater one. Long night of busy numbering, misery's mathematics, to weary her too-wakeful soul to sleep; yet sleep for that was none.

The panel of the days was deeply worn, the long tenth notches half effaced, as alphabets of the blind. Ten thousand times the longing widow had traced her finger over the bamboo; dull flute, which played on, gave no sound; as if counting birds flown by in air, would hasten tortoises creeping through the woods.

After the one hundred and eightieth day no further mark was seen; that last one was the faintest, as the first the deepest.

"There were more days," said our Captain; "many, many more; why did you not go on and notch them too, Hunilla?"

"Señor, ask me not."

"And meantime, did no other vessel pass the isle?"

"Nay, Señor;—but——"

"You do not speak; but *what*, Hunilla?"

"Ask me not, Señor."

"You saw ships pass, far away; you waved to them; they passed on;—was that it, Hunilla?"

"Señor, be it as you say."

Braced against her woe, Hunilla would not, durst not trust the weakness of her tongue. Then when our Captain asked whether any whale-boats had——

But no, I will not file this thing complete for scoffing souls to quote, and call it firm proof upon their side. The half shall here remain untold. Those two unnamed events which befell Hunilla on this isle, let them abide between her and her God. In nature, as in law, it may be libellous to speak some truths.

Still, how it was that although our vessel had lain three days anchored nigh the isle, its one human tenant should not have discovered us till just upon the point of sailing, never to revisit so lone and far a spot; this needs explaining ere the sequel come.

The place where the French captain had landed the little party was on the farther and opposite end of the isle. There too it was that they had afterwards built their hut. Nor did the widow in her solitude desert the spot where her loved ones had dwelt with her, and where the dearest of the twain now slept his last long sleep, and all her complaints awaked him not, and he of husbands the most faithful during life.

Now, high broken land rises between the opposite extremities of the isle. A ship anchored at one side is invisible from the other. Neither is the isle so small, but a considerable company might wander for days through the wilderness of one side, and never be seen, or their halloos heard, by any stranger holding aloof on the other. Hence Hunilla, who naturally associated the possible coming of ships with her own part of the isle, might to the end have remained quite ignorant of the presence of our vessel, were it not for a mysterious presentiment, borne to her, so our mariners averred, by this isle's enchanted air. Nor did the widow's answer undo the thought.

"How did you come to cross the isle this morning then, Hunilla?" said our Captain.

"Señor, something came flitting by me. It touched my cheek, my heart, Señor."

"What do you say, Hunilla?"

"I have said, Señor; something came through the air."

It was a narrow chance. For when in crossing the isle Hunilla gained the high land in the centre, she must then for the first have perceived our masts, and also marked that their sails were being loosed, perhaps even heard the echoing chorus of the windlass song. The strange ship was about to sail, and she behind. With all haste she now descends the height on the hither side, but soon loses sight of the ship among the sunken jungles at the mountain's base. She struggles on through the withered branches, which seek at every step to bar her path, till she comes to the isolated rock, still some way from the water. This she climbs, to reassure herself. The ship is still in plainest sight. But now worn out with over tension, Hunilla all but faints; she fears to step down from her giddy perch; she is feign to pause, there where she is, and as a last resort catches the turban from her head, unfurls and waves it over the jungles towards us.

During the telling of her story the mariners formed a voiceless circle round Hunilla and the Captain; and when at length the word was given to man the fastest boat, and pull round to the isle's thither side, to bring away Hunilla's chest and the tortoise-oll; such alacrity of both cheery and sad obedience seldom before was seen. Little ado was made. Already the anchor had been recommitted to the bottom, and the ship swung calmly to it.

But Hunilla insisted upon accompanying the boat as indispensable pilot to her hidden hut. So being refreshed with the best the steward could supply, she started with us. Nor did ever any wife of the most famous admiral in her husband's barge receive more silent reverence of respect, than poor Hunilla from this boat's crew.

Rounding many a vitreous cape and bluff in two hours' time we shot inside the fatal reef; wound into a secret cove, looked up along a green many-gabled lava wall, and saw the island's solitary dwelling.

It hung upon an impending cliff, sheltered on two sides by tangled thickets, and half-screened from view in front by jutting of the rude stairway, which climbed the precipice from the sea. Built of canes, it was thatched with long, mildewed grass. It seemed an abandoned hayrick, whose haymakers were now no more. The roof inclined but one way; the eaves coming to within two feet of

the ground. And here was a simple apparatus to collect the dews, or rather doubly-distilled and finest winnowed rains, which, in mercy or in mockery, the night-skies sometimes drop upon these blighted Encantadas. All along beneath the eaves, a spotted sheet, quite weather-stained, was spread, pinned to short, upright stakes, set in the shallow sand. A small clinker, thrown into the cloth, weighed its middle down, thereby straining all moisture into a calabash placed below. This vessel supplied each drop of water ever drunk upon the isle by the Oholos. Hunilla told us the calabash would sometimes, but not often, be half filled over-night. It held six quarts, perhaps. "But," said she, "we were used to thirst. At Sandy Payta, where I live, no shower from heaven ever fell; all the water there is brought on mules from the inland vales."

Tied among the thickets were some twenty moaning tortoises, supplying Hunilla's lonely larder; while hundreds of vast tabled black bucklers, like displaced, shattered tomb-stones of dark slate, were also scattered round. These were the skeleton backs of those great tortoises from which Felipe and Truxill had made their precious oil. Several large calabashes and two goodly kegs were filled with it. In a pot near by were the caked crusts of a quantity which had been permitted to evaporate. "They meant to have strained it off next day," said Hunilla, as she turned aside.

I forgot to mention the most singular sight of all, though the first that greeted us after landing; memory keeps not in all things to the order of occurrence.

Some ten small, soft-haired, ringletted dogs, of a beautiful breed, peculiar to Peru, set up a concert of glad welcomings when we gained the beach, which was responded to by Hunilla. Some of these dogs had, since her widowhood, been born upon the isle, the progeny of the two brought from Payta. Owing to the jagged steepes and pitfalls, tortuous thickets, sunken clefts and perilous intricacies of all sorts in the interior; Hunilla, admonished by the loss of one favorite among them, never allowed these delicate creatures to follow her in her occasional birds'-nests climbs and other wanderings; so that, through long habituation, they offered not to follow, when that morning she crossed the land; and her own soul was then too full of other things to heed their lingering behind. Yet, all along she had so clung to them, that, besides what moisture they lapped up at early day-

break from the small scoop-holes among the adjacent rocks, she had shared the dew of her calabash among them; never laying by any considerable store against those prolonged and utter droughts, which in some disastrous seasons warp these isles.

Having pointed out, at our desire, what few things she would like transported to the ship—her chest, the oil, not omitting the live tortoises which she intended for a grateful present to our Captain—we immediately set to work, carrying them to the boat down the long, sloping stair of deeply-shadowed rock. While my comrades were thus employed, I looked, and Hunilla had disappeared.

It was not curiosity alone, but, it seems to me, something different mingled with it, which prompted me to drop my tortoises, and once more gaze slowly around. I remembered the husband buried by Hunilla's hands. A narrow pathway led into a dense part of the thickets. Following it through many mazes, I came out upon a small, round, open space, deeply chambered there.

The mound rose in the middle; a bare heap of finest sand, like that unverdured heap found at the bottom of an hour-glass run out. At its head stood the cross of withered sticks; the dry, pealed bark still fraying from it; its transverse limb tied up with rope, and forlornly adroop in the silent air.

Hunilla was partly prostrate upon the grave; her dark head bowed, and lost in her long, loosened Indian hair; her hands extended to the cross-foot, with a little brass crucifix clasped between; a crucifix worn featureless, like an ancient graven knocker long plied in vain. She did not see me, and I made no noise, but slid aside, and left the spot.

A few moments ere all was ready for our going, she reappeared among us. I looked into her eyes, but saw no tear. There was something which seemed strangely haughty in her air, and yet it was the air of woe. A Spanish and an Indian grief, which would not visibly lament. Pride's height in vain abased to proneness on the rock; nature's pride subduing nature's torture.

Like pages the small and silken dogs surrounded her, as she slowly descended towards the beach. She caught the two most eager creatures in her arms:—"Mia Teeta! Mia Tomoteeta!" and fondling them, inquired how many could we take on board.

The mate commanded the boat's crew; not a hard-hearted man, but his way of

life had been such that in most things, even in the smallest, simple utility was his leading motive.

"We cannot take them all, Hunilla; our supplies are short; the winds are unreliable; we may be a good many days going to Tombez. So take those you have, Hunilla; but no more."

She was in the boat; the oarsmen too were seated; all save one, who stood ready to push off and then spring himself. With the sagacity of their race, the dogs now seemed aware that they were in the very instant of being deserted upon a barren strand. The gunwales of the boat were high; its prow—presented inland—was lifted; so owing to the water, which they seemed instinctively to shun, the dogs could not well leap into the little craft. But their busy paws hard scraped the prow, as it had been some farmer's door shutting them out from shelter in a winter storm. A clamorous agony of alarm. They did not howl, or whine; they all but spoke.

"Push off! Give way!" cried the mate. The boat gave one heavy drag and lurch, and next moment shot swiftly from the beach, turned on her heel, and sped. The dogs ran howling along the water's marge; now pausing to gaze at the flying boat, then motioning as if to leap in chase, but mysteriously withheld themselves; and again ran howling along the beach. Had they been human beings hardly would they have more vividly in-

spired the sense of desolation. The oars were plied as confederate feathers of two wings. No one spoke. I looked back upon the beach, and then upon Hunilla, but her face was set in a stern dusky calm. The dogs crouching in her lap vainly licked her rigid hands. She never looked behind her; but sat motionless, till we turned a promontory of the coast and lost all sights and sounds astern. She seemed as one, who having experienced the sharpest of mortal pangs, was henceforth content to have all lesser heart-strings riven, one by one. To Hunilla, pain seemed so necessary, that pain in other beings, though by love and sympathy made her own, was unrepiningly to be borne. A heart of yearning in a frame of steel. A heart of earthly yearning, frozen by the frost which falleth from the sky.

The sequel is soon told. After a long passage, vexed by calms and baffling winds, we made the little port of Tombez in Peru, there to recruit the ship. Payta was not very distant. Our captain sold the tortoise oil to a Tombez merchant; and adding to the silver a contribution from all hands, gave it to our silent passenger, who knew not what the mariners had done.

The last seen of lone Hunilla she was passing into Payta town, riding upon a small gray ass; and before her on the ass's shoulders, she eyed the jointed workings of the beast's armorial cross.

(To be continued.)

SORRENTO.

PASS, hazy dream of drowsing noon!
Wake, Naples, with thy nightly glow!
O'er Capri's stately cloud the moon
Her golden crescent raises slow.

Those stars among the orange blooms
Outshine the wanderers of the skies;
More sweet than evening's still perfumes
Love's voiceless longings rise.

Of white and tremulous hopes she weaves
Her bridal crown the moon beneath.
Shine on, bright moon! those buds and leaves
Will be fair in a funeral wreath!

CONNECTICUT GEORGICS.

I "FARMED it" two summers, when I was eleven and twelve years old. I had been brought up within a paved city; was lean, white, slender, school-worn, bookish. Analyzing now the phases of interior life which I only experienced then, I seem to have been impregnated with city associations; or rather the boy's soul in me was paved over with brick and stone, like the walls whose hot reflections smote my eyes in summer, and girded me in always. I can remember how I shed a shrunken epidermis, as it were, like a moulting crab, as if I really grew inwardly by the fresh fullness of the country. I found that, besides the side of human life on which I had theretofore been gazing; dry and scaly with brick and stone, dead and still on Sundays, dinning and resounding all the week with the clash of pavements under armed heel and hoof, with rattle and groan of wheels—the unrelenting and desperate onwardness of the great Yankee dollar-chase;—that, besides this, there was another—infinite, calm, peaceful, sun-lighted, dewy, free, full of life, unconstrained, fresh, vigorous—the world of God; as the city is the world of men—and of devils.

I was to enter upon my agricultural novitiate under the tutorship of an uncle, a farmer near the south shore of Connecticut. I departed for my destination early one morning in the end of Spring, from my city home in the interior of the State, riding in the wagon of a certain landholder from my uncle's vicinity, who had come thither on business in his private conveyance. All the day I rode southward, through town and village, wood and field, in the absorbing trance of deep delight which a child enjoys in any discursive or adventurous enterprise, however humble. Every thing was enjoyable. The steady, binary progression of the old farm-horse's persistent trot; the rattling of the bones of the hard-seated and springless wagon; the boundless woods, full of new forms and colors, on rocks, branches and leaves; sprinkled on surface, and permeated through unfathomable depths, with sparkling specks of sunlight; the occasional chip squirrel, provincially called "chipmunk," jerking or gliding along the fences; sometimes a "very magnificent three-tailed bashaw"—a red or gray compeer of the rodent tribe—a beast which I was almost as much surprised to see, at least outside of a rotatory tin gymnasium, as if he had been a giraffe or an ornithorhyn-

chus; the wide, open fields, with their "industrial regiments" on active service, in undress uniform; the twisting and writhing trout-brooks; the quiet and composed rivers; the steep hills, and deep, still ponds, of each of which the neighbors aver with pride that the bottom has never been found—a fact, perhaps, to be accounted for by its never having been considered worth looking after;—all were new, all overflowing with light, and life, and joy.

I was startled at being vanquished by my companion in a strife, with whose weapons I had presumed him unacquainted. I began to "tell stories," and at first acquitted myself to my satisfaction; but soon I found that I had met my match. Mr. N.'s talents as a *raconteur* were infinitely above my own. Not only were his stories funnier than mine, but whenever I boggled, he kindly suggested the missing matter; and when I did not boggle, he invariably furnished an improved catastrophe.

We stopped to dine at the house of a farmer. And then and there—with shame I tell it—did I first feel the excitement of the intoxicating cup. That excitement, however, did not in the present instance exhibit itself in the gorgeous colors poetically supposed to clothe it. The flowing bowl was represented, upon the pine "mahogany" of our Connecticut Amphitryon, by a broken-nosed earthen pitcher; and the mighty wine, by equally mighty cider, of so hard a texture that our host stated that it could only with great difficulty be bitten off by the partaker, at the end of his draught. Of this seductive fluid I drank two tumblers-full; and to me, unconscious and verdant, it tasted good, as sour things are wont to do to children. But a quick retribution came upon me. The puckery stuff began to bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder, with a promptitude not adverted to by Solomon.

We came safe to our journey's end; arriving, as the evening fell, at the farmstead, my summer home. Darkness was already gathering among the thick shadowing of great elms and prim locusts in the wide dooryard. Piles of saw-mill slabs fortified the woodpile, which, paved with chips, the mangled remains of slaughtered King Log, spread before the "stoop"; a façade of lofty barns—the "old" barn and the "new"—were ranged across the background in the north, shel-

tering the lane, into which we had driven, and which, leaving woodpile and stoop to the east, led northward to the abutting front of the two barnyards. A woodshed, opening to the south, ran out from the house, displaying, within, a vast and miscellaneous concourse of firewood, lumber, tools, and all the mechanico-agricultural apparatus of a farmer's tinkering shop. Entering the house, after greeting due, and a proper refection for my inner boy, I was speedily asleep; and, next morning early, was enrolled in the ranks of industry, and detailed for skirmishing and outpost service: in other words, I was promoted to the captaincy over a platoon of "milky mothers," whose daily march to and from near and distant pastures I was to guard and guide. By appropriate degrees, I was led deeper and deeper within the agricultural mysteries of planting and hoeing, and the aftercoming work of haying and harvest.

Perhaps descriptions of a few separate days' experience will best portray what manner of life I led.

THE FRESH MEADOW.

WITH empty cart and full dinner-pails, we set out early for the assault upon the June grass. The "fresh meadow" was a level interval, the road to which ran through a large upland mowing lot, descended through a secret chasm in a ledge of rocks crowned with trees, and led us out into the open sunny meadow behind, like the downward paths by which princes in fairy tales descend into realms of underground loveliness, ruled by expectant queens.

In such expeditions I took my first lessons in the ox-compelling art. The mysteries of "haw" and "gee," of "hwo" and "hwish"—the last an outlandish Vermontese barbarism, signifying "back," were duly explained. The cartwhip exercise was demonstrated; whose adaptation to the intellectual capacities of the bovine race is marked by the simplicity of genius. For the single lesson taught the ox appeals with metaphysical truth to the desire of happiness common to beasts with men; and with practical wisdom develops in a utilitarian direction his natural instinct to get away from what hurts him. If, therefore, I wish him to go forward, I "flick" him *à posteriori*; if I would have him retrogress, I pound his nose with the whipstock; if he should come towards me, I touch him up on the further side with the lash, and if he should go from me, I prod his hither ribs with the butt. These ma-

nœuvres having been accompanied with dexterous intonations of the four aforesaid sounds, together with "go 'lang!" "what are ye 'ba-a-a-ut?" and other interjections hortatory, mandatory, and sometimes, I grieve to say, imprecatory, all developed by skilful teamsters into many wonderful, intricate, and imaginative variations executed through the nose, the intelligent beast gradually learns to do, at the sound alone, what he did at first, at the sound accompanied with action. Some imagine that herein is the true solution of the myth of Amphion's song, viz.: He played—a Greek prototype of the great Italian fiddler—a pagan Paganini—upon a one-stringed *πλέκτρον*, *plectrum*, or whip (comp. *plago*, *plagare*, to scourge), which he accompanied with the voice, probably in the Lydian mode; and as he worked powerfully upon the feelings of his cattle, by his vigorous instrumental performance, executed *fortissimo*, *fortissimo*, *sforzando*, and *con fuoco molto*, so, when he performed as vocal solos these impassioned variations upon one string, the vivid recollections of his masterly instrumentation induced his cattle to manœuvre with such remarkable agility, as to give rise to the present slightly varied account, that he played to the beasts, instead of on them. This, however, is a digression, for which, now that I have followed it out to my satisfaction, I ask pardon.

Theory such as I have adverted to was imparted to me; and very soon I flourished the plant hickory, and bawled out the scientific monosyllables with a nasality as easy and workmanlike as that of any Bill or Joe, to the manner born.

The meadow is entered; the cart left in a corner, resting on its wheels and long nose, like that Australian bird who locates himself, for his ease, tripodwise upon his two legs and his bill; the dinner-pails are sheltered in its shadow; scythes are hung and whetted, and "forward four." The best man goes foremost; and the strong-backed scythemen, each with "rifle" or whetstone in his red right hand, girded low and tight, stepping wide and bending forward, seem to gesture the falling grass into the long straight swaths which grow close under and after the left hand of each.

"And forward, and forward,

Realistically they go;

For strong arms wave the long keen glaive

That vibrates down below."

Is any thing more inspiring than the "rhythmic sweep" of a platoon of mowers? They seem to beat the time to some mysterious marching music. Strength is

magnificently shown; no labor will better test the thews and sinews of a man. The same indescribable joy arises from the simultaneous steady movement that pulsates out from the heavy tread of marching men, and the symmetrical involutions of a hall of dancers. And there is rapid and continual progress. Abundant conditions of excitement are in the operations of a band of mowers. If strength, action, rhythm, simultaneity, and success, in concrete and vivid presentation, will not stir pulses of deep pleasure in a man's soul, he should be kicked out of decent society as an undoubted traitor and incendiary, or sent to the School for the Training and Teaching of Idiots, as a pitiable instance of that anticlimax of mental negation whose two higher degrees are (see Dr. S. G. Howe's Reports) simpleton and fool—as a fully undeveloped idiot.

Away go the mowers, halfway round the field; and now they stand erect, and the ringing reduplicating clash of the whetstones comes back upon their steps. But I too must perform my office. With ardor I inquire, like the revolutionary orator, "Why stand we here idle?" and with a "peaked stick" I descend in fury upon the slain. The red-top and daisies are tossed abroad upon the four winds; and with an ennobling consciousness of power, and working out certain dim conceptions of a grand military march, by brandishing my stick in unison with the alternation of advancing steps, I sweep up and down the field in a centrifugacious halo of scattered graminee, feeling, as nearly as I can judge, very much like a cyclone.

But over what tremendous volcanoes of thinly covered agonies and horrid throes of pain are all hollow human exultations enacted! In the midst of my stormful march, a frightful dart of Eblis, a sharp sudden stroke, precipitated as by diabolical propulsion from some far distant sphere of malignant wrath, smites me full upon the forehead. A shrieking diphthongal OU! and a lofty *entrechat* are the involuntary introductions of my *début* as "*Le danseur malgré lui*." Several millions of minute yellow devils, with black stripes and a "voice and hideous hum," stimulate me into an inconceivably rapid and intricate war-dance, accompanied by a solo *obligato* upon the human voice. I have, in short, trodden upon a yellow hornets' nest. The Briarean evolutions of my hands knock off my hat. An enterprising "bird" forthwith ensconces himself among my locks, and proceeds to harpoon me at his leisure. I seem to scrub out every hair, such is the promptitude and velocity

of the friction which I apply. But I despair of maintaining my position, the enemy having made a lodgment within the citadel. I run as nobody ever ran before, and suddenly turn and flee at a sharp angle to my first course, in order that the momentum of my foes may throw them off my track. But they turn as quickly as I, sticking much closer than either a friend or a brother would do. I see the brook before me, I go headforemost, splash! into a deep hole, where I stumble, fall, choke, and am picked out by the mowers, who are nearly helpless with laughter. I have swallowed several quarts of warm brook-water, screeched until I cannot whisper, expended more strength and breath than it seems possible that I should ever recover; have endured and am enduring more pain than ten hydrophobiacs; and with one eye fast shut and swelled into a hard red lump of agony, and sundry abnormal "organs" extemporizing cranial evidence of a most unsymmetrical character, I lie helpless, blind, sopping, and sobbing in a swath of fresh, cool, green grass, until time, salt, and plantain leaves assuage most of the pain. I know what hornets are, at least in their foreign relations; but the single item of knowledge is no equivalent for the difficulties under which it was pursued. What fiends they are! Did the Inquisition ever try hornets on any particularly refractory captive?

Soon comes the dinner time, indicated to the observant farmers, by the proportions of shadow and sunlight, upon the roof of a certain barn. We made a nest in bushes and long grass, within the shadow of great trees, and squatted Turk-like around a service of tin crockery, brown paper and bark, whereon were displayed salt beef, cold boiled potatoes, bread and butter, and a specimen of rye gingerbread, which, for weight and tenacity, might be a mass of native copper, from Lake Superior. The food disappears rapidly, under the direction of jack-knives and one-pronged forks, whittled from sticks. The jug clucks and chuckles to the affectionate kisses of the thirsty workmen, and much refreshed, they take a short "nooning" to tell stories, gossip or sleep, and go to work again.

Haymakers cure in the afternoon what they kill in the morning. At two or three o'clock the mowing ceases, and the raking begins. In this operation, the weakest goes first, that the strongest man may take the heaviest raking; so I am *ex officio* leader. I must fall smartly to, to keep ahead, or my rear-rank man will

rake my heels off; and for a while I go bravely on. But the peculiar hold, and sliding manipulation of the "rake's-tail" soon tell on my city-bred hands. The insides of my thumbs, and the space between them and my fingers, is first red and then raw; and by the time that the grass lies in winrows, I have done enough. Before sunset the winrows are rolled into cocks, which are shaped conewise, and skilfully shingle-laid for shedding of rain; and with a small load of new hay, hastily pitched upon the cart, for immediate use, we return home.

Close after sunset is milking; after milking, supper; after supper, prayers; and after prayers, sleep; which, indeed, had made an irruption from its legitimate domain, in the chambers above, and taken me at a disadvantage—when I was "down," on my knees, as in duty bound. The steady unmodulated evenness of my uncle's reading—for the family was Episcopalian—and the full melody of the words, put me quickly asleep; and I reluctantly rise, retire, and undress; reluctantly, because the motion charms away the drowsy god into whose embrace I sank so softly, and leaves me broad awake to lie down in bed. But I soon forget that and every other trouble, and know no more until daybreak.

THE SALT MEADOW.

SALT is good. Men like it, and beasts. To cattle, however, near the sea, is often given an allowance of "salt hay," instead of the pure condiment. Salt hay is of two principal sorts, called, where my information was obtained, "salt grass" and "black-grass." There is also a sedge, which grows along the river-sides and in ditches and marshes; a coarse, sword-shaped grass, used for thatching or litter. The salt-grass and black-grass, are fine short grasses, growing upon the level surfaces called "salt meadows." These are alluvial deposits of a strange unctuous marine mud, stretching along the coast in recesses, and up river valleys; a curious half vegetable earth, soft, black, slippery. A twenty-foot pole may be often thrust down into it without finding bottom. Indeed, it sometimes does a very fair business in the quicksand line. Somewhere under the surface of a very smooth-faced salt-meadow, a little east of New Haven, are the duplicate and triplicate of some furlongs of embankment, swallowed down by an unexpected abyss beneath, at the expense and to the chagrin of the New

Haven and New London Railroad Company.

The salt grass is of a bright yellowish green;—a beautiful hue in healthy vegetation, although elsewhere peculiarly sickly—and the black-grass, as its name imports, of a very dark green. The stretches of meadow are like great patches of particolored velvet, so soft is the tone of color given by the fineness of the grass and the delicacy of its tints. Rocks, and patches of upland called islands by the farmers, stand out here and there, above the level line of the salt land, as distinctly as any sea-island from the water; and as into the sea, points and promontories of upland project into it.

The salt haying is later than the upland haying, and in sundry details varies from it. The day in the salt meadow was an adventurous expedition to me; for we had to start early and return late, living several miles up the country. The scene of action, too, was strange and new; open to the sea on one side, swept by the salt breezes, looked in upon by the silent ships that all day long went trooping by, haunted by queer shore-birds and odd reptiles, covered and edged by grotesque plants; a whole new world to an up-country boy. My work was light, for the grass was thin and easy to spread; and I used to spend much of the day in the desultory wanderings that children love. I strolled among the sedge and sought muscles; poked sticks down by the "fiddlers'" holes, and caught the odd occupant by his single claw, as he fled up from the supposed earthquake; chased the said fiddler—a small gray one-clawed crab, who scuttles and dodges about as jerkily and nimbly as a fiddler's elbow, whence his name—as he ran about the banks; raked out oysters from the river-bed close by, and learned the inhuman art of eating them raw; investigated the scabby patches of naked mud, which lie here and there among the grass; rheumy sore-looking places, plantless, crusted over with dry scales, as if a cutaneous disease had destroyed the life of the surface, from an excess, perhaps, of salt, causing humors in the ground, and exanthematous disorders. Or I watched the boatmen, who occasionally "dropped kellick" in the river channel, and plied the oyster-tongs. These are a ferocious hybrid between an iron-toothed rake and a pair of scissors; having the long handles, cross-head and teeth of the former, and the pivotal interduplication of the latter; so that at fifteen or twenty feet under water, the iron teeth bite between each other, like the fingers

of clasped hands, griping firmly whatever is between them. Or I rambled off to one of the tree-crowned "islands" afore mentioned—I always fancied that they were not standing still, but slowly gliding along the meadow, wandering off down to the sea—and explored their nooks and corners. The day waned pleasantly, under strange influences. A vague and dreamy feeling of exploratory desire pervaded the atmosphere. The level land, the level sea, the bright horizon afar over the water, the wide and open views, the dancing of the distance in the hot air, the silent motion of the winged ships, the sighing of the steady wind, as if it felt relief at gliding unbroken over the expanse; the notion of vastness and the dim suggestion of the distance, spoke to all the melancholy longings, and questioning, yearning thoughts that sleep in children's minds—but are too often murdered by ungenial training before they wake.

Then there were curious inventions of husbandry. The meadow is often too soft to bear the loaded cart. Sometimes the elastic greasy crust unexpectedly lets through the wheel, or the feet of the cattle. Then the lofty load careens, and slides off; the oxen kick and plunge while the meadow holds them fast by the heels, or sink to their bellies, and stand still until unyoked, and left to crawl unimpeded out. Sometimes all the chains in the meadow are hitched to the cart-tongue, leading to firm ground; and half-a-dozen teams united drag the distant load ashore. But if the danger of the muddy depths has been wisely foreseen, a "meadow sled" carries the burden safely over. This is a stout drag, consisting of two wide runners well framed together, and so made as to fit under the axle-tree without lifting the wheels from the ground. It is chained to its place, like a peddler's bull-dog; and on this additional bearing, the cart goes securely sliding about over smooth grass and slimy mud, almost as easily as over snow. If even that precaution is judged insufficient, the hay is "poled out." Two stout "hay poles" are thrust beneath the heap, and two men, one behind and one before, carrying it, as upon a sedan, to terra firma. This is sometimes a troublesome business. Mosquitoes are terrifically rife in some parts of the salt meadows. They will rise on one's track almost in a solid mass, and pursue with a wolfishly, bloodthirsty pertinacity, which is pretty sure to result in anger, slaps, and blood. This may not be absolutely unendurable, so long as the hands are free to slap; but when you have a heavy hay

cock squatting on the poles, of which you carry one end, you are pinned; and then, of the above mixture, slaps being unavailable, there remains only the anger and the blood; of which you monopolize the former, and the gentleman with the "little bill" the latter. There is another ugly insect, rarely seen, at least in Connecticut, except upon the salt meadows. It is an enormous black fly, half as large again as a "bull bumble-bee," and a great deal more troublesome. He is a bloody villain, and a truculent. He carries in his snout a machine compounded of a bradawl and a pump, with which he perforates and depletes his victims; and he sings bass. One of these rascals will make a horse or a yoke of oxen nearly crazy. They will bear tolerably well to be all speckled over with mosquitoes or "green-heads," if they can't get rid of them; but this monster carries too many guns. They cannot stand so deliberate and extensive a stab as his; and unless he is forthwith dispatched or driven off, they may be expected to execute antics more energetic than useful.

THE WHITEFISHING.

SUCH was a day in the salt meadows. But the pleasantest days of my farming, were days of fishing. The sea is an inexhaustible storehouse of fertilizers to the farmers of the coast. Rockweed, seaweed, mud, shells and whitefish, are carted up the country as far as eight or ten miles, and spread upon the land, or deposited in the barn-yard. Thus the bounty of the sea balances the sterility of the granite formation along the sound.

The whitefish is a herring-like fish, very bony and oily, which comes in the summer in shoals, called by the fishermen "schools," from unknown regions toward the ever mysterious East, out of the realms of the sea. They are caught by millions and sold by thousands; and are a st— smell, I mean, in the nostrils of those who flee by railroad from the stifling city to Sachem's Head, and to the other shoreward haunts of the "upper ten." But they make corn and potatoes grow nicely: and I found that after working a day or two among their unburied remains, I was not affected either mentally, by the ghastly appearance of the defunct, or physically, by their exhalations.

They come up into harbors and coves to feed, as is supposed—for I don't know that any body has actually seen them at it—and while they are at table, a long seine is dropped round them, and they are en-

snared. But all this does not give the history of my day.

We rise in advance of the regular hours, for the "fish-house" is five miles away, and the day must needs be long. Well provisioned in stomach and basket, we set out before light, afoot. Our way lies for some distance along one side of a river valley, down a crooked straggling country road, dodging about through patches of woods, round hard-headed rocky ledges, and passing here and there a solitary house yet alone in the perfect stillness of early morning. The trampling steps and rustic voices of our party broke rudely forward into the yet unviolated silence of the night; which seemed to flee along wood and field, and always to be couching shyly before us, hoping to rest at last undisturbed. We came to a cross-road, at which our former path ended; but our veteran leader unfalteringly guided us across it, through a barn-yard opposite, around the cow-shed, down the lane, through a pair of bars under an apple-tree; and we entered upon one of the footpaths that mark up all country neighborhoods—sneaking about under mysterious shades and remote hill sides, or edging along by pasture fences, and disappearing under a log, or tapering off into a mouse track; but which lead the initiated to many a destination much to be desired for work or for sport. This one led us under an orchard of apple-trees all drenched in dew, through a mowing-lot or two, over a ridge thinly set with trees, and out upon the last swell of the sinking upland, where it sloped away into the wide open level of the salt meadows, and looked out upon the sea beyond, which gleamed out from under the morning mists (for by this time the sun looked out upon the landscape), and came brimming up in the fulness of the flood-tide to the limit of the low beach, as if meditating a good run and roll across the meadow. Now we could see the river again, all swollen and black with the regorged salt water, creeping half choked and crookedly about in the meadow, between two narrow edgings of sedge, as you may see a burly face within a slender rim of whisker. As we descended upon the salt alluvium, the plague of mosquitoes arose upon us. After every man, as after Fergus MacIvor Vich Ian Vohr, went a tail of devoted followers: and like his, ours proposed to make a living out of their leader. Content now dwelt in cowhide boots; much grumbling and some blood came from those whose ankles were yarn-defended only; and an irregular fire of

slaps did considerable execution among the foe, as they came piping and singing to the onset, like Milton's devils. Thus escorted, in the style of Bon Gaultier's Thairshon—

"With four and twenty men,
And five and twenty pipers,"

we crossed the marsh to the stygian seeming river, crossed the river in a stygian seeming skiff, rickety and patched, which was dislodged from a cunning concealment in a sedge ditch and "sculled" (not an inappropriate motive power for the skiff of the dead; undoubtedly Charon's method of propulsion) with one hand by our dextrous chief, and resumed our dreary and slippery walk on the other side. Now the fish-house loomed up on the neighboring beach, looking, on its solitary rocky perch, as large as a farm-house, but shrinking as we approached, until as we entered it, it became definitely about twelve feet square, and seven feet "between joints." It was fitted up with half a dozen bunks filled with salt hay for bedding, a table and chairs rather halt, a fire-place, a closet, an attic, a kettle, a fryingpan, sundry other cooking utensils, and an extensive assortment of antique and grotesque garments. Hats consisting of a large hole edged with a narrow rim, great rusty boots, trowsers such as if a young tornado had worn and torn them, and horrid red shirts, sat, stood, lay and hung, on floor, chairs, bed-side or rafters, as though a troop ofimps had been rioting up and down in them, and at the opening of the door by mortal men, had instantaneously jumped out and fled.

The provisions were stored in the closet, and the members of the "fish-gang" disguised themselves in piratical outfits from the aforesaid ready-made stock, leaving their decent clothes for their return home, and becoming, in their wild and ragged gear, entirely independent of moisture and of mud. Next, they hauled up the boat—a great clumsy, flat-bottomed, heavy-sterned scow, equipped with a capstan forward and a platform aft to carry the seine—and having beached her in front of the reel, proceeded to unreel and ship the seine, ready for setting. We boys armed ourselves with old hoes and tin pots, and marched off to dig long clams, with an eye to a stew at home, and to the inveigling of certain blackfish, sea-bass, and other of the Neptunian herds, understood to be lurking and wandering around the rocks in front of the fish-house, at proper times of tide. When the seine was all aboard, the fishermen sat down on the sand and

rocks, and one climbed the signal-pole, to look out for a "school" of fish.

The fish-house was on a point at the western end of a somewhat shallow bay, whose shore, a silver-sanded beach, ran curving round to the point on the other side. The fish, as before mentioned, always come from the eastward; working up into the shallows, skittering and skimming in sport along the surface, or fleeing in haste before the sharks or porpoises or other great fish who follow after them for their meals: and the wide dark ripple of the whole shoal, the racing spatter of a frightened few, or the bay all dotted with the quietly emergent little black black-fins, or tails flourishing aloft preparatory to a dive after lunch, are the signs that betray his booty to the fisherman's eye. "I see a *flag*!" sings out an ardent youth. *Flag* is, metaphorically, tail, from its flaunting display by the ambitious owner. The experienced elders don't see it, probably because the young man saw it first; but immediately the great "school" with one consent deploys upon the smooth surface of the bay, and ten thousand back fins and tails dot the quiet water, which ripples and rustles with the glancing mass of life within its bosom. Hoes and tin pots are cast aside, as we rush to see the sport; for the fishermen have sprung for the boat, in excitement intense, but repressed for fear of alarming the timid fish. They launch their awkward craft, and softly pull away to seaward, amid smothered prophecies of from ten to a hundred and fifty thousand fish, and under the captaincy of steady old Uncle Jim Langdon, who stands in the stern-sheets to direct the rowers and to deliver over the net. He guides the boat by ordering the oarsmen; not with the salt phrases of oceanic seamanship, but with the same words that rule old Buck and Bright, at his farmstead up by the East Woods. "Haw now, Bill, a little; haw I tell you; there, go 'long." Now he lifts off the wide net, as the "warp," left fastened to the capstan ashore, under the reel, drags it silently down into the water, and the lengthening line of floats, bobs and wavers upon the sea. "Haw a little; haw boat; pull now; pull! Con-found their darned pickers," says Uncle Jim, in a sudden revulsion of wrath, for all the fish have suddenly sunk, and there is danger that they will disgracefully sneak out under the lower edge of the net while it hangs in deep water, and walk away each with his tongue in his cheek, leaving the fishermen only "fisherman's luck." "There, there they are ag'in," says the old man,

as the black points stick out once more:—"Go it. Come, pull ahead." And the heavy boat sweeps slowly round the fish, until the whole seine, eighty rods long, just a quarter of a mile, hangs in the sea around them.

"Unconscious of their fate, the little victims play,"

and the fishermen beach the boat at the other side of the bay, carry the warp at that end to the further capstan, and prepare to haul. Now there is need of "all hands and the cook;" for the sooner the warp can be wound in upon the capstans, the sooner the net will range up into shallow water, where the danger of losing fish under the lead-line will be over. Both capstans are manned, and boys and men shove round the bars on the "keen jump," until soon the staff at either end of the net comes riding up the beach. Now comes hard pulling; for the rest of the net must be drawn in by hand, and it holds many fish and much water, besides the drag of the corks on the surface and of the lead-line on the bottom. Slowly and steadily come the two ends of the net, hand over hand, piled up as it comes in on the beach. A fish or two appears, hung by the gills in the meshes. A troop of innocent-looking fellows come darting along from the middle of the net, having just discovered that they are inside of something. Now the fact becomes universally known among the ensnared; and they dart backward and forward by hundreds and by fifties, seeking escape. There is none. They are crowded closer and closer within their narrowing prison-house. The water thickens, rustles, boils with them. And now, a great throbbing slippery mass, they lie squeezed up together in the bag of the net, while two exultant captors run for baskets. And a boat-hook; for Uncle Jim points out a long black thong like a carter's whip, slung out once or twice above the seething whitefish, announcing the dreaded sting-ray; and certain wallops elsewhere advise of the presence of a shark. The baskets come. Two men take each, dip them full of flapping fish, carry them up the beach, and throw them down to die, between hot sun and hotter sand. After twenty minutes of such work, the dippers dip carefully, lest they get a stroke from the ray, who has sunk quietly to the bottom, or a nip from his cousin the "sea-attorney." Somebody has hit the "stinger," as they call him, and he wallops up to the surface, and snaps his long tail about. Suddenly a bold young fellow grips the extremity of it, and with both hands holds tight

singing out sharply, while the great flat clumsy fish wabbles and "flops" this way and that way, nearly hauling his captor over upon his nose among the fish, "*Jab the boat-hook into him, quick, will ye?*" Chunk! it goes, fairly into the creature's back; four men seize the hook-staff, and walk the big sting-ray bodily out ashore, his first friend steering him behind by the tail. Poor old ray! he lies wounded and bleeding on the dry, hot sand, guggling and choking, helpless and doomed. I run and jump up before him, whereupon he unexpectedly gives a strange loud watery snort, and wallops almost off the ground, as if, like Mr. Briggs' pickerel (see *London Punch*), he were going to "fly at me, and bark like a dog." It scares me, until I reflect upon his locomotive disadvantages, and so I repeat my irritating gambadoes, until the monster is too dead to notice them. He weighs at least five hundred pounds; and is long enough and broad enough to cover a table for six. His three "stings" are cut off and given me to scrape, wash and preserve, with strict cautions from the friendly fishermen against allowing the sharp points or barbs, or the poisonous black slime adhering to them, to get through my skin. These "stings" are tapering two-edged daggers of hard white bone, set flatwise one over the other upon the upper side of the ray's tail, and so jointed on that they can be erected and made to stand out like three fingers stretched apart. The ends, and the barbs that point backwards along the sides, are as sharp as needles, and will inflict a frightful ragged cut. No wound is more dangerous or more dreaded. The slimy black venom which sticks all over the stings lodges in the lesion, and the unlucky recipient of the ray's blow is in imminent danger of lock-jaw. A friend of mine was hit by one of these ugly things in the ankle. The barbed blade caught among the sinews, and drew one of them fairly out from the leg—a red and white string a foot long. He was laid up long with the consequent inflammation and fever; had lock-jaw; almost died; and halts yet upon the leg which the "stinger" stung. Of the three stings which the fishermen gave me, I send one to the Editor of Putnam's Monthly with these sheets.

The whitefish are all deposited upon the beach, in silvery, slithering heaps; choking, gasping and jumping; or curling into shuddering, agonized rings for a moment, and then quietly straightening out to die. Last of all, the sneaking shark, who had nosed off to the furthest corner

and wound himself up in the net, hoping to be hidden, is hauled up, and turned, kicking and kicked, out from the twisted meshes, to share the fate of those he had desired to destroy. It is pitiful to see the little whitefish gape and tumble and bounce about in innocent agony. The clumsy ray never troubles any body except in self-defence, and gets some sympathy; but nobody sympathizes with the pig-eyed, shovel-nosed villain who now spats the sand, and winks and nips with his three rows of thorny teeth, as he feels his thievish life slipping away from him. I sarcastically hint that he must be hungry, since he opens his mouth so wide; and I cautiously insert therein a whitefish or two, and set them well down with a stick. He has no appetite, after all, and spits them out; and, as I renew my attentions, he gathers himself up in a rage, and springs at me so strongly that the grinning jaws snap together within an inch of my fist. A little more strength in the old scoundrel's tail, and I should have repented me of catering for the shark. I recommend nobody to feed sharks from his fingers.

The net is empty—all but sundry nondescripts of the sea which stick here and there upon the meshes. A "sea-spider" or two, like a large mouldy acorn with six long legs; red starfish; varieties of seaweed; a stick and a fragment of old rope, are all. Half the hands count the fish, putting them in piles of four or five thousand each, and the rest replace the seine upon the boat, in readiness for another haul.

Dinner is cooked in a great iron pot. It is a chowder, of course—fisherman's food; what should it be?—Not the "old, original" chowder, the codfish aristocrat of chowders, whose idea is consecrated by the masterly manipulations and majestic name of the mighty man of Marshfield—the "Republican King"—but still a chowder, a delicious dish to appetites sharpened by sea air and sea water. It is a many-sided dish; of pork and fish, potatoes and bread, and onions and turnips—"all compact"—"chequits" and sea-bass, blackfish, long clams, "pumpkin-seeds," and an accidental eel, all contribute. Pepper and salt, but especially hunger, are the seasoning; and I firmly believe that no such flavorful food ever slid tickling down mortal throat, as plopped out from the canted chowder-kettle in the solitary fish-house by the sea.

Late at night we returned home; the gain to the fishers being about a hundred

thousand fish, worth some forty or fifty dollars, and the gain to me being a store of happy memories; not so salable, perhaps, as the fish, but lasting longer and fresher, neither by me willingly to be exchanged for any ordinary tangible commodity.

Such was my life with the farmers by the sea. The time and space fail me to tell of the rockweeding expeditions; the wanderings after lost cattle in the woods; the wood-cutting in the same; the whortleberry parties; the numberless delightful and adventurous occupations in which my farming summers passed. It was pleasure unspeakable. And not that only, but I gained a store of strength, and hardy habits to keep it good, which subsequent years of study and confinement have not hitherto exhausted. I never can see a thin, white-faced schoolboy of twelve or fifteen, that I do not long to exile him; to expatriate him for a year or two from the pie and cake, the coddling and cookery of home, the weary, brain-

baking of his school, out into the healthy world of the workers in the soil. His parents would be glad, however indignant or sorrowful at the parting, when he should return, as brown as a berry, straight, strong and hearty, almost able to eat his former self, if he were forthcoming.

I also gained an invaluable agricultural bias; so that I am ready, when my expected competence shall have been accumulated, to betake myself to the shadow of my trees and vines, and to the sunshine of my tilled land, and there in peace to end my days, living in the world of God, among the trees, the plants, the dumb beasts, the earth, the infinitude of beauty and vigor and youth, designed by him; as much superior to architectural and artistic parotries of stone and canvas, as the pure, mystic beauty of Mont-Blanc, the glories of the sea, of storms, and of the evening clouds, are superior to the gorgeous drapery and gilt gingerbread of a hotel bridal-chamber.

SEHNSUCHT.

COME, beauteous day!
Never did lover on his bridal night
So chide thine over-eager light
As I thy long delay!

Bring me my rest!
Never can these sweet thorny roses
Whereon my heart reposes
Be into slumber pressed!

Day be my night!
Night hath no stars to rival with her eyes,
Night hath no peace like his who lies
Upon her bosom white.

She did transmute
This my poor cell into a paradise,
Gorgeous with blossoming lips and dewy eyes
And all her beauty's fruit.

Nor dull nor gray
Seems to mine eyes this dim and wintry morn.
Ne'er did the rosy banners of the Dawn
Herald a brighter day!

Come, beauteous day!
Come, or in sunny light, or storm eclipse!
Bring me to the immortal summer of her lips,
Then have thy way!

NOTES FROM MY KNAPSACK.

NUMBER III.

NAMES—SOAP PLANT—JUNCTION WITH THE ADVANCE—MIDNIGHT CRY—MILITARY ENGINEERING—OWLS—CAMP ON THE NUCLES—PERILOUS PASSAGE—PRICKLY PEAR—VEGETABLE MONSTERS—OUR FLAG—TARANTULA—REST—RACE—THE RIO GRANDE—WHITE FLAG—THE PRESIDIO—WOMEN AND CHILDREN—PROBLEM IN POLITICAL ECONOMY—MILITARY FUNERAL—FORDING—MEXICAN EMBASSY—THE ALCALDE—THE PADRE—NEW CAMP—TRAFFIC—POPULATION—ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE—FALSE ALARM.

AT six o'clock on the morning of the 1st of October, we took our last look at the lofty precipices, giant boulders, and crystal fountains which are the ministering spirits of the Hondo. After emerging from the long grass amid which our tents were pitched, we entered upon an open prairie, partaking of the genuine "hog-wallow" characteristics, and in wet weather doubtless offering to the traveller the most cogently cohesive arguments against progress. An interval of about seven miles separates the Hondo from the Seco. *Appropos* of Rio Seco, it is said that these words constitute the original name of that great battle-field, known as Resaca de la Palma, but that the Mexican who first communicated the name was not understood, and that "Resaca" was as near the truth—Mexican truth—as the translator could come. This explanation—whether accurate or not—does not appear improbable, inasmuch as the position taken by General Arista, when driven from Palo Alto, was in the rear of the bed of a defunct rivulet, the banks of which formed a natural semi-circular parapet, with the concavity towards the Americans.

This day we first observed a few specimens of the "soap plant"—a bulbous root extensively used among the Mexicans as a substitute for soap. The plant, it is said, seldom grows more than a foot high; the stalk and leaves drop off in the spring, though the bulbs, it is said, remain in the ground an entire season without decaying. The mode of using it is to peel off the skin or exterior coating, then immerse the root in water until it is somewhat softened, and apply to clothes in the same manner as soap. Woollen fabrics alone, we are told, are washed with it, the colors of which when but slightly faded, are restored to nearly their original brightness.

We arrived at the Sabinal between twelve and one o'clock, on the banks of which the advance troops were comfortably encamped. The highest and hottest points in the vicinity, — — — succeeded in finding, for pitching the tents of the new arrivals and also the furthest, or as

— — — says, the furthestest, from wood and water.

A blast from the bugles of the 2d Dragoons, which drew forth a universal tremor of disgust from the whole camp, and which was answered from the lungs of a hundred echoes, rang out clear and shrill the next morning about three o'clock. In a few minutes the entire body was in motion: mules snorting, horses snickering, harness rattling, teamsters cursing, cooks growling, men grunting, and officers grumbling, shivering, and dressing. Venus was the solitary sovereign of the firmament, as we filed into the road at half-past five o'clock. When the sun rose upon the column, as it appeared for the first time after the junction, the spectacle was spirited and attractive. At the head of the army, the bright barrels and bayonets of the regular infantry, under the veteran Bonneville, of Rocky Mountain memory, gave proudly back the glancing rays of the morning sun: then followed the battalion baggage wagons, and to these succeeded the bronzed corsairish visages and heavy armor of the 1st Dragoons. Next came thundering on Washington's artillery, officers and men in full uniform, their red horse-hair plumes waving like crescent flags in the eastern breeze, and their polished pieces reflecting the passing images of the surrounding landscape. Immediately behind, the heavy clattering of horses' hoofs, and the clangor of mounted troops, indicated the approach of the 2d Dragoons, the rear being marked by a long line of white—the covers of the principal train of wagons, amounting to one hundred and fifty, and stretching over an extent of nearly two miles. Last of all came the rear-guard—itsself no mean epitome of army variety—rivalling in costumes and appointments the platoons of Falstaff.

We arrived at Stony Creek, after a march of seven miles, about eight o'clock. The intervening country presents very little novelty. There is a sort of wild luxuriance abroad over the prairie, which exhausts the energy of the soil by a spe-

cies of prolific unproductiveness. The grass is of sickly growth, and almost parched to a cinder; amid which, however, several new varieties of plants made their appearance. The wild sage may be mentioned as found here, and the *abolo*, or buffalo herb. The latter derives its name from the resemblance of its odor to that of a herd of buffaloes. A variety of the *mimosa sensitiva* has also been noticed, but, like other occupants of this region, not very sensitive. About a mile east of the stream stood a stately elm, and as the largest tree yet seen in Texas and strikingly conspicuous from its isolation, this passing notice seems to be due to the legitimate monarch of the prairies. Like Napoleon, according to orator Phillips, it stands "grand, gloomy, and peculiar;" and as no well-bred man ought to pass under the shadow of a full-grown survivor of a forest that has passed away, without doffing his hat, so few were disposed to withhold proper homage and respect in presence of its venerable and majestic form.

The approach to the Rio Frio was by a gradual slope, with a natural pavement of snow-white gravel. The water is clear, cool, and delicious, and flows over a bed rivaling the whiteness of Parian marble. The fish sporting in such a medium would have driven old Izaak Walton into ecstasies, and the fine practical and practicable stone which lines the shores so abundantly, would have made Mr. McAdam sigh that nature had here made her own turnpikes.

At this point a portion of the dragoons and infantry were halted, while the General with the remaining detachments and artillery, pushed on to the Leona, where they arrived about noon. Nearly the entire distance between the Rio Frio and the Leona, the road passes over a limestone formation, with a very superficial covering of soil. The growth of timber is scattering and scraggy. The pioneers who, from bringing up the rear, have finally floundered into their appropriate position, reached here in the morning. Owing, however, it is said, to a difference of opinion as to the best method of arranging the approaches so as to be able to ford the stream with the train, nothing had been done on our arrival, and it therefore became necessary for the troops themselves to cut down the banks on either side so as to fit them for the passage of the artillery and baggage-wagons. This operation was conducted under the immediate supervision of Captain — Corps of Engineers, whose "functions" (vide the 63d Article

of War) "are confined to the more elevated branches of military science." It must be confessed that our friends of the shovel and pick-axe did, in their first experiment, very forcibly illustrate their familiarity with the "elevated branches," and have acted with becoming regard to all the requirements of "science," particularly in reference to the Cæsarean maxim *festina lente*. Fording a river is doubtless a serious business, and the resources of science ought, of course, to be made available in its accomplishment. Should any of the streams ahead of us, however, require bridging, the problem was suggested whether it would be necessary to make drawings and specifications, and advertise for "sealed proposals"—as that is the usual method—which, under the circumstances, would be exceedingly inconvenient.

It has been asserted on the authority of "Deaf Smith"—the celebrated Texan spy—that eighteen years since, there was no water in the channel of the Leona, and that he had frequently slept upon it—then dry ground. According to this tradition, it burst forth at once with a depth of three or four feet, which it very nearly preserves throughout the year. Others affirm that it consisted at that time of a series of basins, subterraneously connected, and that the rotten limestone has since crumbled away from above, and united the whole into a running stream.

The pure water and shaded borders of this little river, seduced many into the luxury of a thorough ablution this evening, and while enjoying a solitary bath just before tattoo, two huge owls perched upon a tree overhanging the water, gave several most unmistakable hints, in the way of unearthly and unmusical sounds, that I was an intruder on forbidden regions.

The artillery and dragoons resumed their march at sunrise, but owing to the problem to be solved, to wit, whether or not the principal wagon train could cross the Leona without a bridge, the commanding general remained until the arrival of the troops in rear, which was about eight o'clock. After felling a couple of trees across the stream, the men were all enabled to pass over dryshod, but the wagons were not so easily disposed of. It was found necessary to cut down the banks still more, throwing the gravel into the river, so as to form slopes of easy declivity, before the crossing could be commenced. Very precise instructions touching the mode of locking wheels; the proper method of addressing the mules; the number of "gees," "haws," "ups," "zips," &c., &c., to

be given in a minute; how to hold the reins; when to start and when to stop, and other details, to be thoroughly comprehended only by those vehicular quadrupeds and their drivers, in the service of Uncle Sam, were next given with great energy and effect, after which the whole body moved forward. As soon as the immediate valley of the river is left behind, the country again becomes prairie, and continues to the Nueces, of the same sterile, stony texture, with the exception of a narrow belt of red clay, indicating the probable proximity of iron ore.

At noon we came in sight of the Nueces, its winding course beautifully outlined by the mass of foliage with which its western bank is embroidered. Beyond it, the ground rises, so that the towering elms along the shore are overtopped by the less ambitious growth of the distant prairie. In the foreground of the lovely landscape were the white tents of the troops, the horses and mules grazing lazily around, the men engaged in their appropriate duties, and a solitary sentinel at his post, and just life enough visible in all, to relieve the repose of inanimate nature. Behind us a cloud of dust distinctly marked the sinuous road-way we had just passed over, beneath which the remainder of the troops then "dragged their slow length along," while the distant hill-tops before us were shaded with a misty curtain, so clear, and soft, and ethereal, it seemed as if torn from the azure drapery of heaven with which its hues were mingling. The scene might well remind one of Byron's beautiful and inimitable description, in that sad and sombrous picture-gallery of the "Dream."

"There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me.
Reposing from the noontide sultriness

• • • • •
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around,
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven."

The different corps and detachments were in camp by four o'clock, except the stragglers, who, as usual, kept coming until sunset.

The position of our camp, though highly creditable to the artistic eye of ———, had little to recommend it practically. The grazing was scanty and burnt up, the fuel not abundant, and the water, though good and plenty of it, when reached, was rather too far from our tents, to please the cooks. Indeed, it appears that

Texas, poor as we have found it thus far, becomes worse as it approaches Mexico. One may travel from Dan to Beersheba, or from the Sabine to the Nueces, and exclaim with a great deal of truth as well as sorrow, All is barren. The country is a great thorn in the side of the body politic, and nearly every vine, or shrub, or bush, or plant, that draws its nourishment from the soil is a subdued image of its mother; and at the same time almost every insect, reptile, or animal, that is found within its borders, is venomous and vindictive.

Another innovation upon the constitution and habits of man, horse and mule, was perpetrated the ensuing morning, by rousing the camp from its slumbers at three o'clock. There is no surety for nocturnal rest in the vicinity of Major ———.

As we marched from camp the fires were still blazing; a smoky vapor from the Nueces, hung like a veil over the plain; many tents were not yet struck; mule drivers were running about, yelling and cursing, in pursuit of lost animals; teams half harnessed and but half made up, on account of the strays, were standing in confusion along the path, and a perfect Babel of sounds and kaleidoscope of sights, assailed us at every point. The scene at the ford was fertile in materials of the grotesque and ridiculous. The regular infantry passed into the water with the counterfeit presentment of a grin, and went over without much hesitation. The volunteers, however, though amiable enough in the abstract, did not take it so kindly. A very few of them seemed to think a cold bath by starlight a most felicitous conception, but the larger portion entered the stream with as much suspicious reluctance as if about to take passage with old Charon across the impalpable Styx.

A German captain, not satisfied with his observations upon the depth of the water, after seeing two or three companies effect a crossing, began his own perilous passage, by probing or sounding with his sword. This idea had probably been suggested by hearing many of those who had preceded him, and who had doubtless been Mississippi "deckers" before they became soldiers, singing with the genuine twang as they strided through the river, "quarter less twain;" "no bottom;" "by the mark three," &c., &c. The captain made the first plunge with admirable coolness and perfect military caution. He had evidently determined to "feel his way," and had resolved not to put himself knowingly in the power of the enemy. His legs were as bare—though perhaps not

quite so accurately outlined—as those of the Apollo Belvidere. The swallow-tail skirts of his coat were carefully “tucked up;” no fancy ornament was suffered to come within reach of the treacherous element; and thus “accoutred as he was, he plunged in.” His trusty sword he grasps with a nervous clutch in his right hand, and with his left, like a performer on the rope, he strives to preserve the centre of gravity in such position as will enable him to maintain a stable equilibrium. As he creeps over the stones, the hand flies up and down, right and left, and by its rapid and irregular gyrations, you are almost able to take the soundings of the ford, to trace its tortuous course, and discover its ups and downs. With tremulous motions he thrusts the sword into the stream, and follows on with tottering and unsteady step. He falters, his pace slackens, he halts, and looks wildly and anxiously around. The shores are lined with spectators watching his precarious progress. He turns his eyes from one side to the other; he meets no sympathy, and the waters roll fiercely and pitilessly on: he looks forward, and the ripples are rising higher before him, yet there is no retreat. Again he nerves himself to renew his task, still stealthily advancing like a man groping his way in the dark. The march of those in the rear is suspended to mark his progress. Again he pauses; and shouts from front and rear assail his ears. “Forward!” says one; “right face!” shrieks another; “go it while you’re young!” says a third; “to the rear open order!” exclaims a fourth; “halt!” roars a fifth; “mark time!” shouts a sixth. The poor man is in agony. Big drops of perspiration start from his brow, and trickle down his face. Unconscious of any distinct direction, his actions indicate a desire to obey them all. He trembles; he waves to and fro; he is not so much a bubble on the stream, as something between a snag and a sawyer. He makes another effort, as if to concentrate his energies for a final struggle. But the waters are around him, and he reels like a drunken man. The stones appear to glide from under him as easily as the ripples float before him; he sinks, he groans, he struggles; he throws out his right arm in frantic strokes, and with his left he brandishes—a grasp of vapor. Once more he heaves himself like Samson among the columns of the Philistines, and with headlong desperation plants his foot upon dry land. The joy of Columbus when he beheld for the first time the shores of the New World, or of Wellington when he heard

the wild cry of Waterloo, *saure qui peut*, was tame compared with that which at that moment filled the breast of the hero of the Nueces. And as the great achievement was completed, a shout burst forth from the admiring crowd; the laughter that had hitherto been oozing out in broken doses and half-suppressed spasms could no longer be restrained, and both banks gave forth a tempest of acclamations.

We crossed the river, and entered upon the disputed territory about six o'clock. There was about thirty inches of water at the deepest point of the ford, and a hard, gravelly bottom. On leaving the river, the road passes at once into an extremely barren prairie, poor in soil, but rich in the diversity of stunted and noxious specimens of mesquit and chaparral. The growth is very dense, and where the ground is not cumbered with these excrescences, the prickly pear rears its horrid front, to the annoyance and terror of man and beast.

The Mina, or as it is sometimes called, the Espantosa, of which the Mina is properly a tributary, is about nine miles from the Nueces. The banks at the ford were steep and rugged, and the labors of the pioneers were again in requisition. The General remained here to observe the passage of the train, while the advance troops pushed on. The same barren and desolate waste presented itself, through which we threaded our weary way as we best could. The guide had reported water nine miles from the Mina, and we were on the visual stretch to discover it. At length a line of darker green rose before us, and we fancied the end attained; but on our arrival, it proved to be nothing but foliage which owed its growth to the water that once flowed through the bed below. Now there was not a drop remaining, to wet the parched lips of hundreds almost famished. This was the channel of the Esquipula—a name certainly pretentious enough to belong to a river—but alas! the “pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the bowl broken at the cistern.” Our hearts well-nigh sank within us—after a march of so many miles beneath a burning sun—at the grievous disappointment; but there was no alternative, and the word was still on. Every blade of grass, every drooping twig, was parched to crisp. Mile after mile of the thorny chaparral we traversed, and at length again emerged upon an open, sandy prairie. The dragons were in advance of us, but were nowhere visible. We quickened our pace: a group of towering and aged oaks crowned the summit of an

eminence we were approaching, and the sight restored our hopes. We reached the topmost point, not doubting that the promised stream would be in full view before us. Nothing was to be seen except the too familiar burning expanse of barrenness. Still advancing, we swept the horizon with our eyes, and far ahead we could once more distinctly trace the winding outline of a greener foliage, in broad contrast with the parched vegetation of the prairie. Our last hope was now before us, and we continued our march. A few miles further brought us to the trees, but we found no water. After beating about among the bushes for a while, we discovered the camp of the 1st Dragoons, and continued searching revealed a few ponds of water green and slimy upon the surface; but,

"As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,"

it was yet potable, after so long and so hot a march. Its foulness, however, was relieved somewhat by a brilliant display of lilies, resting on its bosom, like the iris athwart the clouds. It was now late in the afternoon. Steeds were unsaddled, and turned loose upon the prairie, knapsacks tumbled to the ground, with no great regard to their contents, and each man strove to get into a comfortable place, with as little delay as practicable, as a compensation for a day's march of twenty-two miles.

It was determined late at night to proceed with the troops then in camp to the Picoso, distant about fifteen miles. The bugles of the dragoons sounded to horse at half-past six o'clock the next morning, and the squadron filed out of camp in rear of the infantry. We left the banks of the bitter Chaparrosa without regret, hoping to find an improvement in the fluids at our next stopping-place. The General remained behind to await the arrival of Colonel Harney's command, while we pushed along, at first over a very bad specimen of the "hog-wallow" species, and then through the thorny path to which we had been so long accustomed, over a flat, sandy prairie, productive of nothing but noxious plants, the prickly pear being pre-eminent. This plant has now become such a nuisance, that it may with safety be affirmed, that no member of this army—however amiable or sentimental his temperament—can hereafter bestow a thought of admiration upon any woman, who to his knowledge shall cultivate a single variety of the cactus. The prickly pear has sins enough to answer for, to damn the whole family and consign its patrons

to a penitentiary or nunnery. It is worthy alone of the country which has emblazoned it upon its coat of arms, as the national plant. To cultivate such a monster, with hot-house delicacy and attention, is worse even than fondling a lap-dog, or making a pet of a snarling grimalkin. All who participate in the preservation or propagation of such a species, ought to be considered as voluntary accessories to a crime of the first magnitude, against the laws of taste and propriety, and ought to be condemned to a three days' march, bare-foot, between the Nueces and Rio Grande.

At eight o'clock we reached the Salidito. This stream, as its name indicates, was represented as brackish; but travellers have libelled it, as the water is as good as any on the route. The engineers were called upon here to make such an application of "the more elevated branches," to wit, spades and pick-axes, as would enable the wagons to cross with facility. We then passed on through the dust, bound, as we supposed, to a halting-place ten miles distant, which, we understood, the topographical party ahead had reported as abounding in wood, water, and grazing. We had not gone many miles, however, before an irregular clatter or hollow rumbling was heard behind us, which was soon explained by the appearance of ———, mounted upon a black charger very much addicted to falling upon his knees at inopportune moments, and hence pretty generally known throughout camp as the "camel," or "hoofs." From him (the rider, not the horse) we learned that the order of march had been changed, that new information had been communicated to the commanding general, the effect of which was to prolong the march several miles. This was of course gratifying intelligence to those already wearied with the day's labors, and whose imaginations had been prematurely excited by visions of a not far distant cup of coffee and a blanket. The night's work, however, of Lieutenants Franklin and Bryan, was effectually extinguished, not unlike the snuffing out of a candle; and we passed the Picoso, then, like so many other streams in the country, a broken chain, of which a few stagnant pools were the separated links.

The sun's rays came down with the power of a steam engine, as we halted about three o'clock. Not a tree nor shrub was visible, as large as a rose-bush, beneath which one could crawl for protection.

With the exception of a successful effort on the part of a topographical messenger to the commanding general, to make night hideous by rudely severing a nap ap-

proaching to maturity, the interval of darkness passed quietly into the wallet of oblivion. The column passed out of camp at half-past seven o'clock. The aspect of nature was any thing but cheerful. There was a dull, heavy, ague-and-feverish sort of fog hanging over us, and when the sun lifted this curtain, in which for a few miles we were enveloped, we were able to perceive only a vast waste, presenting, at distant intervals, slight and irregular elevations and depressions. A barren, desert, sterile prairie was again before and around us. The prickly pear and the dwarf sunflower, worthy of their distinction, held almost unaccompanied possession of the soil, a single new and insignificant plant being assigned to the intervals, the name of which I could not learn. Like its predecessors and associates, it possessed a thorn wherever there was room, and the process of laceration lost nothing in its vicinity.

It having been determined to unite the troops of Colonel Harney's command with those under General Wool, before reaching the Rio Grande, the encampment survived the rising of the sun on the 7th of October.

The flag of the United States, or a very uncertain number of stars and stripes on a cotton ground, was, for the first time on the march, given to the breeze this morning, from a staff erected in front of the tent of the commanding general. Not a single cheer greeted it as it rose, not a gun was fired; and the only remark which the incident appeared to call forth was from one of the soldiers, who—probably glad that the job was over—very patriotically, and with an enthusiasm corresponding to the sentiment, exclaimed, "There goes the star-spangled blanket!" This, though not strictly true, was received with a due measure of applause, which in some sort atoned for the absence of a volley from the battery. The fact is, there was not a government flag in the entire command. The one just hoisted was the property of a volunteer company—whose members appeared not to think that our national flag ought not to be prostituted to such an expedition—and, though resembling a "blanket" in size if not in material, was quite as far from "bunting." It bore the emblems nevertheless, and though they were apportioned according to the taste of the maker, rather than in reference to the statute, and put together on very primitive principles, it was "a good enough" flag for our present purposes.

There was also a pleasant little excite-

ment in camp during the morning, from a report that we were already realizing our proximity to the enemy, as the Mexicans had driven off our beef cattle during the night, thus leaving us to the uninterrupted mercy of pork and bacon. This was a matter appealing directly to the stomach, in and through which every emotion of chivalry has its origin, and was therefore of the most absorbing interest for the time.

Barren, sterile, desolate, and destitute as this position was, in reference to every species of vegetation, the noxious qualities of the soil vindicated themselves in the sustenance afforded to the venomous reptiles, which are there indigenous. A black, bloated, hairy tarantula, of gigantic dimensions, was discovered near one of the tents, almost realizing the description in the Apocalypse of the monster with "seven heads and ten horns." This poisonous and disgusting object had a small head, lighted up with two fiery little eyes, and from the mouth a pair of forked fangs projected, more deadly in their assault than the bite of the rattlesnake. Ten legs radiated from an odious and revolting body, covered with long black hair, the entire creature as unsightly and loathsome in all its parts, as any combination of animal life well can be. But this was not the only specimen of native society to which we were introduced. The centipedes were scattering their footprints wherever flesh and blood would let them; rattlesnakes were making their music in the grass; and the scorpions playing antics with their tails, and probing every surface on which they could fasten themselves.

The day was one of uncompromising do-nothingness. At five o'clock P.M., the camp might have been thus daguerreotyped: Most of the men are engaged in idle and doubtless agreeable relaxation. The notes of a violin, not very tastefully extracted, are gushing forth from several tents, round which divers groups are gathered, eagerly absorbing the exhalations of catgut. Songs—or rather their fragments—are being emitted in parenthetical snatches from a hundred sources, the intervals supplied with the hearty joke, the "rough and ready" repartee, and boisterous laughter. The anvil of the artillery battery is ringing with the heavy strokes of some military Cyclops, who has doubtless taken a day of rest—not for him—to repair the wear and tear of the march. Tents are flapping softly in the wind; officers are in groups in search of, or fancying they have found,

positions which combine the two properties of breeze and shade, smoke rises fitfully from the camp fires, and an odor is occasionally wafted, strongly suggestive of bean soup, and the approach of the eating hour.

At sunset a most amusing farce was performed,—an experiment, for the first time on the march, of a general guard mounting. Regular and volunteer infantry; dragoons mounted and on foot; volunteer cavalry in full costume; and, in short, a representation from each variety of the force, were assembled upon the parade ground, where most of the parties made their *début*, in the operations of opening ranks, inspection of arms, saluting, passing in review, &c., under the direction of an experienced officer. Of course the adjutant-general had as much upon his hands, as, being a modest man, he could desire; having not only to give every command with detailed instructions as to the method of execution, but, in many instances, to go through the movement himself, before reaching the comprehension of his pupils. At the command "march," some would move to the right and left, and at the word "halt," perhaps half would just commence moving. Fast where they should be slow, and in "rear" when they should be at the "front;" facing to the "right" when the order was given to the "left," and wheeling one way when the command was another: these and a host of other operations of like character, gave to the ceremony the appearance of a satire on soldiering, and stripped the military to its cuticle, of all dignity or grandeur.

Great commotion ruled in the camp at an early hour the next morning. An order of march had been prescribed for the whole command, with a view to the production of the maximum effect upon the Mexicans, whom we might perchance encounter in the vicinity of the Rio Grande. Hence, as much labor had been bestowed in perfecting the arrangements for the day, the mules appeared a little more obstinate and contrary than usual, and the horrid profanity of the teamsters of course increased in a similar proportion. There was hurry among the dragoons and delay with the artillery; the infantry was in this position which was wrong, and the Arkansas cavalry in that which was far from being right. Wagons were just where they ought not to have been, and clerks, waiting boys, and supernumeraries, had usurped the position of the general staff. Orders and counter-orders in all quarters were given and countermanded

in a breath. Aides-de-camp, extra and real, were riding in all directions but the right ones, and as fast as they followed each other, perhaps undoing what each one's predecessor had effected. The General wondered why the Colonel did not move on, and the Colonel in his turn could not for the life of him perceive what detained somebody else. However, the confusion of tongues at Babel terminated with the dispersion of the talkers throughout the land of Shinar, and in spite of darkness and misapprehension, the great snake—to which the column might be compared—finally uncoiled itself, and began its winding course along the road at seven o'clock.

The country becomes more broken as the "Great River of the North" is approached; the road winds around numerous hills and traverses many deep ravines. The vegetable growth near the Cuevas, as has been already observed, is very slight: the prickly pear—that unmatched bane to prairie life and physical comfort—almost creeps along the ground at that point, but before reaching the river it again becomes a monster, and rears its hideous arms to the height of six or eight feet. A small bush called by the Mexicans *chaparra ceniza*, was seen for the first time to-day. It bears a beautiful violet-colored little flower, and deserves honorable mention, as growing in Texas or Mexico, and free from the deformity of thorns.

To enable the troops to keep in compact order, the column was frequently halted, and during one of these intervals, an incident occurred which excited deep interest throughout the entire command. At no great distance from the head of the line, a young fawn was bounding over the prairie, pursued by a mean, sneaking, vicious, ravenous-looking wolf. With eye dilated and swelling nostril, the deer glided along with almost the speed of the wind, while her ferocious enemy kept on the path with a determination which seemed to evince no fears of the loss of his intended prey. Now the fawn sweeps along like a bird, and now she bounds over the cactus and chaparral, as if she were an element of the air: forward she goes, leaping obstacles and threading mazes which would appear to defy her powers, yet as she touches the earth, it seems to our fancy and our fears, that she gains nothing in advance of her voracious foe. Her flight is directed towards a group of mezquit trees in the distance, as if there was the last citadel of her hopes. Her speed now becomes phantom-like. Terrified with the doom which she seems with human

instinct to apprehend as inevitable, she flies over bush and brier and from peak to peak, with an energy wrung from despair. But without some foreign aid all her agile powers must fail before the cool, calm and persevering efforts of her enemy. He wastes no strength in flying leaps; but with steady strides, his eye fixed on his victim, his scent sharpened and appetite quickened by the race, he pursues with untiring pace his object. The chase continued until the dust from the rear of the column had almost hidden the pursuer and pursued from view, when, in spite of orders, the rifle could no longer be restrained, and a whizzing bullet from a sympathizing volunteer, suddenly relieved the wolf and his intended victim. This incident, the starting of a hare, and the death of a rattlesnake, were the most marked features of the day's march.

As we approached within a few miles of the river, all were on the *qui vive*; every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse, but many a distant hill and jutting bluff disappeared before the object was attained. The road runs nearly parallel with the river for several miles, the heights on the opposite shore being a long time visible, without any apparent diminution of distance. A mile or two from the ford we caught a glimpse of a house, from which appeared to be streaming a white flag. This of course was far from being gratifying to those who wished the passage to be disputed, as it was death to immediate glory if not to the Mexicans, and those maiden swords must yet remain unshed. We came upon a full view of the river at eleven o'clock, and as we reached the bank, a man appeared on the Mexican side waving the emblem of peace. A short colloquy ensued between him and our interpreter. To an invitation to come over, he seemed at first to object, on account of "*mucha agua*," but soon consented, and, naked as the horse on which he rode, he entered the river, still bearing his pacific credential before him, which proved on his arrival to be a shirt—which had probably been washed for the occasion. He bore a letter from the Alcalde of the Presidio, to the commanding general, couched in very humble terms, protesting that the people of that region bore no arms against the United States, were peacefully pursuing their usual occupations, and begging that General Wool would treat them with as much consideration as Colonel Harney had previously done, &c., &c. The General made an appropriate verbal reply, and desired that the Alcalde would present himself in per-

son. The messenger then returned, and we began pitching our tents.

A few minutes before sunset, the Chief of the Presidio municipality made his appearance accompanied by a single individual, who was probably another official functionary, though his position was not very clearly defined. The Alcalde surprised us with the first intelligence of the fall of Monterey, having a Mexican copy of the articles of capitulation. The news of the event spread rapidly over camp, and created great exultation.

The Alcalde returned some time after dark, and a dragoon who assisted in reconveying him across the river, disappeared on his return, between ten and eleven o'clock, and it was feared might be drowned.

For the first time since we left San Antonio, there was a slight shower on the 9th, with indication of prolonged wet weather.

The 2d Dragoons under Colonel Harney were the first to cross the river. The water was about four feet and three inches deep, and quite as high as is safe or convenient for fording. Many of us contrived to elude official vigilance and steal off under cover of the cavalry, and entered the enemy's country with the troops. To accomplish the crossing with dry feet, it was necessary to take a most constrained and painful position on the horse, and one that would have been fatal to the department of Mr. Turveydrop. As we did not consult attitudes however, so much as prospective comfort, this was not considered an insuperable objection to the movement.

The village or city of the Presidio, is about five miles from the river, in a direction from the ford, a little west of south. About three hundred yards north of the town, stand the ruins of an old "mission"—another monument to the ubiquitous efforts of the Jesuits. Originally a mongrel mixture of stone and mortar, time has added nothing to its beauty or its symmetry, though it has curtailed somewhat its first proportions. The body of the edifice is, as usual, connected with a series of arched ways, cells, chambers, &c., for purposes doubtless well known to the occupants, but which at this time forbid speculation. The swelling notes of the organ are no longer heard within its stately walls, but the wind howls a mournful requiem through its falling arches, over the grandeur that has passed away. The imposing ceremonial—the pomp and circumstance of prayer; the morning and evening chimes; the whis-

pered confession and the muttered absolution; the tonsured priest and the besotted people, have disappeared for ever; and ruin with its inexorable grasp has given walls and arches, corridors and columns, to the wild flowers for their dominion, and to the birds of heaven for their revels.

The cavalcade entered the town with guidons flying, and the band playing "Hail Columbia." The doors and windows were planted thickly with the inhabitants, eager to see the invading "barbarians of the North." By the time we reached the plaza, the whole place was in motion, and every house had disgorged its occupants. The children were most conspicuous in numbers, and not least striking from their apparel—or the want of it. The Indian mother, nurtured only in the school of nature, gives to her child a girdle about the middle: the Mexicans, inheritors of Spanish civilization and refinement, dispense with so superfluous a garment. The Colonel presented to the Alcalde a letter from General Wool, whereupon, as Gil Blas says, were many compliments on both sides. The official was as condescending and affectionate as a stump candidate three weeks before the election, and, notwithstanding we were all on horseback, passed round most graciously, careful to omit none, shaking every one's hand and, leading us to infer that if we had been on foot, we should have had still more touching evidence of his esteem.

The buildings are generally of a similar character to those of San Antonio, many of which, of the better looking class, were deserted; the inhabitants who had the means apparently thinking it preferable to leave their homes, rather than see them desecrated by the presence of a military rabble, judging our troops by the character of their own. None of the houses have wooden floors: the arrangements for light in those of most pretensions, are gratings rising from a broad sill projecting a foot or two from the walls, the bars of which are elaborately carved or turned. These window recesses are also useful to the young ladies in another way; as the bewitching *señoritas* may frequently be seen there in the cool of the day, puffing their *cigarritas*, and ogling the passers by. Many of the doors are rudely ornamented with men's heads, the figures of animals, &c., intended to resemble perhaps, as near as any thing else, the ancient gods of the Aztecs. I observed, as at San Antonio, that the chief occupation of the women within doors, consists in *looking the heads*, or taking the census *per capita*, of their children, and of each other.

The problem of the existence of the Mexican people, as illustrated in those of the Presidio de Rio Grande, is of no simple solution. Food and clothing are universal necessities of mankind, to which this portion of the human family is no exception; but while they are in possession of both, the mystery is, whence they are procured. There are no indications of mechanical industry—I saw but one approach to it in the case of a man who was mending a woman's shoe—there are no workshops and no stores; no gardens and no fields: idleness and indolence are every where lords of the ascendant. There was one place of general resort, and it appears to be common to all latitudes and to every people: it was the village grog shop. Muscal, or Mexican whiskey, distilled from a wild plant indigenous to the country, forms the staple article of this establishment, though nuts, rice, sugar, &c., are kept in small quantities. Sweet potatoes were also disposed of here at a *picayune* a pound. In the distillation of their alcoholic products however, it must be acknowledged that the Mexican people act with more wisdom than ourselves, and that in one thing at least, we may derive from them a wholesome example. They do not make the staff of life its destroyer, and so abuse an inestimable blessing that it becomes a withering and deadly curse. No: instead of perverting what may be called pre-eminently the great North American plant, which Providence has given for man's subsistence, to the uses of evil habits, the production of vice and misery, and the degradation and prostitution of humanity, they apply it to its legitimate ends, and gratify their depraved appetites by extracting their intoxicating drinks from the more natural source of a wild plant of the prairies. What little labor is rendered by the people, is chiefly agricultural, and a fertile soil and genial climate, doubtless yield at a trifling cost rich returns to the toil of the cultivator. The habits, manners, and costume of the people, are simple in the extreme, and a small infusion of Anglo-Saxon energy, could it possibly be effected, might perhaps be followed by a corresponding infusion of Anglo-Saxon intelligence and prosperity. So much would certainly be gained in purity of morals, government, and religion, that a revolution of this sort ought to be encouraged by every Mexican who loves his country. Every philanthropist must desire that the present indolent effeminacy may soon cease to exist, and that the energies of a people who may boast of the "Great Admiral," the "Great

Captain," Cortez, Alvarado, and a host of other illustrious names, may once more be quickened into life. And though they have known us only as enemies, let us hope now that peace is restored, they may take an example from us in activity, in industry, in enterprise, and resolve to elevate their country to the position which Providence has assigned it, and to leave our vices—if any they have observed—to moulder in the grave in which their own ignorance and lethargy would then be buried. Then indeed would Mexico be worthy of her ancient renown; and though she might not attain to the pre-eminent position which she held in the days of Aztec splendor and power, towards the other nations of America, she would be able to engage in honorable rivalry with the Republic of the North, in advancing the common wealth and common intelligence of nations; in the prosecution of the arts and the cultivation of science; in rendering the whole people industrious and intelligent; in contributing to the universal amelioration of mankind, by securing with a panoply of law, virtue and true religion, the person and property of every individual.

The Rio Grande at the ford, is by calculation two hundred and seventy-two yards wide; the current rapid, and the bottom hard. The water is much like that of the Missouri, and after filtration is probably quite as good. A substitute for this operation is furnished by the prickly pear, which, stripped of its skin, and deposited in the vessel of water, very soon precipitates the earthy matter. It is perhaps the only known application of the plant—except the torture.

The dragoon who so mysteriously vanished after disposing of the Alcalde, turned up the next day and exhibited no signs of having passed the night under water. He was only classifying and qualifying himself as an old soldier; and being on guard, very sagely concluded, that a night in the chaparral was preferable to one on post.

One of the Arkansas volunteers died just after reaching the Rio Grande, and on observing a man carrying a barrel on his shoulder to their late camp, I was told on inquiry, it was for a coffin,—that no other material was to be had, and that his comrades were about to inclose a portion of his form thus, rather than leave it to the cold embraces of the earth. Poor fellow! he doubtless left home, like the most of us, with high anticipations and chivalric hopes; joyfully enrolling himself among those who were going forth to

fight the battles of their country, and perhaps with honorable aspirations after a distinction that might survive him. He arrives in sight of the soil of the enemy, but his foot is not permitted to touch it. Death strikes him at the very threshold. The tender cares and sacred affections of a mother or a sister are not present to hallow or to soothe his dying hours; but stretched upon a blanket, on the bosom of the cold earth, to which the body must so soon return, he yields up his last breath among his comrades, and his "spirit to Him who gave it." Then, indeed, the martial mockery of a military funeral does honor to his remains: music, in melancholy and mournful strains, precedes him to the grave, and volleys of musketry eloquently tell of a country's gratitude, and the Republic's respect for her patriotic defenders. The clouds of earth fall coldly—not upon his coffin, for that his country denies him—but upon the pittance of protection which his comrades have procured for his mortal remains; the grave closes, the procession returns with the gayest music, and the soldier is forgotten. On the wild and solitary banks of the Rio Grande, in a grave perhaps unsanctified by one tear of affection, and unhallowed by the rites of Christian burial, he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

On the 11th of October, at eleven o'clock, the main body crossed the river. At the right bank we found Captain Morgan and his company, of the 1st regiment, stripped to their shirts and drawers, engaged in getting a wagon out of the river, which the mules had not been able to extricate. They had blocked up the point of exit from the stream, and those in the rear therefore were compelled to await their movements. The Captain in his red flannel seemed to waive all considerations of rank, and was in the midst of his company, setting the right sort of an example, and making himself not only ornamental but useful. On ascending the bank, in the midst of dragoons and infantry, teamsters and baggage wagons, a dozen or more Mexican carts were discovered, loaded with sugar-cane, chickens, sweet potatoes, corn and wheat bread, a variety of which was very like the "ginger cake" bought and sold by the boys at "general training." The latter was decidedly the most popular purchase—partly, perhaps, because it could be eaten on the ground, and partly on account of early associations. While the larger portion of us were engaged in the vigorous mastication of the various viands before us, we observed our gallant commander, seated in a small skiff,

towed by a horse, making his entrance into Mexico. Not many minutes after his arrival, he was met by a Mexican Teniente (Lieutenant) with an escort of two men, who brought a complete copy of the articles of capitulation at Monterey, with a letter from a Mexican colonel.

The General soon put himself at the head of the battery, the dragoons being in front, and with the military ambassador in his immediate vicinity, and the cavalcade enveloped in impenetrable clouds of dust, advanced towards the Presidio. It was nearly one o'clock when the party left the river, and the green tops of the lofty pecan trees of the town became visible in a little less than two hours.

Just before entering the principal street, we passed on our right a large reservoir, formed by a high embankment or dam across a small stream that winds around the place, from which the irrigating canals radiate over the surrounding region. Above the gate or sluice-way, there is a conspicuous wooden cross, which, with an inscription below, indicates the usual tincture of priestcraft and superstition. On the southern side of the town, at the extremity of a street leading to the plaza, stands a small stone building, evidently constructed for defence, to which is attached a castellated tower. The position is an important one, and would permit an effective fire in almost every direction.

The residence of Miguel Arsiniega, *Gefe Politico*, the Political Chief of Department and commonly known as the Alcalde, to which the column proceeded, is a one story building of stone or adobe, in the form of a hollow square, with an interior court of twelve or fifteen hundred square feet. Availing myself of the broad shoulders of ———, I was permitted to enter with the crowd. The rooms are spacious and airy. On being ushered into the parlor, the carpet of which was of good hard Mexican clay, we met the Alcalde, clad in a white, homespun frock coat, decorated with immense black buttons, his nether proportions encased in similar material, but of variegated hues; his wife, a not ill-looking, buxom specimen of her sex, and several younger females, whom we presumed to be her daughters. One of them—a youthful mother—was yielding from the lacteal fountains that nourishment of a maternal nature which comes from no other source, and which the baby in her arms was extracting with as much vigor as might have been looked for in one east of the Sabine.

The furniture of the room consisted of a high-post bedstead, embellished with a

gay, checkered quilt; three or four wooden benches, like those found in a back-woods meeting-house in Georgia; a looking-glass, nine by fourteen inches; a rude table, upon which writing materials were spread alongside of one of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's novels; a wooden image of Christ on the cross, and a picture of the pope or some other respectable gentleman, which might very well be taken for the "man of sin." There was also a stone or earthen jug standing in the window-sill, from which we supplied ourselves with water out of a broken tumbler. The interview lasted but a short time; the object of it was apparently not very clearly comprehended, even when we rose to depart. The General gave each of the ladies a very affectionate squeeze of the hand, and the less favored members of the party bowed themselves out of the room.

As we were leaving, we observed in the court a remarkable looking man, oblivious of all things going on around him, walking to and fro, with a wisdom-giving pair of spectacles astride his nose, and an ancient volume in his hands, with numerous leaves turned down, and slips of paper inserted, to mark the places. He was without coat or hat. His gray hair was "cropped short" enough to excite the admiration of a writer of army regulations, and in his round, rubicund face, there twinkled two cunning little eyes, above which hung a pair of brows in overshadowing humility. He proved to be the priest of the village, conning over his paternosters, and so laboriously, that it appeared to be an act of self-imposed penance. Notwithstanding the gravity of his appearance, and his very clerical austerity of demeanor, it is said he is decidedly a jovial companion, and for this reason likes San Fernando, his previous parish, much better than the Presidio. He states that there were in the former place a few worthy and congenial associates, with whom he could play a game of cards or take a social glass without scandal upon his profession, but he adds—with perhaps not so much truth—that here such innocent enjoyments are looked upon with great horror. Some who were disposed to sympathize with him in his unaccustomed privations, invited him to camp, where he would be permitted to indulge his animal propensities to "the top of his bent." From him we learned that the old "Mission" was erected early in the eighteenth century, and had been abandoned for nearly fifty years.

After leaving this pious father to his pages, his penance, and his paternosters, we continued our route through the town

towards the encampment. The houses were filled with spectators, gazing at the unusual exhibition; pigs and poultry were picking up corn, with the naked children on the floors and in the streets, and the usual process of gathering in the *harvest of the hair*, was going on industriously among the women. These were generally dressed with less regard to neatness and display, than when Colonel Harney arrived, on which occasion the newest calicoes seem to have been in requisition. The females to-day were, in most cases, reduced to the last layer of drapery, while from the waists of a few, there hung a petticoat in addition.

About a mile from town, it became necessary to cross one of the irrigating ditches, over which the Mexicans had constructed a rude but practicable bridge. We found, however, on our arrival that the genius of ——— had been moved as usual, to leave the impress of his mind and power, upon the stumps and logs before him, and he was actively engaged as the chief pioneer. From almost the commencement of the march, he had become the absorbent, whenever the opportunity offered, of all the operations. Snatching from the commanding general his commission, from the engineer his compass, from the quarter-master his responsibility, from the adjutant-general his pen, from the ordnance officer his powder, from the wagon master his whip, from the surgeon his lancet, from the teamster his reins, and from the pioneer his pickaxe and shovel, he appropriated to himself the functions of the whole—a self-constituted itinerant military pantheon. If Leonidas could have had three hundred such, the story of Thermopylæ would have a different conclusion.

The encampment was upon an open prairie, with mezquit trees scattered in clustered coruscations, and with a sprinkling of the prickly pear, and a new variety of the chaparral, more thorny if possible than any of its predecessors. The water was of a rich sulphurous taste and odor, and might well lay claim to medicinal virtues. It was nearly dark before we completed the pitching of our tents, and night, with a thick garniture of clouds, fell long before we received our suppers.

On Friday morning we had something like an April shower; which was followed by a regular, sober, steady, energetic rain, combining the power of the storm with the pertinacity of the drizzle. It proved, however, no obstacle to the out-door efforts of the Mexicans, who swarmed into camp to sell their figs, cakes, bread, potatoes,

&c. They seemed not at all disinclined to furnish supplies, according to the full extent of their abilities, and on reasonable terms. Indeed, they did not evince quite such a mercenary disposition, such a determined pertinacity for public plunder, as our friends in Texas. There a bushel of corn cost a dollar and fifty cents: here it could be bought for about half that sum.

It was rumored that there was as much difficulty at head-quarters, in translating the communications received by the Teniente, as Tony Lumpkin once encountered in reading a certain "cramped piece of penmanship." The conclusion, however, arrived at by all the interpreters, as reported, was that the Mexican officer who wrote the letter, and who somewhat loftily signed himself "Francisco de Castafieda, Colonel, commanding the left wing of the Northern army," entertained the opinion that the articles of capitulation at Monterey, prohibited by implication General Wool from crossing the Rio Grande, and that such a movement would involve a violation of their spirit and intent. It is not known what reply the commanding general made; but we may infer that he informed Colonel Castafieda that he could construe those articles without Mexican assistance; that he had crossed the river, and that if the "Commander of the left wing of the Northern army" objected thereto, he might resort to such means as should seem proper to him, to put General Wool on the other side.

As the sun rose on the 13th, the flag of the United States rose upon the soil of Mexico: as the stars of heaven paled before the great luminary of the universe, the stars of the Republic waved above a foreign horizon. There may be something grand and poetical, perhaps, to a Frenchman, in the idea that the government thus symbolled forth, should be displayed at such an hour, saluted with the roar and blaze of gunpowder, and the virgin beams of the morning; but if there be a thought or association of power or protection with the flag, why should it not be unfurled by night as well as by day? According to Walter Scott, such was the practice with the Crusaders: why and when was it discontinued?

The morning was fair and charming; the air pure and bracing. Every inhalation seemed to give new vigor to the system. The dew-drops sparkled on the grass, and hung like clusters of jewels from the branches of the chaparral. The birds had caught the inspiration of the hour, and made nature vocal with their

grateful and joyous melody. Not to trifle away in camp such opportunities for rational enjoyment, and such an invocation to a proper acknowledgment of the benevolence of the Creator, by a contemplation of His works, a party was made up for town. The road was alive with the industrious Mexicans of all sizes, bringing in the surplusage of their labors for sale. Boys with unripe melons, sweet potatoes, cigarritas, eggs, chickens, polones (sugar in the form of truncated cones about the size of a common tumbler), preserved pumpkin, dried figs, looking and tasting like prunes, tortillas, tamales, &c., &c., and men with the more bulky and substantial products, were rushing into camp, to reap the harvest while it lasts.

Before arriving at the Presidio, *alias* San Juan de Bautista, *alias* Villa del Herrero; for the town is known by the three names, we met General Shields, with two or three officers, just from Camargo to join this column. We thus gathered many particulars of the great battle or rather battles of Monterey, of a victory to our arms which was purchased at the price of some of the best blood of the nation, and which carried grief, and sorrow, and lamentation, and brokenness of heart, to many a widowed wife and childless mother. The son, the husband, the lover, and the brother had fallen, and the glory of such a triumph is wrung from bitter tears and written in priceless blood. Numerous instances of the thrilling horrors of the scene were described, but there is none perhaps more affecting than the fate of Lieutenant — of the — Infantry.

According to report, he was wounded early in the action by a musket ball, and stretched almost lifeless upon the earth. In the heat and *melée* of the carnage, it was impossible to remove him from the field, and thus weak from loss of blood and suffering the most intense agony, he remained an entire day; balls hurtling through the air, and the rain falling in torrents nearly the whole time. Almost exhausted, he was an agonized spectator of the battle raging fiercely around him, and of the warring of the elements, rivaling that of man with man. When taken up, life was nearly extinct, and the affectionate efforts of his friends seemed only to prolong agony with which he had wrestled in vain.

The heart turns with horror from the contemplation of such details, and which, terrific and revolting as they are, are too often aggravated by the consideration that they arise from the mad ambition and petty policy of those who, secure in their

own positions, trifle with human life as they would amuse themselves with the balls of a billiard table. Yet these men we are told are "Christian Statesmen;" looking to divine law as their rule of action; professing to ask and to do nothing but what is right, while forgetting, yea trampling deliberately under foot, the edict which was thundered forth in such terrible sublimity from the throne of Omnipotence, "Thou shalt not kill."

The population of the Presidio is probably not far from two thousand; but the juvenile proportion is enormous, if not alarming. Nearly every house displays three or four naked boys and girls, at the doors and in the court yards, all apparently of the same age, as they are of the same size. It would appear from the fecundity here, that the population of Mexico must reduce itself elsewhere in a most mysterious way, if at present, as has been estimated, it does not amount to more than seven or eight millions. And whatever process they may have for curtailing numbers, a disciple of Malthus would be very apt to complain in the most deprecatory terms of the frightful consequences that must ensue from the masses of juvenility presented here, and would doubtless suggest remedies not entirely in accordance with the tastes and appetites of the people.

The jurisdiction of the Alcalde, or Prefect of the Presidio, extends over a department comprising six towns, in which he is the chief, if not the only civil officer. The precise nature of his duties and extent of his powers cannot be very accurately defined; but in addition to the function of judge and juror, he has the general supervision of the revenues, and is responsible within his department for the faithful execution of the laws, particularly those in reference to government dues. The truth is, there is very little of law in the country, except the forms, and these it may be feared will not long survive. The canon [query—cannon?] law really prevails over every other, and there is no functionary whose power is so unlimited as that of the priest.

At a short distance from the road, about half a mile this side of the town, are the ruins, or rather the remnants of the foundation of one of the earliest missions erected on the continent. It was known as the church of San Juan Bautista; and was built, it is supposed, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Nothing remains at present but a shapeless pile of rubbish and stones. We were furnished here with another sad illustra-

tion of the casualties incident to a campaign, even when not actively engaged with the enemy. One of the Illinois volunteers attached to Captain Lee's corps of pioneers, was cruelly mutilated by a ponton sliding from a wagon, which struck him near the abdomen, forcing out his intestines, and otherwise lacerating his person in the most frightful manner. He survived several days, suffering the most acute pain, and subjected to all the torture that such an injury could inflict.

Two or three days before the march was resumed, several volleys of musketry, fired in quick succession, were heard by the sentinels, early in the morning, in the direction of the town. At first no notice was taken of the fact, but from the repeated discharges, it was deemed proper to report it to the commanding general, who with all his watchfulness was caught napping for once. Though it could hardly be possible that an armed enemy should be in that quarter, in a few moments the camp was in commotion. The bugles of the dragoons sounded "to horse;" the drums of the infantry beat "the general." The horns of the Arkansas regiment emitted certain sounds understood by themselves, for they were very soon in their saddles. In the mean time, men half-dressed were hurrying to and fro, all knowing there was an excitement, but very few knowing why. Some were in pursuit of horses, grazing beyond the camp; some returning from the water, and all apparently busy about every thing, save preparation for a battle. The mounted troops were ordered to town to investigate the affair which seemed to involve so much mystery, and the artillery and infantry were formed in line of battle to await events. Each man was ready at the signal to

"Let slip the dogs of war."

The report finally came, and lo! the consternation had been created by a salute—

common, it is said, in this country—fired over the grave of a Mexican baby. A very lame and impotent conclusion certainly, but how could it have been otherwise? There was no one with whom an enemy could engage except ourselves, and we had not been invited to such an entertainment.

Captain ——— and Lieutenant ——— of the Topographical Engineers, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, the whole under ———, left on a reconnaissance in the direction of San Fernando and Santa Rosa, one day in advance of the army.

A new turn was also given to the machinery of monotony, in the way of a review, the great feature of which was the performance of one of the ——— companies. At the head of the detachment with which this company was embodied, rode ———, in his round hat and black coat; having too keen a sense of the ridiculous not to know that in his position it would be a burlesque to affect the soldier even in appearance. Then came the main body. Covered with hats, broad brim, narrow brim, and no brim at all, straw, chip, felt, and fur, the whole of the class known as "shocking bad;" with coats of every shape, of every hue, and of every material, and not a few coatless; jackets without skirts and with one skirt—razed from necessity, with collars and without; trousers like Jacob's cattle, "ring-streaked, speckled, and grizzled;" white, black, blue, brown, and dingy; in short, it may be doubted if heroism were ever more thoroughly disguised or fantastically arrayed. Among the banners redoubtably borne on this occasion, one blazed with the inscription "Try us," and another, that had probably served a similar purpose during the presidential campaign, flaunted the execrable, because false and hypocritical sentiment, "Extend the area of Freedom."

(To be Continued.)

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A MEMOIR ADDRESSED TO THE EDELMANN STORG IN ROME.

IN those quiet old winter evenings, around our Roman fireside, it was not seldom, my dear Storg, that we talked of the advantages of travel, and in speeches not so long that our cigars would forget their fire (the measure of just conversation) debated the comparative advantages of the Old and the New Worlds. You will remember how serenely I bore the imputation of provincialism, while I asserted that those advantages were reciprocal; that an orb'd and balanced life would revolve between the Old and the New as its opposite, but not antagonistic, poles, the true equator lying somewhere midway between them. I asserted also that there were two epochs at which a man might travel,—before twenty, for pure enjoyment, and after thirty, for instruction. At twenty, the eye is sufficiently delighted with merely seeing; new things are pleasant only because they are not old; and we take every thing heartily and naturally in the right way, events being always like knives, which either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle. After thirty, we carry with us our scales with lawful weights stamped by experience, and our chemical tests acquired by study, with which to ponder and assay all arts, and institutions, and manners, and to ascertain either their absolute worth, or their merely relative value to ourselves. On the whole, I declared myself in favor of the after-thirty method,—was it partly (so difficult is it to distinguish between opinions and personalities) because I had tried it myself, though with scales so imperfect and tests so inadequate? Perhaps so, but more because I held that a man should have travelled thoroughly round himself and the great *terra incognita* just outside and inside his own threshold, before he undertook voyages of discovery to other worlds. Let him first thoroughly explore that strange country laid down on the maps as SEAUTON; let him look down into its craters and find whether they be burnt out or only sleeping; let him know between the good and evil fruits of its passionate tropics; let him experience how healthful are its serene and high-lying table-lands; let him be many times driven back (till he wisely consent to be baffled) from its metaphysical north-west passages that lead only to the dreary

solitudes of a sunless world, before he think himself morally equipped for travels to more distant regions. But does he commonly even so much as think of this, or, while buying amplest trunks for his corporeal apparel, does it once occur to him how very small a portmanteau will contain all his mental and spiritual outfit? Oftener, it is true, that a man who could scarce be induced to expose his unclothed body, even in a village of prairie-dogs, will complacently display a mind as naked as the day it was born, without so much as a fig-leaf of acquirement on it, in every gallery of Europe. If not with a robe dyed in the Tyrian purple of imaginative culture, if not with the close-fitting, active dress of social or business training,—at least, my dear Storg, one might provide himself with the merest waist-cloth of modesty!

But if it be too much to expect men to traverse and survey themselves before they go abroad, we might certainly ask that they should be familiar with their own villages. If not even that, then it is of little import whither they go, and let us hope that, by seeing how calmly their own narrow neighborhood bears their departure, they may be led to think that the circles of disturbance set in motion by the fall of their tiny drop into the ocean of eternity, will not have a radius of more than a week in any direction; and that the world can endure the subtraction of even a justice of the peace with provoking equanimity. In this way, at least, foreign travel may do them good, may make them, if not wiser, at any rate less fussy. Is it a great way to go to school, and a great fee to pay for the lesson? We cannot pay too much for that genial stoicism which, when life flouts us and says—*Put that in your pipe and smoke it!*—can puff away with as sincere a relish as if it were tobacco of Mount Lebanon in a narghileh of Damascus.

After all, my dear Storg, it is to know *things* that one has need to travel, and not *men*. Those force us to come to them, but these come to us—sometimes whether we will or no. These exist for us in every variety in our own town. You may find your antipodes without a voyage to China; he lives there, just round the next corner, precise, formal, the slave of precedent,

making all his tea-cups with a break in the edge, because his model had one, and your fancy decorates him with an endlessness of airy pigtail. There, too, are John Bull, Jean Crapaud, Hans Sauerkraut, Pat Murphy, and the rest.

It has been well said—

"He needs no ship to cross the tide,
Who, in the lives around him, sees
Fair window-prospects opening wide
O'er history's fields on every side,
Rome, Egypt, England, Ind, and Greece.

"Whatever moulds of various brain
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,—
Whatever Empires wax and wane,—
To him who hath not eyes in vain
His village-microcosm can show."

But *things* are good for nothing out of their natural *habitat*. If the heroic Barnum had succeeded in transplanting Shakespeare's house to America, what interest would it have had for us, torn out of its appropriate setting in softly-hilled Warwickshire, which showed us that the most English of poets must be born in the most English of counties? I mean by a *Thing* that which is not a mere spectacle, that which the mind leaps forth to, as it also leaps to the mind, as soon as they come within each other's sphere of attraction, and with instantaneous coalition form a new product—knowledge. Such, in the understanding it gives us of early Roman history, is the little territory around Rome, the *gentis cumabula*, without a sight of which, Livy and Niebuhr and the maps are vain. So, too, one must go to Pompeii and the *Museo Borbonico*, to get a true conception of that wondrous artistic nature of the Greeks, strong enough, even in that petty colony, to survive foreign conquest and to assimilate barbarian blood, showing a grace and fertility of invention, whose Roman copies Raffaello himself could only copy, and enchanting even the base utensils of the kitchen with an inevitable sense of beauty to which we subterranean Northmen have not yet so much as dreamed of climbing. Mere sights one can see quite as well at home. Mont Blanc does not tower more grandly in the memory, than did the dream-peak which loomed afar on the morning-horizon of hope; nor did the smoke-palm of Vesuvius stand more erect and fair, with tapering stem and spreading top, in that Parthenopean air than under the diviner sky of imagination. I know what Shakespeare says about home-keeping youths, and I can fancy what you will add about America being interesting only as a phenomenon, and uncomfortable to live in, because we have not yet done with

getting ready to live. But is not your Europe, on the other hand, a place where men have done living for the present, and of value chiefly because of the men who had done living in it long ago? And if, in our rapidly-moving country, one feel sometimes as if he had his home in a railroad train, is there not also a satisfaction in knowing that one *is* going *somewhere*? To what end visit Europe, if people carry with them, as most do, their old parochial horizon, going hardly as Americans even, much less as men? Have we not both seen persons abroad who put us in mind of parlor goldfish in their vase, isolated in that little globe of their own element, incapable of communication with the strange world around them, a show themselves, while it was always doubtful if they could see at all beyond the limits of their portable prison? The wise man travels to discover himself; it is to find himself out that he goes out of himself and his habitual associations, trying every thing in turn till he find that one activity, sovran over him by divine right, toward which all the disbanded powers of his nature and the irregular tendencies of his life gather joyfully, as to the common rallying-point of their loyalty.

All these things we debated while the ilex logs upon the hearth burned down to tinkling coals, over which a gray, soft moss of ashes grew betimes, mocking the poor wood with a pale travesty of that green and gradual decay on forest-floors, its natural end. Already the clock at the *Capuccini* told the morning quarters, and on the pauses of our talk no sound intervened but the muffled hoot of an owl in the near convent-garden, or the rattling tramp of a patrol of that French army which keeps him a prisoner in his own city, who claims to lock and unlock the doors of heaven. But still the discourse would eddy round one obstinate rocky tenet of mine, for I maintained, you remember, that the wisest man was he who stayed at home; that to see the antiquities of the old world was nothing, since the youth of the world was really no farther away from us than our own youth; and that, moreover, we had also in America things amazingly old, as our boys, for example. Add, that in the end this antiquity is a matter of comparison, which skips from place to place as nimbly as Emerson's sphinx, and that one old thing is good only till we have seen an older England is ancient till we go to Rome. Etruria dethrones Rome, but only to pass this sceptre of Antiquity which so lords it over our fancies to the Pelasgi, from whom

Egypt straightway wrenches it to give it up in turn to older India. And whither then? As well rest upon the first step, since the effect of what is old upon the mind is single and positive, not cumulative. As soon as a thing is past, it is as infinitely far away from us as if it had happened millions of years ago. And if the learned Huet be correct, who reckoned that every human thought and record could be included in ten folios, what so frightfully old as we ourselves, who can, if we choose, hold in our memories every syllable of recorded time, from the first crunch of Eve's teeth in the apple, downward, being thus ideally contemporary with hoariest Eld?

"The pyramids built up with newer might
To us are nothing novel, nothing strange."

Now, my dear Storg, you know my (what the phrenologists call) inhabitiveness and adhesiveness, how I stand by the old thought, the old thing, the old place, and the old friend, till I am very sure I have got a better, and even then migrate painfully. Remember the old Arabian story, and think how hard it is to pick up all the pomegranate-seeds of an opponent's argument, and how, as long as one remains, you are as far from the end as ever. Since I have you entirely at my mercy (for you cannot answer me under five weeks) you will not be surprised at the advent of this letter. I had always one impregnable position, which was, that however good other places might be, there was only one in which we could be born, and which therefore possessed a quite peculiar and inalienable virtue. We had the fortune, which neither of us have had reason to call other than good, to journey together through the green, secluded valley of boyhood; together we climbed the mountain wall which shut it in, and looked down upon those Italian plains of early manhood; and, since then, we have met sometimes by a well, or broken bread together at an oasis in the arid desert of life as it truly is. With this letter I propose to make you my fellow-traveller in one of those fireside voyages which, as we grow older, we make oftener and oftener through our own past. Without leaving your elbow-chair, you shall go back with me thirty years, which will bring you among things and persons as thoroughly preterite as Romulus or Numa. For, so rapid are our changes in America, that the transition from old to new, the change from habits and associations to others entirely different, is as rapid almost as the pushing in of one scene and the drawing out of another on the stage. And it is

this which makes America so interesting to the philosophic student of history and man. Here, as in a theatre, the great problems of anthropology, which in the old world were ages in solving, but which are solved, leaving only a dry net result; are compressed, as it were, into the entertainment of a few hours. Here we have I know not how many epochs of history and phases of civilization contemporary with each other, nay, within five minutes of each other by the electric telegraph. In two centuries we have seen rehearsed the dispersion of man from a small point over a whole continent; we witness with our own eyes the action of those forces which govern the great migration of the peoples, now historical in Europe; we can watch the action and reaction of different races, forms of government, and higher or lower civilizations. Over there, you have only the dead precipitate, demanding tedious analysis; but here the elements are all in solution, and we have only to look to know them all. History, which every day makes less account of governors and more of man, must find here the compendious key to all that picture-writing of the Past. Therefore it is, my dear Storg, that we Yankees may still esteem our America a place worth living in. But calm your apprehensions: I do not propose to drag you with me on such an historical circumnavigation of the globe, but only to show you that (however needful it may be to go abroad for the study of æsthetics) a man who uses the eyes of his heart, may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscapes over which that Indian-summer atmosphere of the Past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin. Let us look at the Cambridge of thirty years since.

The seat of the oldest college in America, it had, of course, some of that cloistered quiet which characterizes all university-towns. But, underlying this, it had an idiosyncrasy of its own. Boston was not yet a city, and Cambridge was still a country village, with its own habits and traditions, not yet feeling too strongly the force of suburban gravitation. Approaching it from the west by what was then called the New Road (it is called so no longer, for we change our names whenever we can, to the great detriment of all historical association) you would pause on the brow of Symonds' Hill to enjoy a view singularly soothing and placid. In front of you lay the town, tufted with elms, lindens, and horse-chesnuts, which had seen Massachusetts a colony, and were

fortunately unable to emigrate with the tories by whom, or by whose fathers, they were planted. Over it rose the noisy belfry of the college, the square, brown tower of the church, and the slim, yellow spire of the parish meeting-house, by no means ungraceful, and then an invariable characteristic of New England religious architecture. On your right, the Charles slipped smoothly through green and purple salt-meadows, darkened, here and there, with the blossoming black-grass as with a stranded cloud-shadow. Over these marshes, level as water, but without its glare, and with softer and more soothing gradations of perspective, the eye was carried to a horizon of softly-rounded hills. To your left hand, upon the Old Road, you saw some half-dozen dignified old houses of the colonial time, all comfortably fronting southward. If it were spring-time, the rows of horse-chestnuts along the fronts of these houses showed, through every crevice of their dark heap of foliage, and on the end of every drooping limb, a cone of pearly flowers, while the hill behind was white or rosy with the crowding blooms of various fruit trees. There is no sound, unless a horseman clatters over the loose planks of the bridge, while his antipodal shadow glides silently over the mirrored bridge below, or unless

"Oh, winged rapture, feathered soul of spring,
Blithe voice of woods, fields, waters, all in one,
Pipe blown through by the warm, mild breath of
June,

Shepherding her white flocks of woolly clouds,
The Bobolink has come, and climbs the wind
With rippling wings, that quiver, not for flight,
But only joy, or, yielding to its will,
Runs down, a brook of laughter, through the air."

Such was the charmingly rural picture which he who, thirty years ago, went eastward over Symonds' Hill, had given him for nothing to hang in the Gallery of Memory. But we are a city now, and Common Councils have yet no notion of the truth (learned long ago by many a European hamlet) that picturesqueness adds to the actual money-value of a town. To save a few dollars in gravel, they have cut a kind of dry ditch through the hill, where you suffocate with dust in summer, or flounder through waist-deep snow-drifts in winter, with no prospect but the crumbling earth-walls on each side. The landscape was carried away, cartload by cartload, and, deposited on the roads, forms a part of that unfathomable pudding, which has, I fear, driven many a teamster and pedestrian to the use of phrases not commonly found in English dictionaries.

We called it "the Village" then (I speak of Old Cambridge), and it was essentially an English village, quiet, un-speculative, without enterprise, sufficing to itself, and only showing such differences from the original type as the public school and the system of town government might superinduce. A few houses, chiefly old, stood around the bare common, with ample elbow-room, and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they had watched Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington, or caught a glimpse of the handsome Virginia General who had come to wield our homespun Saxon chivalry. People were still living who regretted the late unhappy separation from the Mother Island, who had seen no gentry since the Vassals went, and who thought that Boston had ill kept the day of her patron saint, Botolph, on the 17th June, 1775. The hooks were to be seen from which had swung the hammocks of Burgoyne's captive red-coats. If memory does not deceive me, women still washed clothes in the town-spring, clear as that of Bandusia. One coach sufficed for all the travel to the metropolis. Commencement had not ceased to be the great holiday of the Puritan Commonwealth, and a fitting one it was—the festival of Santa Scolastica, whose triumphal path one may conceive strewn with leaves of spelling-book instead of bay. The students (scholars they were called then) wore their sober uniform, not ostentatiously distinctive nor capable of rousing democratic envy, and the old lines of caste were blurred rather than rubbed out, as servitor was softened into beneficiary. The Spanish king was sure that the gesticulating student was either mad or reading Don Quixotte, and if, in those days, you met a youth swinging his arms and talking to himself, you might conclude that he was either a lunatic or one who was to appear in a "part" at the next Commencement. A favorite place for the rehearsal of these orations was the retired amphitheatre of the Gravelpit, perched unregarded on whose dizzy edge, I have heard many a burst of *plus-quam-Ciceronian* eloquence, and (often repeated) the regular *saluto vos praestantissimas*, &c., which every year (with a glance at the gallery) causes a flutter among the fans innocent of Latin, and delights to applauds of conscious superiority the youth almost as innocent as they. It is curious, by the way, to note how plainly one can feel the pulse of self in the plaudits of an audience. At a political meeting, if the

enthusiasm of the lieges hang fire, it may be exploded at once by an allusion to their intelligence or patriotism, and at a literary festival, the first Latin quotation draws the first applause, the clapping of hands being intended as a tribute to our own familiarity with that sonorous tongue, and not at all as an approval of the particular sentiment conveyed in it. For if the orator should say, "Well has Tacitus remarked, *Americani omnes sunt naturaliter fures et stulti*," it would be all the same. But the Gravelpit was patient, if irresponsible, nor did the declaimer always fail to bring down the house, bits of loosened earth falling now and then from the precipitous walls, their cohesion perhaps overcome by the vibrations of the voice, and happily satirizing the effect of most popular discourses, which prevail rather with the clay than with the spiritual part of the hearer. Was it possible for us in those days to conceive of a greater potentate than the President of the University, in his square doctor's cap, that still filially recalled Oxford and Cambridge? If there were a doubt, it was suggested only by the Governor, and even by him on artillery election days alone, superbly martial with epaulets and buckskin breeches, and bestriding the war-horse, promoted to that solemn duty for his tameness and steady habits.

Thirty years ago, the Town had indeed a character. Railways and omnibuses had not rolled flat all little social prominences and peculiarities, making every man as much a citizen every where as at home. No Charlestown boy could come to our annual festival, without fighting to avenge a certain traditional porcine imputation against the inhabitants of that historic locality, and to which our youth gave vent, in fanciful imitations of the dialect of the sty, or derisive shouts of "Charlestown hogs!" The penny newspaper had not yet silenced the tripod of the barber, oracle of news. Every body knew every body, and all about every body, and village wit, whose high 'change was around the little market-house in the town-square, had labelled every more marked individuality with nick-names that clung like burrs. Things were established then, and men did not run through all the figures on the dial of society so swiftly as now, when hurry and competition seem to have quite unhung the modulating pendulum of steady thrift, and competent training. Some slow-minded persons, even followed their father's trade, an humiliating spectacle rarer every day. We had our established loafers, toppers,

proverb-mongers, barber, parson, nay, postmaster, whose tenure was for life. The great political engine did not then come down at regular quadrennial intervals, like a nail-cutting machine, to make all official lives of a standard length, and to generate lazy and intriguing expectancy. Life flowed in recognized channels, narrower, perhaps, but with all the more individuality and force.

There was but one white-and-yellow-washer, whose own cottage, fresh-gleaming every June through grape-vine and creeper, was his only sign and advertisement. He was said to possess a secret, which died with him like that of Luca della Robbia, and certainly conceived all colors but white and yellow, to savor of savagery, civilizing the stems of his trees annually with liquid lime, and meditating how to extend that candid baptism even to the leaves. His *pie-plants* (the best in town), compulsory monastics, blanched under barrels, each in his little hermitage, a vegetable Certosa. His fowls, his ducks, his geese could not show so much as a gray feather among them, and he would have given a year's earnings for a white peacock. The flowers which decked his little *door-yard*, were whitest China-asters and goldenest sun-flowers, which last, backsliding from their traditional Parsee faith, used to puzzle us urchins not a little, by staring brazenly every way except toward the sun. Celery, too, he raised, whose virtue is its paleness, and the silvery onion, and turnip, which, though outwardly conforming to the green heresies of summer, nourish a purer faith subteraneously, like early Christians in the catacombs. In an obscure corner grew the sanguine beet, tolerated only for its usefulness in allaying the asperities of Saturday's salt fish. He loved winter better than summer, because nature then played the whitewasher, and challenged with her snows the scarce inferior purity of his over-alls and neck-cloth. I fancy that he never rightly liked Commencement, for bringing so many black coats together. He founded no school. Others might essay his art, and were allowed to try their 'prentice hands on fences and the like coarse subjects, but the ceiling of every housewife waited on the leisure of Newman (*ichneumon* the students called him for his diminutiveness) nor would consent to other brush than his. There was also but one brewer, — Lewis, who made the village beer, both spruce and ginger, a grave and amiable Ethiopian making a discount always to the boys, and wisely, for they were his

chiefest patrons. He wheeled his whole stock in a white-roofed handcart, on whose front a signboard presented at either end an insurrectionary bottle, yet insurgent after no mad Gallic fashion, but soberly and Saxonly discharging itself into the restraining formulary of a tumbler, symbolic of orderly prescription. The artist had struggled manfully with the difficulties of his subject, but had not succeeded so well that we did not often debate in which of the twin bottles Spruce was typified, and in which Ginger. We always believed that Lewis mentally distinguished between them, but by some peculiarity occult to exoteric eyes. This ambulatory chapel of the Bacchus that gives the colic, but not inebriates, only appeared at the Commencement holidays. And the lad who bought of Lewis, laid out his money well, getting respect as well as beer, three *sirs* to every glass—"beer, sir? yes, sir: spruce or ginger, sir?" I can yet recall the innocent pride with which I walked away after that somewhat risky ceremony (for a bottle sometimes blew up), dilated not alone with carbonic-acid gas, but with the more ethereal fixed air of that titular flattery. Nor was Lewis proud. When he tried his fortunes in the capital on Election days, and stood amid a row of rival vendors in the very flood of custom, he never forgot his small fellow-citizens, but welcomed them with an assuring smile, and served them with the first.

The barber's shop was a museum, scarce second to the larger one of Greenwood in the metropolis. The boy who was to be clipped there, was always accompanied to the sacrifice by troops of friends, who thus inspected the curiosities *gratis*. While the watchful eye of R. wandered to keep in check these rather unscrupulous explorers, the unpausing shears would sometimes overstep the boundaries of strict tonsorial prescription, and make a notch through which the phrenological developments could be distinctly seen. As Michael Angelo's design was modified by the shape of his block, so R., rigid in artistic proprieties, would contrive to give an appearance of design to this aberration, by making it the keynote of his work, and reducing the whole head to an appearance of premature baldness. What a charming place it was, how full of wonder and delight! The sunny little room, fronting southwest upon the common, rang with canaries and java-sparrows, nor were the familiar notes of robin, thrush, and bobolink wanting. A huge white cockatoo harangued vaguely, at in-

tervals, in what we believed (on R.'s authority) to be the Hottentot language. He had an unveracious air, but what inventions of former grandeur he was indulging in, what sweet South-African Argos he was remembering, what tropical heats and giant trees by un conjectured rivers known only to the wallowing hippopotamus, we could only guess at. The walls were covered with curious old Dutch prints, beaks of albatross and penguin, and whale's teeth fantastically engraved. There was Frederick the Great, with head drooped plottingly and keen side-long glance from under the three-cornered hat. There hung Bonaparte, too, the long-haired, haggard General of Italy, his eyes sombre with prefigured destiny; and there was his island grave; the dream and the fulfilment. Good store of sea-fights there was also; above all, Paul-Jones in the Bonhomme Richard; the smoke rolling courteously to leeward, that we might see him dealing thunderous wreck to the two hostile vessels, each twice as large as his own, and the reality of the scene corroborated by streaks of red paint leaping from the mouth of every gun. Suspended over the fireplace with the curling-tongs, were an Indian bow and arrows, and in the corners of the room stood New-Zealand paddles and war-clubs quaintly carved. The model of a ship in glass we variously estimated to be worth from a hundred to a thousand dollars, R. rather favoring the higher valuation, though never distinctly committing himself. Among these wonders, the only suspicious one was an Indian tomahawk, which had too much the peaceful look of a shingling-hatchet. Did any rarity enter the town, it gravitated naturally to these walls, to the very nail that waited to receive it, and where, the day after its accession, it seemed to have hung a lifetime. We always had a theory that R. was immensely rich, (how could he possess so much and be otherwise?) and that his pursuing his calling was an amiable eccentricity. He was a conscientious artist and never submitted it to the choice of his victim whether he would be perfumed or not. Faithfully was the bottle shaken and the odoriferous mixture rubbed in, a fact redolent to the whole school-room in the afternoon. Sometimes the persuasive tonsor would impress one of the attendant volunteers and reduce his poll to shoe-brush crispness, at cost of the reluctant ninespence boarded for Fresh Pond and the next half-holiday.

Shall the two groceries want their *rates* *sacer*, where E. & W. I. goods and country *produce* were sold with an energy

mitigated by the quiet genius of the place, and where strings of urchins waited, each with cent in hand, for the unweighed dates (thus giving an ordinary business transaction all the excitement of a lottery), and buying, not only that cloying sweetness, but a dream also of Egypt, and palmtrees, and Arabs, in which vision a print of the pyramids in our geography tyrannized like that taller thought of Cowper's?

At one of these the unwearied students used to ply a joke handed down from class to class. *Enter A.* and asks gravely, "Have you any sour apples, Deacon?"

"Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sour; but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sour apple generally like that." (*Exit A.*)

Enter B. "Have you got any sweet apples, Deacon?"

"Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sweet; but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sweet apple generally like that." (*Exit B.*)

There is not even a tradition of any one's ever having turned the wary deacon's flank, and his Laodicean apples persisted to the end, neither one thing nor another. Or shall the two town-constables be forgotten, in whom the law stood worthily and amply embodied, fit either of them to fill the uniform of an English beadle? Grim and silent as Ninevite statues they stood on each side of the meeting-house door at Commencement, propped by long staves of blue and red, on which the Indian with bow and arrow, and the mailed arm with the sword, hinted at the invisible sovereignty of the state ready to reinforce them, as

"For Achilles' portrait stood a spear
Grasped in an armed hand."

Stalwart and rubicund men they were, second only, if second, to S., champion of the county, and not incapable of genial unbendings when the fasces were laid aside. One of them still survives in octogenarian vigor, the Herodotus of village and college legend, and may it be long ere he depart, to carry with him the pattern of a courtesy, now, alas! old-fashioned, but which might profitably make part of the instruction of our youth among the other humanities!

In those days the population was almost wholly without foreign admixture. Two Scotch gardeners there were,—Rule, whose daughter (glimpsed perhaps at church, or possibly the mere Miss Harris of fancy) the students nicknamed Anarchy or Miss Rule,—and later Fraser, whom whiskey sublimed into a poet, full of bloody his-

tories of the Forty-two, and showing an imaginary French bullet, sometimes in one leg and sometimes in the other. With this claim to military distinction he adroitly contrived to mingle another to a natural one, asserting double teeth all round his jaws, and having thus created two sets of doubts, silenced both at once by a single demonstration, displaying the grinders to the confusion of the infidel.

The old court-house stood then upon the square. It has shrunk back out of sight now, and students box and fence where Parsons once laid down the law, and Ames and Dexter showed their skill in the fence of argument. Times have changed, and manners, since Chief Justice Dana (father of Richard the First, and grandfather of Richard the Second) caused to be arrested for contempt of court a butcher who had come in without a coat to witness the administration of his country's laws, and who thus had his curiosity exemplarily gratified. Times have changed also since the cellar beneath it was tenanted by the twin brothers Snow. Oyster-men were they indeed, silent in their subterranean burrow, and taking the ebbs and floods of custom with bivalvian serenity. "Careless of the months with an R in them, the maxim of Snow (for we knew them but as a unit) was, 'when 'ysters are good, they are good; and when they ain't, they *ain't*.'" Grecian F. (may his shadow never be less!) tells this, his great laugh expected all the while from deep vaults of chest, and then coming in at the close, hearty, contagious, mounting with the measured tread of a jovial but stately butler who brings ancientest goodfellowship from exhaustless bins, and enough, without other sauce, to give a flavor of stalled ox to a dinner of herbs. Let me preserve here an anticipatory elegy upon the Snows, written years ago by some nameless college rhymers.

DIFFUGERE NIVES.

"Here lies, or lie,—decide the question, you,
If they were two in one, or one in two,—
P. & S. Snow, whose memory shall not fade,
Castor and Pollux of the oyster-trade:
Hatched from one egg, at once the shell they burst,
(The last, perhaps, a P. S. to the first.)
So homocousan both in look and soul,
So undiscernibly a single whole,
That, whether P. was S. or S. was P.,
Surpassed all skill in etymology;
One kept the shop at once, and all we know
Is that together they were the Great Snow,
A snow not deep, yet with a crust so thick
It never melted to the son of Tick;
Perpetual? nay, our region was too low,
Too warm, too southern, for perpetual Snow;

Still like fair Leda's sons, to whom 'twas given
To take their turns in Hades and in Heaven,
Our new Diocæuri would bravely share
The cellar's darkness and the upper air;
Twice every year would each the shades escape
And, like a seabird, seek the wave-washed Cape,
Where (Rumor voiced) one spouse sufficed for both;
No bigamist, for she upon her oath,
Unkilled in letters, could not make a guess
At any difference 'twixt P. and S.—
A thing not marvellous, since Fame agrees
They were as little different as two peas,
And she, like Paris, when his Helen laid
Her hand 'mid snows from Ida's top conveyed
To cool their wine of Chios, could not know,
Between those rival candors, which was Snow.

Whic'ever behind the counter chanced to be
Oped oysters off, his clamshells seldom he;

(Concluded next month.)

If e'er he laughed, 'twas with no loud guffaw,
The fun warmed through him with a gradual thaw;
The nicer shades of wit were not his gift,
Nor was it hard to sound Snow's simple drift;
His were plain jokes, that many a time before
Had set his tarry messmates in a roar,
When floundering cod beslimed the deck's wet
planks,—

The humorous specie of Newfoundland banks.

But Snow is gone, and, let us hope, sleeps well
Buried (his last breath asked it) in a shell;
Him on the Stygian shore my fancy sees
Noting choice shoals for oystery colonies,
Or, at a board stuck full of ghostly forks,
Opening for practise visionary Yorks,
And whither he has gone, may we, too, go—
Since no hot place were fit for keeping Snow!
Jam satis niveis.

THE GREAT PARIS CAFÉS.

IF the *cafés* and the *restaurants* owe their origin to the storms of 1789, when, in the raging fever which then maddened the French nation, every one was anxious both in the morning and the evening, to learn the news (news such as the world had never read the like before), and to read the different exponents of the several public men; and to discuss the politics of the day, and to indulge in literary debates; if they owe their origin, we say, to the storms of '89, it was especially under the Empire and the Restoration, that these establishments multiplied, and appeared in the brilliancy and the luxury for which they are now celebrated. The most of them were founded by the *chefs de cuisine*, or the head cooks (to use our more homely phrase), of the great aristocratic houses, whose names had become extinct in the prison massacres, or on the guillotine, or whose fortunes had been melted in the agrarian crucible of the revolutionary decrees: Beauvilliers had been the *chef de cuisine* of the Prince de Condé, and his restaurant was chiefly patronized by distinguished persons; the Duke d'Angoulême and M. de Chateaubriand dined there together, more than once, and in the public room. Robert had been the *chef de cuisine* of M. de Chalandray, an ex-farmer-general: on his return from exile, M. de Chalandray, without more than the shadows of his former fortune, went into Robert's restaurant and recognized his old cook; Robert served his old master a most exquisite dinner

and placed before him his finest wines, and when the bill came, its total was only six francs: the rich cook treated the poor farmer-general. But the *cafés* and the *restaurants* of the Empire shared the common grossness of that epoch; drunkenness and gluttony were common vices to all of them, until the Restoration introduced more courtesy, and more of the arts of peace. Our reader is aware that *cafés* and *restaurants* are, perhaps, the most characteristic feature of French life; there is nothing which an absent Frenchman more regrets while wandering from home, than the *cafés* and the *restaurants*, where his meals were taken, and his idle hours passed away, and his friends encountered, and himself seeing and seen. Besides, being the Temples of Fame of the town, they are the chapels of ease to limited fortunes: their ample porcelain stoves, piled high with plates, their brilliant gas chandeliers, the numerous newspapers, their well-stuffed seats, their excellent attendance, enable those of straitened circumstances to efface from their account-books many sources of expense, without in the least suppressing (so blunted are the French people to the sense of the observation of others) any of their comforts. We are persuaded, that our reader will find the same sustained interest which we took in reading M. Veron's account of the celebrated *cafés* and *restaurants* of Paris, where he enables us to form a quite clear conception of those stages, where, more than any

where else, "men and women are merely players;" a far clearer conception, we dare say, than many of our countrymen who are in the city of Paris itself, are able to frame in consequence of the ignorance of the French language, and their position as foreigners. We abandon, then, our reader to the admirable guidance of M. Veron:—

— For now some thirty years I have lived in Paris almost as if I had been a foreigner, and since 1823 (under the Restoration), I have indulged my passion of observation, in those numerous *restaurants* which are peculiar to Paris. None of the great capitals of Europe are adorned with these sumptuous establishments, with a luxurious service, open day and night, where a meal is ready, at all hours, where silence and solitude may be enjoyed in the midst of a crowd. Writers, princes, artists, magistrates, ministers, legislators, diplomatists, warriors, foreigners from every quarter of the globe, Crusades of every rank and of every age, beauties from the North, and beauties from the South, how many generations, how many original characters, have offered themselves to the observer, *inter pocula* before those tables open to the first and to all comers. There is not a *bourgeois* of Paris, who on some days does not treat himself to a dinner at the Café de Paris, or at the Frères Provençaux, or at the Café Anglais, or at Riche's or Véry's, or at Vefour's. I have easily collected some very curious historical details about the *restaurants* and the celebrated cafés of Paris, and I must initiate my readers to this erudition which I have gained at the sources, and which throws, too, some light upon other times. Let us enter as chance may direct into all of these establishments; the origin of many of them dates many years back. The establishment, known under the name of the Frères Provençaux was founded in 1786; three young men born in Provence, united together by a warm friendship, but without the least fraternal relation, MM. Barthélemy, Manneilles, and Simon, rented a house near the Palais Royal and served meals there. When the stone arcades were constructed, they opened in them some saloons, which still form a portion of the splendid and vast apartments of the Frères Provençaux. One of these three friends was charged with the management and the *surveillance* of the establishment, the two others were attached, in the house of the Prince de Conti, to the service of the kitchen and the offices. In 1786 the saloons of the Trois

Frères Provençaux were far from resembling the present saloons of that well-known restaurant; the furniture was exceedingly modest, the tables were covered with oil-cloth, the salt-cellars were of wood, silver-plate was rare. The Trois Frères Provençaux, nevertheless, already numbered a large number of customers; the wine there was unadulterated, and the vaults were rich in vintages of good years and good growths; the cooking was highly esteemed; and the Trois Frères Provençaux was instanced for the excellence of its dishes *à la Provençale*. General Bonaparte and Barras often dined together at the Provençaux, and from there they both went to the neighboring theatre of Mademoiselle Montansier. The great fortune of the Trois Frères Provençaux, dates especially from 1808, from the first war with Spain. Troops for that war were summoned from all parts of Germany; these troops passed through Paris: generals and officers selected the saloons of the Trois Frères Provençaux for their junketings. Gold was rare at this period, and the receipts were so large that several times during the day and evening, they were obliged to empty the safe which overflowed with silver into additional safes. The receipts were not less than twelve or fifteen thousand francs a day (some \$2400 or \$3000). The Trois Frères Provençaux also saw, with all the then famed restaurants, the fortunate days of 1808 reproduced in 1814 and 1815. This establishment was managed and kept by its founders, for fifty years. A man named Lionnet, still the butler of the establishment, has occupied that same post for forty-eight years. About 1836 the restaurant of the Trois Frères was purchased by the brothers Bellenger, who kept it only a year; the title, name and the restaurant were then sold by them to M. Collot, who for the last fifteen years has succeeded in maintaining the brilliant reputation and prosperity of this house.

It was only in 1805 the restaurant Véry was founded; it was situated in the Garden of the Tuileries, Terrasse des Feuillants; its rival and neighbor on this terrace was the restaurant Legacque. Véry's soon became fashionable; it obtained the orders for all the great dinners frequently given at the Ecole Militaire during the first years of the empire. The higher functionaries, generals, and especially Marshal Duroc, were the constant frequenters of Véry's. It was indeed Marshal Duroc, the Grand Master of the Palace, who had obtained for Véry the permission to open what was then called La Tente des Tuil-

eries. The cooking was exquisite and scientific; the wines were excellent, and the guest was kindly received by the *dame du comptoir*, Madame Véry in those days, whose grace and beautiful eyes were much lauded. It was only in 1808 that Véry founded in the Palais Royal the house which still exists there, and until 1817 he kept at the same time the establishment of the Garden of the Tuileries and that of the Palais Royal. In 1817 Véry's and Legacque's shanties on the Terrasse des Feuillants were demolished. At this time Véry retired from business, the possessor of a large fortune, which his son soon inherited. Véry was born in 1760, in a village of the Meuse; he came to Paris wearing *sabots* (wooden shoes), and not less than thirty years old; he took a place as an assistant cook, and soon became a skilful cook. Véry sold his establishment to his three nephews, the brothers Meunier; of these three brothers, one died shortly after this purchase, the other sold his share to the third, who thus remained the sole proprietor; he retired in 1843; his successor was M. Neuhaus, the present proprietor. Véry's continues to be one of the best restaurants of Paris.

In 1749 an old officer, M. de Foy, founded the Café du Foy, which since became so celebrated. This café then occupied the whole of one story of a house situated in that portion of the Rue Richelieu which ran by the side of the Garden of the Palais Royal; a private staircase led from the Café du Foy to one of the entrances to the Garden, the stone arcades of the Palace not being then built. About 1774 the Café du Foy got into the hands of a M. Jossereau; this Jossereau had just married a young and pretty girl, whose beauty made a good deal of noise. The Duke of Orleans, the father of King Louis Philippe, wished to see the beautiful Madame Jossereau; one evening he entered the café and ordered an ice. He returned there several times, and gave the café his protection; Madame Jossereau had a private audience of the prince; she obtained for her husband the permission to sell refreshments and ices in the Horse-Chestnut Tree Row, in the Garden of the Palais Royal, where the stone arcades have been since built. Jossereau was, however, expressly interdicted from placing tables in the Garden, he was allowed to introduce only chairs. The stone arcades were completed about 1792. When they were completed, the Café du Foy was established in the apartments it still occupies. The Café du Foy is the first establishment of the kind opened in the Palais

Royal; among other celebrated frequenters it numbers the whole generation of the Vernets, the painters, Joseph, Carle, and Horace. In the midst of the ceiling of the ground-floor a bird may still be seen, which Carle Vernet painted from friendship to the proprietor. It was from the Café du Foy that (the eve of the taking of the Bastille) Camille Desmoulins set out, wearing a green leaf in his hat, and followed by an immense crowd; he called the *bourgeois* of Paris to arms. Madame Lenoir succeeded M. Jossereau, who was in turn succeeded by M. Lemaitre; lastly, M. Questel purchased the house from the latter; he is the present proprietor, and he has now kept the house for nearly twenty-five years.

In the Palais Royal another café was founded in 1805, which afterwards, under the Restoration, became a political café. I refer to the Café Lemblin. In the Galerie de Chatres No. 100 and No. 101, was a small café of the third or fourth rank: a man named Perron vegetated there for some twelve years or more; his lease expired; the landlord refused to renew it except upon the payment of a premium of a thousand écus, which Perron could not pay. One of the waiters of the Café de la Rotonde, named Lemblin, hearing of this affair, found resources and aid; he went to this exacting landlord, paid him the three thousand francs premium, and obtained a lease for twenty years. Confidence began to be restored; the Palais Royal was the rendezvous of all foreigners and of the gamblers of the whole world. Lemblin undertook to transform the dirty old café into a brilliant saloon; the plans were soon prepared by the architect, Alavoine, the same who was charged by the government to erect on the Place de la Bastille a colossal elephant in bronze, whose plaster model was in existence in 1830, when it served as the barracks to an army of rats. The Café Lemblin owed its success at first solely to the exquisite quality of its chocolate, tea, and coffee. But after 1814 this establishment had two classes of frequenters, that of the morning and that of the evening. In the morning no one was seen there but grave persons, academicians, *savants*, judges, enjoying the chocolate made by the famous Judicelli, and the coffee prepared by Viente, a Piedmontese, who was initiated into his art in Rome by the chief cook of the Vatican. Among the most faithful morning frequenters were Chappe, the inventor of the telegraph, Boëlle, Martinville, Jouy, of the Académie Française, who was then writing his *Ermite*

de la Chaussée d'Antin in La Gazette de France; Ballanche, now a member of the Académie Française; Brillat Savarin, a judge of the Cour de Cassation, whom his *Physiologie du gout* had not yet made famous. In the evening, under the floods of light poured down by the crystal chandeliers, the brilliant uniforms of the higher ranks of officers of all branches of the service were assembled. Among them might be seen General Cambronne, General Fournier, the brilliant Colonel (and afterwards General) Dulac, Colonel Sauzet, who was also made a general after having undergone ten years of imprisonment, from 1820 to 1830; Colonel Dufai, and a host of others whose blood had flowed on every battlefield of Europe. Among the waiters of the Café Lemblin was one named Dupont, a first cousin of M. Dupont (de l'Eure), then a deputy, and who has since been elected the president of two provisional governments. One evening in 1817, M. Dupont (de l'Eure) having dined at the restaurant Trois Frères with several deputies, entered with them the Café Lemblin. The coffee ordered by M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was served by Dupont the waiter. The latter recognized his illustrious cousin, blushed and trembled so much the tray almost fell out of his hands. The deputy also had recognized his relation. M. Dupont (de l'Eure) got up, and holding out both hands to the abashed waiter, said, "Eh! good-day, cousin; I am glad to see you, and to let you know that all are well at Neubourg" (a hamlet of the department of the Eure, the birthplace of the Dupont family). M. Dupont (de l'Eure) has always aided his poor relations. In 1848 he gave a place of porter in the Hotel de Ville to this same waiter of the Café Lemblin, who had become almost blind; he still occupies that post. It was in the Café Lemblin the first Russian and Prussian officers, who entered Paris in 1815, showed themselves. It was in the evening; the café was filled with officers who had returned from Waterloo, their arms in slings, their caps and helmets riddled with balls. They allowed the four foreign officers to take their seats at a table; but in a minute every body rose up as if struck by the same electric spark, and a formidable cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* made every window rattle; twenty officers sprang towards the four foreigners; a captain of the National Guard, a very Hercules in size and strength, placed himself before them. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have defended Paris abroad, it is our duty to have it respected at home!"

Then turning towards the foreign officers, he said, "Gentlemen, your premature presence offends the *bourgeois* of Paris, and a *bourgeois* of Paris demands satisfaction from you." Lemblin, who was a sergeant in the National Guard, then interfered, and under the pretext of obtaining quieter explanations, he carried the Russians and Prussians into his kitchen, from whence they escaped into the street. Although the Café Lemblin was the rendezvous of officers of the Empire, Gardes du Corps and Mousquetaires, with curled-up mustache and disdainful lip, came there to seek adventures. One evening the Gardes du Corps came in a large body and announced that the next day they would inaugurate above the *comptoir* the bust of Louis XVIII. The next day nearly three hundred officers of the Empire occupied the menaced place; but the authorities had received warning, and the Gardes du Corps did not appear.

Under the Restoration, the Café Valois flourished in the Palais Royal as a political club, and as the antagonist of the Café Lemblin. It was the very pacific and calm club of the old *émigrés*, who were then called the *voltigeurs* of Louis XIV. The Café Valois no longer exists.

About 1805 or 1806, the Café du Caveau and the Café de la Rotonde were opened near the Café Lemblin; these two houses were soon purchased by M. Angilbert, who in 1822 founded the Café de Paris. The Café du Caveau especially was frequented by officers of the Imperial Guard; all the celebrated men of the day in letters and the arts meet there; Demarne, the landscape painter, presided there for thirty years, in a small corner, where, from ten o'clock until midnight, all the painters and amateurs of the day were wont to meet. It was at the Café de la Rotonde a subscription was opened for the first ascension of the Brothers Montgolfier. This circumstance was inscribed upon a marble table. The busts of Philidor, Gluck, Piccini, Gretry, and Sacchini were placed in one of the saloons of the Café de la Rotonde; the Gluckists and the Piccinists often came to quarrel about music there, on their return from the opera, which was then situated in the Palais Royal. M. Angilbert kept this establishment from 1806 until July 1815. In 1814, M. Angilbert found himself in a bad state of fortune and of health; obliged to keep his bed, he was also obliged to abandon the management of his house to his head servant, Casimir B . . . Shortly after this the allies entered Paris, and from the 31st March,

1814, to the 15th July, 1815, when M. Angilbert began to recover, his house had made 467,000 francs profits. This fortune of M. Angilbert came to him while he was asleep and suffering.

The Café des Milles Colonnnes was, under the Empire and the Restoration, the most brilliant and the best patronized café of all those on the second floor of the Palais Royal. For more than twenty years it was very fashionable; it owed its fortune to the beauty of the mistress of the house, Madame Romain, whose husband, by a sort of compensation, was small, lean, and one-armed. This very ill-assorted couple had just kept the Café du Bosquet in the Rue Saint Honoré, a third-rate house, and where the beauty of Madame Romain soon attracted a crowd. A *queue** was formed early in the morning in front of the door of this café by the throng anxious to gain admittance, the concourse of the people was so great in the vicinity of the café, the authorities were obliged to interfere. The beautiful *limonadière* formed the object of more than one song:

"Et son nom par la ville,
Court ajusté sur l'air d'un vaudeville."

About the end of 1817, the vogue of the Café des Milles Colonnnes diminished, although Madame Romain, scarcely thirty-four years old, was in all the bloom of her beauty. An intelligent man, Romain disdained half measures: he closed his café, and in a few days, aided by an army of skilful workmen, his saloons were transformed into a real palace of the Arabian Nights' Tales; the beautiful *limonadière* was seated on a regal throne. About 1824, the glory of the Café des Milles Colonnnes was extinguished, as all glories are extinguished! In 1824, the one-armed Romain died by a fall from his horse, and two years afterwards the beautiful *limonadière* entered a convent.

The next most popular café of those on the second floor of the Palais Royal, after the Café des Milles Colonnnes, was the Café de la Montansier. It was in the beginning of 1813 that a man named Chevalier opened a café in the room where for several years, Brunet, Tiercelin, Baptiste, jr., and even Mademoiselle Mars (then a mere child), had performed Vaudevilles. In 1831 this café became the Theatre du Palais Royal. Chevalier desired to trans-

form this room into a café-theatre, but the authorities would allow him only to convert it into a café-chantant, or café where singing is served up with the coffee. The singers were placed upon the stage of the old theatre; and, as duos and trios were not interdicted, they easily contrived to play small lyrical dramas without contravening the letter of the license. This state of things lasted from the commencement of 1813 to the 20th March, 1815. From the 20th March, some warm partisans of the Empire—officers, and non-commissioned officers—extemporized a rostrum in this café, from which the Bourbons were daily insulted, from six o'clock in the evening until midnight. Hired singers no longer appeared; the stage was filled by customers who sang alternately different songs, which were very often repeated by all the persons present joining in chorus. I heard a captain of the confederates sing these couplets, with the choruses:

Captain.

Do you think a Bourbon can be
King of a grand nation?

Chorus of Customers.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Captain.

But perhaps he can
Govern a small canton?

Chorus.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Captain.

Then the devil take him off
To Pluto's sombre palace!

Chorus.

Done, done, done, done, done, done, done.

Captain.

And let us sing with all our heart,
Vive le grand Napoleon!

Chorus.

Done, done, done, done, done, done, done.

Another officer succeeded to this captain, who declared, in the first place, he did not know how to sing, but that, added he, does not hinder *les sentiments*, and

I don't care a d—n for the king,
Nor the Count d' Artois,
Nor the Duke d' Angoulême,
Nor the Duke de Berry,
Nor the Duchess neither,
Nor all those who love them.

These saturnalia lasted a hundred days, that is, until the return of Louis XVIII. Then the hour of reprisals came; and

* The French call a *queue*, or a tail (we use the French word in speaking of the old-fashioned appendage to a wig which streamed down our forefathers' backs), the double file (commonly marshalled between stout wooden barriers, just wide enough apart to admit two persons abreast) the police force the spectators of all public amusements to take, whenever a crowd seems likely to be formed. This arrangement preserves an admirable order and comfort, to which we, as yet, are strangers on "Lind" or "Bontag Nights."

Mousquetaires and the Gardes du Corps wished in turn to avenge royalty from these insults, as if such insults could reach royalty. In the blindness of their zeal, they forgot themselves so far as to invade, in armed force, the Café Montanier; they broke the mirrors, and threw a portion of the furniture, of the linen, and of the silver, out of the windows.

The Café de Chartres, situated in the Palais Royal, on the ground-floor of the stone arcades, still maintains, under the name of Vefour's, its old reputation. Few were met at the Café de Chartres other than the higher classes of office-holders, generals, wealthy financiers, and distinguished foreigners. Murat, when as yet only Grand Duke de Berg, frequently breakfasted there in company with his aides-de-camp. The celebrated gastronomers, Berchoux the poet, and Grimod de la Rejnière, practised there the art of dining well.

The Café de la Régence, on the Place du Palais Royal, but now being demolished, was founded in 1718, and took its historical name from the Regency of the Duke d'Orléans. It almost immediately became, and has still remained, the rendezvous of chess-players. At different periods, quite a large number of celebrated persons visited this café to play chess. Among other names may be instanced, Jean Jacques and J. B. Rousseau, Voltaire, the Marshals de Richelieu and de Saxe, the Emperor Joseph II., Franklin, Marmontel, Diderot, Chamfort, Saint Foix, the three celebrated players, Philidor, Deschappelles, and La Bourdonnais, Bernadin de Saint Pierre, Louvet, the Marquis de Bièvre, General Bonaparte, Dumont d'Urville, the architects Percier and Fontaine, the painter Regnault, Champion, the man with the small blue cloak, &c. Such are the celebrated cafés and the restaurants whose history is connected with the annals of the Palais Royal, and which have more or less contributed to illustrate it by their scientific culinary disguises.

In the first years of this century, the cafés and the restaurateurs were as numerous as at present upon the Boulevard des Italiens. In the first place were the Café Hardi, which has been replaced for the last ten years by the Maison Dorée, and the Café Riche, and the Café Anglais. M. Hardi, the founder of the café of his name, had constructed in the largest of his saloons, a splendid white marble chimney, where, from ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, an enormous silver gridiron constantly stood over the glowing coals. Near this chim-

ney was a buffet, where the guest selected the varied and the appetizing meats which he desired to have broiled. Hardi took them up on his long silver fork, and prepared them before his guest, whose appetite, in this manner, was greatly increased. The most singular one of the frequenters of the Café Hardi about 1815 or 1816, was an Englishman, named Schmitt or Smith, who lived close by the café. He arose every day at five o'clock in the afternoon, sat down to table at Hardi's at six o'clock in the evening, and in the saloon with the marble chimney, at ten o'clock he finished dinner, but not drinking; at midnight he ordered a pickled herring. At day-break he went home, leaving on his table at the least a dozen bottles empty of Bordeaux wine. About 1798, there was also opened on the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue Taitbout, a café kept by a man named Velloni, the first Neapolitan ice-maker who came to Paris. This Velloni, who founded successively in different quarters of Paris, several cafés where ices were sold, had constantly been unfortunate in business, and he was forced to place the establishment at the corner of the Rue Taitbout, under the name of Tortoni, who had managed the establishment for a long time. At the commencement of this century, under the Empire and under the Restoration, the Café Tortoni was the rendezvous of more than one celebrated man and of the dandies of the day. MM. de Saint Didier, Riboutté, the author of the "Assemblée de Famille," Delrieu, Lacretelle, Harel, Jouy, met there almost every night. In one of the saloons on the second floor there was a billiard table, whose reputation was made by a person named Spolar. The highest bets were made there. This Spolar had been quite a distinguished member of the Rennes bar, and had been forced to quit Rennes in consequence of his misconduct. Tortoni had given him in his house his meals and lodgings. Prince de Talleyrand and Montrond went to Tortoni's more than once to see Spolar play. Prince de Talleyrand even invited Spolar to his house, and presented him to one of his friends, the Receiver-General of the department of the Vosges, who thought himself the better player of the two. The Prince betted for Spolar, and won from the Receiver-General 40,000 francs (\$8,000). Spolar was appointed in 1809 the billiard professor of Queen Hortense; he died in 1811. Under the Empire and the Restoration, Prévost, one of the waiters of the Café Tortoni, created for himself an historical fame.

He was powdered; he was a model of respectful and incessant obsequiousness; he never addressed one but with this phrase: "I beg pardon! . . . Is Monsieur so good as to wish for something." When customers of the house laughed among themselves, Prévost, out of respect to them would put his napkin in his mouth to keep from laughing with them. He paid himself for his humble civility. Prévost levied night and morning a small tax upon the regular frequenters of Tortoni's: when he had to return them the change, he never gave but fifteen sous pieces for twenty sous pieces; but in doing this, he constantly repeated: "I beg pardon! I beg pardon! Pardon a thousand times!"* Prévost ended his life badly. The café Tortoni has made the fortune of every person who has owned it.

About 1816 and 1817, the Paris *bourgeois* willingly halted and gave expression to his enthusiasm, before rich and vast apartments on the ground-floor of the house upon the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Taitbout. These apartments were occupied by M. Demidoff, a Russian Croesus, who owed his immense riches to the returns from his mines of coal, copper, iron and malachite. He had two sons, MM. Paul and Anatole Demidoff; † M. Anatole Demidoff is the sole survivor. M. Demidoff, the father, lived alternately in Paris and in Florence; he had in his pay a company of playactors who were called the Demidoff troop; they played in his palace in Florence, comedies, vaudevilles, and comic operas. A whole *hôtel* was allotted to the actors' lodgings. In M. Demidoff's house, especially in Florence, there was an uninterrupted round of dramatic performances, sumptuous balls, and brilliant concerts. Worn out, prematurely old, and gouty, M. Demidoff was borne to all of these fêtes in a rolling armchair, from which he did not move; he retired early and the fête continued; nay, sometimes he would fall into a syncope, and become insensible, but the orchestra and the dances moderated neither their gaiety nor their vivacity. M. Demidoff was carried out *et voila tout*. Warned from all pleasures, he delighted in the animated spectacle of another's pleasures. A Russian, a man of talents, was his friend and companion. This friend lodged in his house and near M. Demidoff's bedroom. When this poor rich man, tortured by the gout and

by pain as the Laocoon was by the serpents, found, which happened very frequently, that he could not sleep, he called his friend at any and all hours of the night: "See here," said he to him, "in the first place, here are two or three *rouleaux* of a thousand francs for you to amuse yourself to-morrow at the card-table; now, to amuse me, tell me what you did yesterday and what you intend doing to-morrow." M. Demidoff was a sort of martyr to opulence; he would gladly have given for a good night's rest, his precious paintings by the old masters, his rare and marvellous curiosities, his admirable works of art, even the treasures which in Florence were placed in the middle of his drawingroom and protected by a glass case; where he had taken pleasure to collect or rather to heap up brilliant necklaces, and bracelets, collars, rings, turquoises, sapphires, emeralds, rubies; in a word, treasures enough to save an empire. The 15 July, 1822, the vast apartments of M. Demidoff received a new and a public destination; bills posted on the walls in the morning announced: "To-day at five o'clock, opening of the saloons of the Café de Paris." MM. Angilbert and Guériz were the founders of the Café de Paris. From the 15 March, 1837, M. Angilbert, jun., managed the establishment alone; the 15 July, 1838, M. Alexander Kratocville succeeded him; and since the 18 November, 1845, the Café de Paris has been owned by M. Martin Guépet. The Café de Paris—known to all Europe—is now in the height of prosperity. The English officer who fights against the Birmans, the Russian officer who fights at Khiva, beyond the sea of Arad, on the banks of the Oxus, dream in their bivouacs of the pleasures of a good dinner at the Café de Paris.

We should also instance among the political cafés under the Restoration, the Café Desmarest, situated at the corner of the Rue de l'Université and the Rue du Bac. It has its regular frequenters of the morning and of the evening, at breakfast and at dinner; the morning visitors were composed of the officers of the higher ranks in the Gardes du Corps, and of the garde, and the heads of the divisions of the different ministries situated on the left bank of the Seine. M. Desmarest was the brother of Mademoiselle Desmarest, an agreeable actress, who for fifteen years was applauded at the Vaudeville Theatre.

* We are persuaded that our readers will share our surprise at the euphonious terms M. Veron employs in speaking of this waiter's cheating. We are inclined to suspect it no rare vice in Paris.

† The husband of the Princess Mathilde of France (a daughter of Marshal Jerome Bonaparte). He has separated from his wife.

Mademoiselle Desmares used to say of her brother: "I cannot bear a hot-water seller." M. Desmares was wont to say of his sister: "I cannot bear a woman who appears on the boards." The Café Desmares had as an assiduous guest, a colonist, an old war commissary, a man of talents and a great philosopher; he had little money (his pension was small), but he had many friends. He was the Vicomte Léaumont. Every day a plate was set for him at Desmares' table. "Desmares is very kind to me," said he to me; "he gives me good dinners; but a few days ago I found out how to express my gratitude to him. Poor Desmares is very illiterate, I even doubt whether he can read or write. A few mornings ago, I came into the Café, all the tables were filled with people, and as soon as I saw Desmares, I bawled out to him before every body, 'good day, my dear old college chum.'" The Vicomte Léaumont wrote poetry, but his poetical efforts never soared so high as the Alexandrine verse; his lines had only eight syllables. "I write my poetry, said he, only on my knees, and my poverty is so great, my thigh has become so lean that I am obliged to stop writing at the fourth foot, for my table then fails me." The Café Desmares was of Legitimist politics; it furnished more than one table daily in the palace of the Tuileries. Agier* was the protector of the Café Desmares. On the election days of the department of the Seine, the Café Desmares kept open house to him and his friends.

There were more than nine hundred restaurants in Paris in 1825; those we have named were the most celebrated, and their prosperity has survived all the revolutions which have passed over us. The Restaurant Lointier, the Restaurant Beauvilliers, the Restaurant Grignon, the Rocher de Cancale, all of which enjoyed a great deal of celebrity during the Empire and the Restoration, are no longer in existence.

My habit of dining at the restaurants has been to me a never failing source of surprises, of discoveries, and of revelations of human nature. How many original characters, whimsical and grotesque people have I not met! The human mind is infinity itself! And yet anatomy and chemistry show us in the human brain, in that organ of the mind, nothing but almost inappreciable differences of form and of weight, of consistency and of organic elements. The most prominent

fact anatomy reveals to us is the variations of the volume of the brain. More than one physiologist measures the forces of the mind by the quantity of the cerebral mass: I hold that besides quantity, quality must also be considered. Air, water, and locality exert an influence upon the development and the quality of the brain. Do we not see generation after generation of cretins begotten and perpetuated in Le Valais at the foot of the Alps? The abundance of wealth, the satiety of all pleasures, and especially the torments of idleness, exert upon the character and upon the mind more unforeseen, stranger, and more singular influences than poverty and privations. "An oyster may be unhappy from love," says Lord Byron, "because it dreams idly in its shell." With the madmen, there are in this world, the quarter-mad, the third-mad, the half-mad, who live together, who seek each other's society, who rally each other, and deem themselves to preserve a half portion of good sense in the midst of those who have only a third or a quarter part sound. Like the poor consumptive patients who enjoy themselves, and ameliorate their disease at the Eaux Bonnes: those who have only a lung and a half, deem themselves happy, and console themselves by the sight of those who have only one, or the half of one.

I dined every day, for more than two years, at Véry's, always at the same hour and the same table. I had for some months as a neighbor, an Englishman as exact and as regular as myself. One day, my neighbor bade me adieu: "I am about embarking on a voyage of circumnavigation of the globe." In eighteen months afterwards, when he returned to Paris he found me, as at a rendezvous, at the same hour and at the same table. He had gone around the world; I had scarcely changed my place. However, by dining for a long time at more than one restaurant, I have been enabled to circumnavigate the human mind, and especially the minds of those "four thousand rich and idle" of whom Byron speaks, who seek in life naught but pleasures which last, at the longest, five minutes, and for whom the world is made. When education, family duties, religion, or morality, do not incite to virtue, do not serve as restraints, the human mind and heart, without check or control, stray at hazard, and do not know what to do with their life. They touch every passion and

* The son and the cousin of two celebrated Legitimist judges, the authors of law tracts of unquestionable ability; the son here spoken of was afterwards promoted to the Court Royale of Paris.

every vice; they invent new ones; they care for nothing but that which has the merit of novelty; and novelty is refinement, excess, abuse; most commonly it is the *wrong side* of every thing. The wealthy persons Byron speaks of, would willingly fire a city, not to purify nor to rebuild it, but for the five minutes' pleasure of seeing it burn. Xerxes is said to have promised immense treasures to any one who would invent a new pleasure for him. The little pleasures and the little joys are the only ones which are moral, respectable, and human; and they are easily procured, even in the saddest and the most painful circumstances. In the hospitals, I have seen the invalids procure themselves little pleasures by cultivating a flower, by the slight work their disease allowed them to undertake, by the allowance of a desired dish. I have seen many patients happy for a day and more, when the physician spoke to them in encouraging terms, or with the consoling and Christian accents of the Sisters of Charity, who rival each other in examples of every kind of virtue and of courage. Medicine, like charity, inspires, and accomplishes miracles of compassion and of heart-relieving. Let us study some of these persons, maddened or brutalized by their wealth; let us show, for the honor of morality, their miseries and their sufferings. It may be remarked, that all the natural inclinations of man cause him to commit excesses, which, renewed and prolonged, become vices. The savage, as well as the civilized man, is obliged constantly to appeal to his reason. The fruitful vine, changing its savor and its perfume in the north and in the south, and, so to say, even on neighboring hill-sides, is one of the richest gifts made to France. It is neither vicious nor sinful to love wine. Religion, morality, and good education merely require the exercise of temperance. The vine especially has, for many ages, made songs flourish in France. Wine and songs are brothers and sisters. We saw, under the Empire especially, a good deal of celebrity given to the song writers of the Caveau. Desaugiers and Béranger were the poets of these societies, which honored our celebrated wines and gay songs. But excesses in wine brutalize the mind, and dishonor humanity.

I was introduced, in the house of Count Torreno,—ex-minister of Queen Christina of Spain, who died in Paris from an anthrax,—to an English family, composed of the husband and the wife, people of an immense income, who resided but a few days at Paris, and who the rest

of the time travelled about in France. They cared for nothing but the bottle, and they never quitted the table until they had lost their reason. In their travels in France, they sought only the most celebrated vineyards, and the length of their stay in a province was calculated upon the quality and the fame of the wine made there. I pray the reader to allow me to make this distinction: they were not *drunkards*, they were *fuddlers*.

Observation has proved there is a classification to be established for all those who cannot live except in the midst of intoxication. I call those *fuddlers* who love wine only, and who drink their fill of it. The *fuddler* is merry when he is drunk; he is fond of the company of drinkers, where he appears almost diverting, by dint of his fixed ideas, his unexpected sallies, and his *spirituelle* singularities. These wealthy *fuddlers* sometimes conciliate their excesses of wine with a flourishing health. The *drunkard* differs in every respect from the *fuddler*. The *drunkard* pushes intoxication to the brutalization of his mind, and to the momentary paralysis of the whole muscular system; he despises wine, and satisfies his passion for intoxication with nothing but brandy or with *absinthe*. Those who intoxicate themselves with *absinthe* reach a state of madness which is so singularly characterized that it is called the insanity of *absinthe*. One of those unhappy people, who give themselves up to *absinthe*, said to me one day, "I never feel what I eat, I feel only what I drink." I once sought to cure one of these *drunkards*; I wished to convert him to the use of wine: we dined together, and his conversation, even after dinner, was wanting neither in wit nor in reason. I would quit him for an instant, and give rendezvous at the Grand Opera. He would come there, his legs staggering, and he in a state of complete insensibility. Full of contempt for the dinner I had given him, he would go and swill *absinthe* as soon as I quitted him. This young *drunkard* was not more than thirty years old; he had an aristocratic name; he was well educated, and witty in his lucid intervals; and his income was not less than twenty thousand dollars a year. Like all great passions, drunkenness seeks solitude; the *drunkard* takes pleasure only in the company of drunkards. I knew very well, while I was the manager of the Grand Opera, one of these young, aristocratic *drunkards*. He was a nobleman. He often gave the same orders to seven or eight hackney coaches, and so went out,

and was accompanied by seven or eight hack-drivers to a drinking shop outside of the city wall, where he passed away all the night drinking brandy, and stupefying himself in the midst of his drunken companions. In my opinion, this sort of intoxication, some of whose traits I have just indicated, is not a vice, it is a disease; it is a disease which excites the greatest disorders in the digestive functions—in the functions of the mind—in the functions of the heart—and which leads to a premature old age, to the contempt of life, and to an early death. Do not ask from a drunkard an abrupt return to sobriety and temperance; some days of diet would produce rather a paroxysm than a cure.

A prelate had insensibly contracted in his solitude the habit of becoming intoxicated every evening; and he imagined quite an ingenious method of restoring himself to temperate habits. He took as his drinking cup, a gold mug; he dropped in it every day a drop of wax, and so diminished insensibly the capacity of the glass and the quantity of the wine he drank. The only difficulty with him was not to make amends for the diminished capacity of the cup by the number of times he emptied it.

I exchanged some civilities with an Englishman, who seemed to me to merit some study. He sent me his card: his name was surrounded by bottles, slightly dressed and capering dancing-girls, flowers and birds, and all admirably engraved. He resided at the Hotel Meurice, and he often gave there, to his English friends, dinners which commenced at eight o'clock in the evening and ended only at eight o'clock the next morning. His father, the possessor of one of the largest fortunes in England, also possessed the richest collection of birds. This Englishman, like his father, had only two passions, wine and ornithology. He invited me one morning to breakfast; nothing was served on the table but hard-boiled eggs of the rarest birds, from the egg of the partridge to the egg of the swan. I breakfasted as one should breakfast: I did not breakfast at all. Pitt, who was called in his twenty-second year to deliberate on the great affairs of his country, allowed himself as he advanced in life, to be seduced into intemperance; he would lock himself up to drink, and he often quitted the House of Commons to go to his club and get drunk. One day, he returned from it to the House of Commons in company with a friend as drunk as himself; when he entered the House, Pitt exclaimed with astonishment: "By —, I see no Speaker!" To which

his friend replied: "By —, I see two!" One had lost his sight, the other saw double. Pitt endeavoured to forget in drunkenness all the teachings of his noble mind and his experience of men. It is not surprising to see the artisan or the soldier sometimes guilty of drunken excesses. Unaccustomed to wine in the ordinary course of their life, it soon makes them lose their mind, their powers of speech, and the steadiness of their gait. But must we not conclude that wealth cannot supply that moral, beneficent and antispasmodic influence of labor, when we see some idle men of wealth endeavor to forget the vacancy of their heart and to lose their reason in the ignoble and the disgraceful habits of drunkenness. I long knew, and frequently met in a restaurant, a half-crazy man full of original and sometimes witty repartees. One day he came into the Café Anglais: "I am very tired," said he to me, "I have been walking ever since eight o'clock this morning." And taking from his pocket a bottle of Bordeaux wine, "See here," said he, "here is some excellent wine, which I want you to taste; every body knows that Bordeaux wine improves by travelling, and I have been travelling this ever since eight o'clock this morning." It was this fellow, who interrupted the actors of the Theatre Français, the first night of some new piece, getting up in his box and saying to the public: "Acknowledge, gentlemen, that it is very unlucky the author of this new piece has not an income of fifty thousand francs a-year, perhaps he might then be brought not to write so pitiful a piece." I inquired after a common friend of one of these young madmen, always agitated by a febrile motion, passing their nights gambling, and going from one excess to another: "Don't talk to me about our friend," he replied, "he is stupefying himself reading." An Englishman whom I met several times, exchanged with me some confidences about situation and character. His fortune was immense, he had no near relations, he was a bachelor. Life hung heavy on his hands, he had no vice, no taste to satisfy. I was for a moment afraid that he was about confiding to me some plans of suicide; but I was mistaken: "I have found out," said he to me, "a way of supporting life; I have conceived a scheme to accomplish, which will take me so many years that I shall be a very old man before I can do so. I have constructed three travelling carriages, which I have planned myself in their every part; I have imposed on myself the task of gathering in different

vials the water of all the rivers and streams in the world; but I shall unfortunately have the regret of dying before my collection is complete." Is not that a very intelligent and a very noble use to make of life and a large fortune? I also met another *millionnaire* who travelled a great deal. He traced at haphazard the plan of a voyage: he never stopped in any town except to eat and to remain there in bed two or three days; he ordered his servant to visit the curiosities for him and to purchase the richest pipes and the finest segars he could find. Science, and letters, and arts, will not be much enriched by the narratives of the voyages of this new Christopher Columbus, of this new Humboldt. I let the curtain fall on all these depraved tastes of the human imagination and mind, the fruits of idleness and of wealth dissipated in the saddest and the most stupid manner. "What good can a sage do who is poor?" says Pindar, "what evil may a wealthy man not do if he is not a sage?" How often do we not see wealthy idlers throwing a large estate or an ample fortune to the

dogs, ruining themselves in expensive dinners, in stage-boxes, in elegant horses, and in rich carriages. Verily, it must be a lively pleasure to these young madmen to place the soles of their patent leather boots on the steps of the handsomest equipage! How many of these young spendthrifts have I not known dissipating in a year, sometimes in a quarter, a paternal fortune acquired by thirty years of labor, and who after this short intoxication of vanity, one day dine alone, shake hands with you tranquilly and bid you adieu, and then go home and hang or shoot themselves?

These singular pictures, and the felicity with which M. Veron has sketched them, seduced us further from the Restoration than at first we had intended to wander. We are persuaded that our reader will have pardoned us. Of a truth, we do not remember to have read this many a long day a more forcible homily on contentment, and in the praise of humble fortune—every envious desire dies away within us at the sight of these martyrs of wealth.

A TOSS-UP FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VISCOMTE PONSON DU TERRAIL.

I.

THE Marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasia, her two ladies'-maids, were busy powdering, as it were with hoar-frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this Marchioness, a widow of twenty-three; and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three-and-twenty years earlier, his Majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of a hundred thousand livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontevrault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that Kings can be grateful, whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The Marchioness then was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half-way up the slope overhanging the water, on the road from Bougival to Saint Germain. Madame Dubarry's estate adjoined hers;

and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gable-ends and the wide-spreading chestnut-trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the Marchioness, whilst her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head-dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the white and delicate hand that caught them in their fall.

This sleight-of-hand—which the Marchioness interrupted at times whilst she adjusted a beauty-spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced with pompous voice—"The King!"

Apparently, the Marchioness was ac-

customed to such visits, for she but half rose from her seat, as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close-fitting, pearl-grey hunting-suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling-piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The King had come from Luciennes, almost alone, that is to say with a Captain of the Guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equerry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail-shooting, loading his own gun, as was the fashion with his ancestors, the later Valois and the earlier Bourbons. His grandsire, Henry IV., could not have been less ceremonious.

But a shower of hail had surprised him; and his Majesty had no relish for it. He pretended that the fire of an enemy's battery was less disagreeable than those drops of water, so small and so hard, that wet him through, and reminded him of his twinges of rheumatism.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau, when the shower commenced. He had come therefore to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer, whose genealogy was fully established by the Duke de Richelieu, and traced back, with a few slips in orthography, directly to Nisus, that celebrated greyhound, given by Charles IX. to his friend Ronsard, the poet.

"Good morning, Marchioness," said the King, as he entered, putting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower, at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu."

"Ah, Sire, that wasn't very kind of you."

"Hush!" replied the King, in a good-humored tone. "It's only mid-day; and if the Marshal had forced his way in here at so early an hour, he would have bragged of it every where, this very evening. He is very apt to compromise one, and he is a great coxcomb too, the old Duke. But don't put yourself out of the way, Marchioness. Let *Aspasie* finish this becoming pile of your head-dress, and *Florine* spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so well with the lilies and the roses of your be-

witching face Why, Marchioness, you're so pretty, one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, Sire?"

"I tell you so every day. Oh, what fine oranges!"

And the King seated himself upon the roomy sofa, by the side of the Marchioness, whose rosy finger-tips he kissed with an infinity of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges that he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent-bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the maintenance—easy as it is, Marchioness—of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, Sire, the functions of destiny."

The King opened wide his eyes, and stroked the long ears of his dog, by way of giving the Marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the Countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, Sire."

"A trumpery gift, it seems to me, Marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your Majesty, that these oranges decide my fate."

"I give it up," said the King.

"Imagine, Sire; yesterday I found the Countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down, in this way." And the Marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the King; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Choiseul! up, Praslin!' and, on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped."

"Precisely so, Sire."

"And do you dabble in politics, Marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the Countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, Sire; for, in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself, just now, 'Up, Menneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Ay, ay," returned the King; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Menneval, who is a Croesus, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection."

"I'll tell you," said the dame. "You know, Sire, that Monsieur de Men-

neval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Arouet, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves or will love, far from the Court, from grandeur and from turmoil."

"And, on my life, he's in the right of it," quoth the King. "One does become so wearied at Court."

"Aye, and no," rejoined the widow, as she put on her last beauty-spot. . . .

"Nor are you unaware, Sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and of Versailles; ambitious; burning with zeal for the service of your Majesty; as brave as Monsieur de Menneval; and capable of going to the end of the earth. . . . with the title of Ambassador of the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV., with a laugh. "But, alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My antechambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the Marchioness, "I have been a widow . . . these two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me so, Sire. But Monsieur de Menneval loves me . . . at least he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Menneval."

"I have thought of it, Sire; and, in truth, I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband, fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosophers and set some little value on the poets. When no external noises disturb the honeymoon, that month, Sire, may be indefinitely prolonged. In the country, you know, one never hears a noise."

"Unless it be the north-wind moaning in the corridor, and the rain pattering on the window-panes."—And the King shivered slightly on his sofa.

"But," added the dame, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah, ha! the ambitious man!"

"Ambition does not shut out love, Sire. Monsieur de Beaugency is a Marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly who was longing to reach high offices of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Menneval." . . .

"Very good," exclaimed the King, laughing: "Now I see to what purpose the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Menneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since one can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, Sire. But observe what happens."

"Ah, what does happen?"

"That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down; and that I catch them both, each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in your game?"

"You, Sire? Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, Marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes Beaugency and Menneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady; "and if you have any preference for one or the other?"

"No; we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges . . . you mark them carefully—or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilet-pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happen just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassador."

"Excellent! Now, Sire, let's see the result."

The King took the two oranges and plied shuttle with them above his head. But, at the third pass, the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the Marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed his Majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we more puzzled than ever, Sire!"

"So we are, Marchioness; but the best thing we can do, is to slice the oranges, sugar them well, and season them with a dash of West India rum. Then you can beg me to taste them, and offer me some of those preserved cherries and peaches that you put up just as nicely as my daughter Adelaïde."

"And Monsieur de Menneval? and Monsieur de Beaugency?" said the Marchioness, in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile, sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, Sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "but that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, Sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other: the Marquis at one o'clock precisely; the Baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the Marchioness finished, the valet, who had announced the King, came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, Sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send in to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate of Courlac, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, Sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern."—And the King got up, taking his dog and his gun, and concealed himself behind a screen, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, Sire?" asked the Marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the Kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush! Marchioness."

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

II.

The Marquis was a charming cavalier; tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upwards, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble and imposing presence.

The Marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss; and as she begged him by a gesture to be seated, thus inwardly took counsel with herself.

"Decidedly, I believe that the test is useless; it is Monsieur de Beaugency whom I love. How proud shall I be to lean upon his arm at the court-fêtes! With what delight shall I keep long watches in the cabinet of his Excellency the Ambassador, whilst he is busy with his Majesty's affairs!"

But after this "aside," the Marchioness resumed her gracious and coquettish air; as though the woman comprehended the mission of refined gallantry which was reserved for her seductive and delicate epoch by an indulgent Providence, that laid by its anger and its evil days for the subsequent reign.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lovely widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week? why, you were here yesterday!"

"Then I must have counted the hours for ages."

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books!"

"You are hard upon me, Marchioness."

"Perhaps so, . . . it comes naturally, . . . I am tired."

"Ah, Marchioness! Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending fête!"

"That would, at least, be wearisome."

"Say a word, Madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition!"—

"You are still then as ambitious as ever?"

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the envious looks of impotent rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of monarchs? . . . And is not one's love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved, in laying all this at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, Marchioness! Listen to me, my fair lady-love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well-born, and consort not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantuamakers and chambermaids, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It

would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment, were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the Provinces, or of Paris—we, who belong to Versailles—living away there with it, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation!"

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me, rather, of fêtes that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. . . . Why hide one's happiness, in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the Cardinal, stands well at court. He has the King's ear, and better still, the Countess's. He will, ere long, procure me one of the Northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself, Madame the Ambassadress, treading on the platform of a drawing-room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne, and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of the Marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him, with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him:

"Rise, sir, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, Marchioness!"

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, Madam."

"That is fortunate indeed; for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish one, without the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency, "a shed."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to mind, you need only order post-horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlac. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in presence of your domestics and your vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, Marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening. . . . Ah! I forgot."

"What, further?"

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the King."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, Marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not, at Courlac, be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will—not—return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlac."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there, after our marriage. I have a horror of the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wearies me. . . . I look forward only to a simple and charming country life, to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. . . . What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, Marchioness—"

"Hush! it's a bargain. . . . Still, for form's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the winter drawing-room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished, to receive you."

And the Marchioness opened a door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the King, from his hiding-place and through the screen, "you will offer Monsieur de Menneval the embassy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, Madame; it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying any thing."

It struck two. Monsieur de Menneval was announced. His Majesty remained snug, and shammed dead.

III.

Monsieur de Menneval was, at all points, a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was

fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the Troubadours of France in the olden time.

We cannot say whether Monsieur de Menneval had perpetrated verse; but he loved the poets, the arts, the quiet of the fields, the sunsets, the rosy dawn, the breeze sighing through the foliage, the low and mysterious tones of a harp, sounding at eve from the light bark shooting over the blue waters of the Loire—all things in short that harmonize with that melodious concert of the heart, which passes by the name of love.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on, who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under cloak of a philosophic skepticism.

He trembled, as he entered the Marchioness's boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love, with a poetic simplicity and an unpremeditated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a prie t, who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the Marchioness sighed, and said within herself:

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to be free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference or the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the King, and thus addressed the Baron.

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The Baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur de Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry, should aspire to every thing, and achieve every thing."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen; I give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the King's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Menneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me, you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your Excellency the Ambassador to Prussia will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect; I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders: to obey you is my only desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind!" said she, trembling with joy and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room, wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The Marchioness handed out the Baron by the right-hand door, as she had handed out the Marquis by the left; and then said to herself:

"I shall be prettily embarrassed, if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlaac!"

Thereupon, the King removed the screen and reappeared.

His Majesty stepped quietly to the round table, whereon he had replaced the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "I perceive, Sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back accordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled pen-knife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, divided the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished Marchioness.

"But, Sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But—"

"It was of no manner of use to us."

"You have decided then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Menneval loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the King, pointing to the valet, who entered with a note from the Marquis. "You'll soon see."

The widow opened the note, and read:

"Madam, I love you—Heaven is my witness; and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to the King. My life, my blood are his. I cannot, without forfeit of my loyalty, abandon his service —."

"Et cetera," chimed in the King, "as was observed by the Abbé Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur de Menneval."

Monsieur de Menneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the King in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his Majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the Marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it, to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you, you love the Marchioness much better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and

you shall marry the Marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV. in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the King peeled the second orange and eat it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the Baron.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy: the Marchioness, whose indecision I have relieved; the Baron, who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency, who will perchance prove a sorry ambassador. In all this, I have only neglected my own interests, for I have been eating the oranges without sugar And yet they pretend to say that I am a selfish Monarch!"

THE VISION OF HASHEESH.

"Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting."

COLLINS.

DURING my stay in Damascus, that insatiable curiosity which leads me to prefer the acquisition of all lawful knowledge through the channels of my own personal experience, rather than in less satisfactory and less laborious ways; induced me to make a trial of the celebrated *Hasheesh*—that remarkable drug which supplies the luxurious Syrian with dreams more alluring and more gorgeous than the Chinese extracts from his darling opium pipe. The use of *Hasheesh*—which is a preparation of the dried leaves of the *cannabis indica*—has been familiar to the East for many centuries. During the Crusades, it was frequently used by the Saracen warriors to stimulate them to the work of slaughter, and from the Arabic term of "*Hashasheen*," or Eaters of *Hasheesh*, the word "*assassin*" has been naturally derived. An infusion of the same plant gives to the drink called "*dharg*," which is in common use throughout India and Malaysia, its peculiar properties. Thus prepared, it is a more fierce and fatal stimulant than the paste of sugar and spices to which the Turk resorts, as the food of his voluptuous evening reveries. While its immediate effects seem to be more potent than those of opium,

its habitual use, though attended with ultimate and permanent injury to the system, rarely results in such utter wreck of mind and body as that to which the votaries of the latter drug inevitably condemn themselves.

A previous experience of the effect of *hasheesh*—which I took once, and in a very mild form, while in Egypt—was so peculiar in its character, that my curiosity, instead of being satisfied, only prompted me the more to throw myself, for once, wholly under its influence. The sensations it then produced were those, physically, of exquisite lightness and airiness—mentally, of a wonderfully keen perception of the ludicrous, in the most simple and familiar objects. During the half hour in which it lasted, I was at no time so far under its control, that I could not, with the clearest perception, study the changes through which I passed. I noted, with careful attention, the fine sensations which spread throughout the whole tissue of my nervous fibres, each thrill helping to divest my frame of its earthy and material nature, till my substance appeared to me no grosser than the vapors of the atmosphere, and while sitting in the calm of the Egyptian twilight, I expected to be

lifted up and carried away by the first breeze that should ruffle the Nile. While this process was going on, the objects by which I was surrounded assumed a strange and whimsical expression.—My pipe, the ears which my boatmen plied, the turban worn by the captain, the water-jars and culinary implements, became in themselves so inexpressibly absurd and comical, that I was provoked into a long fit of laughter. The hallucination died away as gradually as it came, leaving me overcome with a soft and pleasant drowsiness, from which I sank into a deep, refreshing sleep.

Two friends—one a fellow-countryman, and the other an English gentleman, who, with his wife, was also residing in Antonio's pleasant caravanserai—agreed to join me in the experiment. The dragoman of the latter was deputed to procure a sufficient quantity of the drug. He was a dark Egyptian, speaking only the *lingua franca* of the East, and asked me, as he took the money and departed on his mission, whether he should get hashesh "*per ridere, o per dormire?*" "Oh, *per ridere*, of course" I answered; "and see that it be strong and fresh." It is customary with the Syrians to take a small portion immediately before the evening meal, as it is thus diffused through the stomach and acts more gradually, as well as more gently, upon the system. As our dinner-hour was at sunset, I proposed taking hashesh at that time, but my friends, fearing that its operation might be more speedy upon fresh subjects, and thus betray them into some absurdity in the presence of the other travellers, preferred waiting until after the meal. It was then agreed that we should retire to a room which the other American occupied jointly with myself, and which, as it rose like a tower one story higher than the rest of the building, was in a manner isolated, and would screen us from observation.

We commenced by taking a tea-spoonful each of the mixture which Abdallah had procured. This was about the quantity I had taken in Egypt, and as the effect then had been so slight, I judged that we ran no risk of taking an over-dose. The strength of the drug, however, must have been far greater in this instance, for whereas I could in the former case distinguish no flavor but that of sugar and rose leaves, I now found the taste intensely bitter and repulsive to the palate. We allowed the paste to dissolve slowly on our tongues, and sat some time, quietly waiting the result. But, having been taken upon a full stomach, its operation had been

hindered, and after the lapse of nearly an hour, we could not detect the least change in our feelings. My friends loudly expressed their conviction of the humbug of hashesh, but I, unwilling to give up the experiment at this point, proposed that we should take an additional half spoonful, and follow it with a cup of hot tea, which, if there were really any virtue in the preparation, could not fail to call it into action. This was done, though not without some misgivings, as we were all ignorant of the precise quantity which constituted a dose, and the limits within which the drug could be taken with safety. It was now ten o'clock; the streets of Damascus were gradually becoming silent, and the fair city was bathed in the yellow lustre of the Syrian moon. Only in the marble court-yard below us, a few dragomen and *mukkairee*, or muleteers, lingering under the lemon-trees, and beside the fountain in the centre.

I was seated alone, nearly in the middle of the room, talking with my friends, who were lounging upon a sofa placed in a sort of alcove, at the farther end, when the same fine nervous thrill of which I have spoken, suddenly shot through me. But this time it was accompanied with a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach, and instead of growing upon me with the gradual pace of healthy slumber, and resolving me, as before, into air, it came with the intensity of a pang, and shot throbbing along the nerves to the extremities of my body. The sense of limitation—of the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood—instantly fell away. The walls of my frame were burst outward and tumbled into ruin, and without thinking what form I wore—losing sight, even, of all idea of form—I felt that I existed throughout a vast extent of space. The blood, pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into seas of limpid ether, and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were the fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the orb of the sun. It was—though I thought not of that at the time—like the revelation of the mystery of omnipresence. It is difficult to describe this sensation, or the rapidity with which it mastered me. In the state of mental exaltation in which I was then plunged, all sensations, as they rose, suggested more or less coherent

images. They presented themselves to me in a double form—one physical, and therefore to a certain extent tangible; the other spiritual, and revealing itself in a succession of splendid metaphors. The physical feeling of extended being was accompanied by the image of an exploding meteor, not subsiding into darkness, but continuing to shoot from its centre or nucleus—which corresponded to the burning spot at the pit of my stomach—incessant adumbrations of light that finally lost themselves in the infinity of space. To my mind, even now, this image is still the best illustration of my sensations, as I recall them; but I greatly doubt whether the reader will find it equally clear.

My curiosity was now in a way of being satisfied; the spirit (demon, shall I not rather say?) of Hasheesh, had entire possession of me. I was cast upon the flood of his illusions, and drifted helplessly whithersoever they might choose to bear me. The thrills which ran through my nervous system became more rapid and fierce, accompanied with sensations that steeped my whole being in unutterable rapture. I was encompassed in a sea of light, through which played the pure, harmonious colors that are born of light. While endeavoring, in broken expressions, to describe my feelings to my friends, who sat looking upon me incredulously—not yet having been affected by the drug—I suddenly found myself at the foot of the great Pyramid of Cheops. The tapering courses of yellow limestone gleamed like gold in the sun, and the pile rose so high that it seemed to lean for support upon the blue arch of the sky. I wished to ascend it, and the wish alone placed me immediately upon its apex, lifted thousands of feet above the wheat-fields and palm-groves of Egypt. I cast my eyes downward, and to my astonishment, saw that it was built, not of limestone, but of huge square plugs of cavendish tobacco! Words cannot paint the overwhelming sense of the ludicrous which I then experienced. I writhed on my chair in an agony of laughter, which was only relieved by the vision melting away like a dissolving view, till out of my confusion of indistinct images and fragments of images, another and more wonderful vision arose.

The more vividly I recall the scene which followed, the more carefully I restore its different features, and separate the many threads of sensation which it wove into one gorgeous web, the more I despair of representing its exceeding glory. I was moving over the Desert, not upon the rocking dromedary, but seated in a

barque made of mother-of-pearl, and studded with jewels of surpassing lustre. The sand was made of grains of gold, and my keel slid through them without jar or sound. The air was radiant with excess of light, though no sun was to be seen. I inhaled the most delicious perfumes; and harmonies, such as Beethoven may have heard in dreams but never wrote, floated around me. The atmosphere itself was light, odor, music; and each and all sublimated beyond any thing the sober senses are capable of receiving. Before me—for a thousand leagues, as it seemed—stretched a vista of rainbows, whose colors gleamed with the splendor of gems—arches of living amethyst, sapphire, emerald, topaz and ruby. By thousands and tens of thousands they flew past me, as my dazzling barge sped down the magnificent arcade, yet the vista still stretched as far before, as ever. I revelled in a sensuous elysium, which was perfect, because no sense was left ungratified. But beyond all, my mind was filled with a boundless feeling of triumph. My journey was that of a conqueror—not of a conqueror who subdues his race, either by love or by will, for I forgot that Man existed—but one victorious over the grandest as well as the subtlest forces of nature. The spirits of Light, Color, Odor, Sound and Motion were my slaves; and having these, I was master of the universe.

Those who are endowed to any extent with the imaginative faculty, must have at least once in their lives experienced feelings which may give them a clue to the exalted sensuous raptures of my triumphal march. The view of a sublime mountain landscape, the hearing of a grand orchestral symphony, or of a choral upborne by the "full-voiced organ," or even the beauty and luxury of a cloudless summer, suggest emotions similar in kind, if less intense. They took a warmth and glow from that pure animal joy which degrades not, but spiritualizes and ennobles our material part, and which differs from cold, abstract intellectual enjoyment, as the flaming diamond of the Orient differs from the icicle of the North. Those finer senses, which occupy a middle ground between our animal and intellectual appetites, were suddenly developed to a pitch beyond what I had ever dreamed, and being thus at one and the same time gratified to the fullest extent of their preternatural capacity, the result was a single harmonious sensation, to describe which human language has no epithet. Mahomet's Paradise, with its palaces of ruby

and emerald, its airs of musk and cassia, and its rivers colder than snow and sweeter than honey, would have been a poor and mean terminus for my arcade of rainbows. Yet in the character of this paradise, in the gorgeous fancies of the Arabian Nights, in the glow and luxury of all Oriental poetry, I now recognize more or less of the agency of hasheesh.

The fulness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing through my mind, years seemed to have elapsed while I shot under the dazzling myriads of rainbow arches. By and by, the rainbows, the barque of pearl and jewels, and the desert of golden sand, vanished; and, still bathed in light and perfume, I found myself in a land of green and flowery lawns, divided by hills of gently undulating outline. But, although the vegetation was the richest of earth, there were neither streams nor fountains to be seen; and the people who came from the hills, with brilliant garments that shone in the sun, besought me to give them the blessing of water. Their hands were full of branches of the coral honeysuckle, in bloom. These I took; and, breaking off the flowers one by one, set them in the earth. The slender, trumpet-like tubes immediately became shafts of masonry, and sank deep into the earth; the lip of the flower changed into a circular mouth of rose-colored marble, and the people, leaning over its brink, lowered their pitchers to the bottom with cords, and drew them up again, filled to the brim, and dripping with honey.

The most remarkable feature of these illusions was, that at the time when I was most completely under their influence, I knew myself to be seated in the tower of Antonio's hotel in Damascus, knew that I had taken hasheesh, and that the strange, gorgeous and ludicrous fancies which possessed me, were the effect of it. At the very same instant that I looked upon the Valley of the Nile from the pyramid, slid over the desert, or created my marvellous wells in that beautiful pastoral country, I saw the furniture of my room, its mosaic pavement, the quaint Saracenic niches in the walls, the painted and gilded beams of the ceiling, and the couch in the recess before me, with my two companions watching me. Both sensations were simultaneous, and equally palpable. While I was most given up to the magnificent delusion, I saw its cause and felt its absurdity most clearly. Metaphysicians say that the mind is incapable of performing two operations at the same time, and may

attempt to explain this phenomenon by supposing a rapid and incessant vibration of the perceptions between the two states. This explanation, however, is not satisfactory to me; for not more clearly does a skilful musician, with the same breath blow two distinct musical notes from a bugle, than was I conscious of two distinct conditions of being in the same moment. Yet, singular as it may seem, neither conflicted with the other. My enjoyment of the visions was complete and absolute, undisturbed by the faintest doubt of their reality; while, in some other chamber of my brain, Reason sat coolly watching them, and heaping the liveliest ridicule on their fantastic features. One set of nerves was thrilled with the bliss of the gods, while another was convulsed with unquenchable laughter at that very bliss. My highest ecstasies could not bear down and silence the weight of my ridicule, which, in its turn, was powerless to prevent me from running into other and more gorgeous absurdities. I was double, not "swan and shadow," but rather, Sphinx-like, human and beast. A true Sphinx, I was a riddle and a mystery to myself.

The drug, which had been retarded in its operation on account of having been taken after a meal, now began to make itself more powerfully felt. The visions were more grotesque than ever, but less agreeable; and there was a painful tension throughout my nervous system—the effect of over-stimulus. I was a mass of transparent jelly, and a confectioner poured me into a twisted mould. I threw my chair aside, and writhed and tortured myself for some time to force my loose substance into the mould. At last, when I had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, it was lifted off, and another mould, of still more crooked and intricate shape, substituted. I have no doubt the contortions through which I went, to accomplish the end of my gelatinous destiny, would have been extremely ludicrous to a spectator, but to me they were painful and disagreeable. The sober half of me went into fits of laughter over them, and through that laughter, my vision shifted into another scene. I had laughed until my eyes overflowed profusely. Every tear that dropped, immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled upon the shop-board of a baker in the bazaar at Damascus. The more I laughed, the faster the loaves fell, until such a pile was raised about the baker, that I could hardly see the top of his head. "The man will be suffocated," I

cried, "but if he were to die, I cannot stop!"

My perceptions now became more dim and confused. I felt that I was in the grasp of some giant force; and, in the glimmering of my fading reason, grew earnestly alarmed, for the terrible stress under which my frame labored increased every moment. A fierce and furious heat radiated from my stomach throughout my system; my mouth and throat were as dry and hard as if made of brass, and my tongue, it seemed to me, was a bar of rusty iron. I seized a pitcher of water, and drank long and deeply; but I might as well have drunk so much air, for not only did it impart no moisture, but my palate and throat gave me no intelligence of having drunk at all. I stood in the centre of the room, brandishing my arms convulsively, and heaving sighs that seemed to shatter my whole being. "Will no one," I cried in distress, "cast out this devil that has possession of me?" I no longer saw the room nor my friends, but I heard one of them saying, "It must be real; he could not counterfeit such an expression as that. But it don't look much like pleasure." Immediately afterwards there was a scream of the wildest laughter, and my countryman sprang upon the floor, exclaiming, "O, ye gods! I am a locomotive!" This was his ruling hallucination; and, for the space of two or three hours, he continued to pace to and fro with a measured stride, exhaling his breath in violent jets, and when he spoke, dividing his words into syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk, at the same time turning his hands at his sides, as if they were the cranks of imaginary wheels. The Englishman, as soon as he felt the dose beginning to take effect, prudently retreated to his own room, and what the nature of his visions was, we never learned, for he refused to tell, and, moreover, enjoined the strictest silence on his wife.

By this time it was nearly midnight. I had passed through the Paradise of Hasheesh, and was plunged at once into its fiercest hell. In my ignorance I had taken what, I have since learned, would have been a sufficient portion for six men, and was now paying a frightful penalty for my curiosity. The excited blood rushed through my frame with a sound like the roaring of mighty waters. It was projected into my eyes until I could no longer see; it beat thickly in my ears, and so throbbed in my heart, that I feared the ribs would give way under its blows. I tore open my vest, placed my hand over

the spot, and tried to count the pulsations; but there were two hearts, one beating at the rate of a thousand beats a minute, and the other with a slow, dull motion. My throat, I thought, was filled to the brim with blood, and streams of blood were pouring from my ears. I felt them gushing warm down my cheeks and neck. With a maddened, desperate feeling, I fled from the room, and walked over the flat, terraced roof of the house. My body seemed to shrink and grow rigid as I wrestled with the demon, and my face to become wild, lean and haggard. Some lines which had struck me, years before, in reading Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," flashed into my mind:—

"And the horse, in stark despair, with his front hoofs
poised in air,
On the last verge, rears amain,
And he hangs, the rocks between,—and his nostrils
curdle in,—
And he shivers, head and hoof, and the flakes of foam
fall off;
And his face grows fierce and thin."

That picture of animal terror and agony was mine. I was the horse, hanging poised on the verge of the giddy tower, the next moment to be borne sheer down to destruction. Involuntarily, I raised my hand to feel the leanness and sharpness of my face. Oh horror! the flesh had fallen from my bones, and it was a skeleton head that I carried on my shoulders! With one bound I sprang to the parapet, and looked down into the silent courtyard, then filled with the shadows thrown into it by the sinking moon. Shall I cast myself down headlong? was the question I proposed to myself, but though the horror of that skeleton delusion was greater than my fear of death, there was an invisible hand at my breast which pushed me away from the brink. Besides, there were watchers near, though I saw them not, nor knew it until afterwards. The noise we made had attracted attention, and the host, Antonio, with Francisco, our dragoman, apprehensive of some accident, followed and watched us.

I made my way back to the room, in a state of the keenest suffering. My companion was still a locomotive, rushing to and fro, and jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam-engine. His mouth had turned to brass, like mine, and he raised the pitcher to his lips in the attempt to moisten it, but before he had taken a mouthful, set the pitcher down again with a yell of laughter, crying out: "How can I take water into my boiler, while I am letting off steam?"

But I was now too far gone to feel the absurdity of this, or his other exclamations. I was sinking deeper and deeper into a pit of unutterable agony and despair. For, although I was not conscious of real pain in any part of my body, the cruel tension to which my nerves had been subjected filled me through and through with a sensation of distress which was far more severe than pain itself. In addition to this, the remnant of will with which I struggled against the demon, became gradually weaker, and I felt that I should soon be powerless in his hands. Every effort to preserve my reason was accompanied by a pang of mortal fear, lest what I now experienced was insanity, and would hold mastery over me for ever. The thought of death, which also haunted me, was far less bitter than this dread. I knew that in the struggle which was going on in my frame, I was borne fearfully near the dark gulf, and the thought that, at such a time, both reason and will were leaving my brain, filled me with an agony, the depth and blackness of which I should vainly attempt to portray. I threw myself on my bed, with the excited blood still roaring wildly in my ears, my heart throbbing with a force that seemed to be rapidly wearing away my life, my throat dry as a potsherd, and my stiffened tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth—resisting no longer, but awaiting my fate with the apathy of despair.

My companion was now approaching the same condition, but as the effect of the drug on him had been less violent, so his stage of suffering was more clamorous. He cried out to me that he was dying, implored me to help him, and reproached me vehemently, because I lay there silent, motionless, and apparently careless of his danger. "Why will he disturb me?" I thought; "he thinks he is dying, but what is death to madness? Let him die; a thousand deaths were more easily borne than the pangs I suffer." While I was sufficiently conscious to hear his exclamations, they only provoked my anger, but after a time my senses became clouded and I sank into a stupor. As near as I can judge this must have been three o'clock in the morning, rather more than five hours after the hasheesh began to take effect. I lay thus all the following day and night, in a state of gray, blank oblivion, broken only by a single wandering gleam of consciousness. I recollect hearing Francisco's voice. He told me afterwards that I arose, attempted to dress myself, drank two cups of coffee, and then fell back into the same death-

like stupor; but of all this I did not retain the least knowledge. On the morning of the second day, after a sleep of thirty hours, I awoke again to the world, with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, and a brain clouded with the lingering images of my visions. I knew where I was, and what had happened to me, but all that I saw still remained unreal and shadowy. There was no taste in what I ate, no refreshment in what I drank, and it required a painful effort to comprehend what was said to me and return a coherent answer. Will and reason had come back, but they still sat unsteadily upon their thrones.

My countryman, who was much further advanced in his recovery, accompanied me to the adjoining bath, which I hoped would assist in restoring me. It was with great difficulty that I preserved the outward appearance of consciousness. In spite of myself, a veil now and then fell over my mind, and after wandering for years, as it seemed, in some distant world, I awoke with a shock, to find myself in the steamy halls of the bath, with a brown Syrian polishing my limbs. I suspect that my language must have been rambling and incoherent, and that the menials who had me in charge understood my condition, for as soon as I had stretched myself upon the couch which follows the bath, a glass of very acid sherbet was presented to me, and after drinking it I experienced instant relief. Still the spell was not wholly broken, and for two or three days I continued subject to frequent involuntary fits of absence, which made me insensible, for the time, to all that was passing around me. I walked the streets of Damascus with a strange consciousness that I was in some other place at the same time, and with a constant effort to reunite my divided perceptions.

Previous to the experiment, we had decided on making a journey to Palmyra, which lies in the desert, 150 miles to the north-east of Damascus. Owing to the hostility between the Arabs of the villages and the desert tribes of Aneyzeh, it was necessary to make the journey by stealth, under the guidance of a shekh belonging to some one of the former tribes. Three English travellers had just returned in safety, and the shekh was willing to accompany us. The state, however, in which we now found ourselves, obliged us to relinquish the plan. Perhaps the excitement of a forced march across the desert, and a conflict with the hostile Arabs, which was quite likely to happen, might have assisted us in throwing off the

baneful effects of the drug; but all the charm which lay in the name of Palmyra and the romantic interest of the trip, was gone. I was without courage and without energy, and nothing remained for me but to leave Damascus.

Two days afterwards, weak in body and still at times confused in my perceptions, I started for Baalbec. On the first day we visited the fountains of the Barrada, or Pharpar, and slept at Zebdeni, a village in an upland valley among the peaks of the Anti-Lebanon. The pure mountain air, and the healing balm of the night's sleep completed my cure. The next morning, as I rode along the valley, with the towering, snow-sprinkled ridge of the Anti-Lebanon on my right, a cloudless heaven above my head, and meads enamelled with the asphodel and scarlet anemone stretching before me, I felt that the last shadow had rolled away from my brain. My mind was now as clear as that sky, my heart as free and joyful as the elastic morning air. The sun never shone so brightly to my eyes, the fair forms of nature were never penetrated with so perfect a spirit of beauty. I was again master of myself, and the world

glowed as if new-created in the light of my joy and gratitude. I thanked God who had led me out of a darkness more terrible than that of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and while my feet strayed among the flowery meadows of Lebanon, my heart walked on the Delectable Hills of His mercy.

Yet, fearful as my rash experiment proved to me, I did not regret having made it. It revealed to me depths of rapture and of suffering which my natural faculties never could have sounded. It has taught me the majesty of human reason and of human will, even in the weakest, and the awful peril of tampering with that which assails their integrity. I have here faithfully and fully written out my experience, on account of the lesson which it may convey to others. If I have unfortunately failed in my design, and have but awakened that restless curiosity which I have endeavored to forestall, let me beg all who are thereby led to repeat the experiment upon themselves, that they be content to take the portion of *hasheesh* which is considered sufficient for one man, and not, like me, swallow enough for six.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"WHAT did his contemporaries think of him?" "How were his first productions received?" How naturally these queries occur to us, when contemplating the literary character of those who have inscribed their names upon the scroll of Fame! Could there be a more delightful book than "The Judgment of Contemporaries upon the Great Writers of the World?" In English literature alone, what a *Boswellian* popularity would that work—not secure, but—"jump into," which should give us—"Things said and written of British authors and their works, during their lives." Or, if our prospectus be too ambitious, let us have *Dicta Collectanea* concerning any dozen of the most renowned heroes of the "grey goose quill." In this point of view, how rich a mine of literary wealth have we in the 237 volumes of the "Monthly Review;" containing contemporary opinion upon the productions of genius for almost a century (1749-1842).

We do not refer simply to the "Monthly Reviewers'" opinions; but, be it remembered, they record and judge, not only any particular author's works, but also the answers, attacks, and private reviews of all kinds, which the said author's works elicited. For instance: did Samuel Johnson, LL.D., vindicate the suicidal policy, against which Chatham and Burke protested, in his "Taxation no Tyranny," published March 1, 1775? The "Monthly Review" of only two months later, proves that we "rebels" had stanch champions of the "*Bis dat, qui cito dat*" school; for the May number records no less than *five responses* to the gruff old doctor, the very titles of which stir our blood, as did the first Pitt's—"I rejoice that America has resisted!"—"nerve the arms, and strengthen the hearts of our patriot forefathers!" E. G. "Resistance no Rebellion," "Taxation Tyranny," &c. But we anticipate. Indeed, no one can have a correct idea of the literary career of any eminent author, without

a knowledge of the opposition and criticism he elicited, as well as of the praise with which his efforts were rewarded. Knowledge of this kind can only be found, *in extenso*, in the reviews of the day. We shall greatly err if we seek for both sides, where we have a right to look for only one,—in literary biographies. The post of biographer generally presupposes that of admirer. Men do not often write lives of those whom they despise or hate. Cibber may write "Letters to Pope," and Pope may return the compliment by impaling his martyred correspondent on the highest stake of that "infernal machine"—that poetical "Cheval de Frise"—the terrible "Dunciad;" but we should not expect either to become the other's biographer. The biographer naturally becomes, if he do not commence, a partisan; and the tendency of partisanship is, to engender contempt for the opinions of those who do not share our enthusiasm. Boswell was a most minute and painstaking chronicler; but had he not more respect for that gigantic cat, "Hodge," of which his "guide, philosopher, and friend" was so fond, than for any score of the doctor's literary assailants? We shall, therefore, proceed to glean, for our readers' edification, from the "Monthly Review" (principally), what he will in vain seek in other departments of literature, a *catalogue raisonné* of contemporary opinions upon the productions of a man, who will always be admired, often loved, as frequently disliked, but never despised. We gaze upon the serene radiance of the star with complacency; with terror upon the lurid glare of a comet; with contempt only upon the "ineffectual fire" of the ignis-fatuus.

We shall not confine ourselves to the "Review," but shall draw from other sources, or intersperse our own comments, as we may think fit. The first notice which we find of Johnson as a writer ("Irene," and some periodical contributions, had been previously composed), is in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1738; where, on page 269, we have: "*SHORT EXTRACTS FROM LONDON: A POEM, written in imitation of the third SATIRE OF JUVENAL; and become remarkable for having got to the second edition in the space of a week.*" This was a good beginning, surely! It is on page 156 of this volume (March, 1738), that we find our author's first ascertained contribution to this venerable magazine; a history of which periodical would be most interesting, and may hereafter be attempted for "Putnam's Monthly." The contribution

referred to, "*Ad Urbanum*," is thus prefaced: "*All men of sense, as far as we can find, having condemned the rude treatment given to Mr. URBAN by certain booksellers, whose names are not worth the mention already made of them, we hope it will not be thought any ostentation to let the reader see a few of the pieces sent in his favor by correspondents of all degrees; especially as no objection can be made to some of them but his being accessory to their publication.*" It is worthy of note, that he who was so largely beholden to booksellers, and to whom, in return, booksellers were so largely indebted, thus at the outset of his literary career, took up his lance in defence of a bookseller, against his rivals in the same trade.

Nearly four years before this, the young author had endeavored to form a connection with Cave's successful monthly pamphlet; for in November, 1734, he gives the publisher a hint that no common talents were in the market place, "because no man had hired them."

"Sir,—As you appear no less sensible than your readers of the defects of your poetical article, you will not be displeased, if, in order to the improvement of it, I communicate to you the sentiments of a person who will undertake, on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column.

"This opinion is, that the public would not give you a bad reception, if, beside the current wit of the month, which a critical examination would generally reduce to a narrow compass, you admitted not only poems, inscriptions, &c., never printed before, which he will sometimes supply you with, but likewise short literary dissertations in Latin or English, critical remarks on Authors ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deserve revival, or loose pieces, like Floyer's, worth preserving. By this method, your literary article, for so it might be called, will, he thinks, be better recommended to the public than by low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrilities of either party.

"If such a correspondence will be agreeable to you, be pleased to inform me in two posts what the conditions are on which you shall expect it. Your late offer gives me no reason to distrust your generosity. [A prize of £50 for the best poem.] If you engage in any literary projects beside this paper, I have other designs to impart, if I could be secure from having others reap the advantage of what I should hint. Your letter by being directed to *S. Smith*, to be left at the Castle, in Birmingham, Warwickshire, will

reach, &c." (*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.)

To us, there is something exceedingly touching in this modest attempt to gain the uncertain bread of a literary hack. Poor Johnson! perhaps he could have signed this letter, as he did a later one to Cave, "Impransus." We remember that Walter Scott, somewhere speaks of the effect which this little word had upon his feelings. Many a breakfast, no doubt, he lacked in this straitened season of his life. Are there not many such sons of want, even now, around us? And shall we not willingly communicate of that which hath been bountifully intrusted to our stewardship?

"London, a Poem, in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal," was published in May, 1738; and we have seen, to repeat the quaint language of the "Gentleman's Magazine," that it had "become remarkable for having got to the Second Edition in the space of a week."

The young author thought it prudent to see what reception his offspring would meet with in the world, before he acknowledged paternity. In his letter to Cave he says that, he has "the inclosed poem in my hands to dispose of for the benefit of the author (of whose abilities I shall say nothing, since I send you his performance.) . . . I cannot help taking notice, that besides what the author may hope for on account of his abilities, he has likewise another claim to your regard, as he lies at present under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune. . . . By exerting on this occasion your usual generosity, you will not only encourage learning and relieve distress, &c." Cave would not venture to publish the poem, but he seems to have "exerted his generosity;" for Johnson returns thanks for "the present you were so kind as to send by me." "I am very sensible from your generosity on this occasion, of your regard to learning, even in its unhappiest state; and cannot but think such a temper deserving of the gratitude of those who suffer so often from a contrary disposition."

How little did the obscure, yet kind, bookseller then foresee, that this half famished youth should become so illustrious in the world of letters, that the greatest honor which attaches to the name of Cave, should be the fact of the object of his opportune bounty becoming his biographer! To say that the booksellers refused to purchase "London," is to say but little. *A curious work would that be, which should give us a full list of the great works which have*

been refused by a dozen of booksellers, each. Boswell quotes Derrick as aiming a poetical dart against this *Opprobrium Bibliopolarum* (to coin a new phrase):—

"Will no kind patron Johnson own?
Shall Johnson, friendless, range the town?
And every publisher refuse
The Offspring of his happy Muse?"

No! Dodsley will take it! and what's more, he will give ten guineas for it! The author says: "I might perhaps have accepted of less; but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead." Ten guineas strikes us as cheap for "London;" and yet it was as much again as Milton got for "Paradise Lost," (saving contingencies, which increased the sum, afterwards.) "London" was published on the same day with Pope's Satire of "1738;" and the youthful satirist did not suffer by the comparison; for people said: "Here is an unknown poet, greater even than Pope." General Oglethorpe (what Georgian does not feel his heart beat faster at the name?) adopted "London" at once; and lived to see its author among the foremost in rank; surviving him about six months.

Pope set young Richardson to work, to find out who this formidable rival was. Mr. Richardson brought back the information, that he had discovered only that his "name was Johnson, and that he was some obscure man." "He will soon be *déterré*," replied Pope. This was not the only instance in which he displayed a commendable generosity to the rising star; for from the perusal of "London," alone, he recommended him to Earl Gower, when Johnson (in the next year) sought a degree "to qualify him for the mastership of a Charity School." The similarity between "London" and Pope's style is very observable. The "Vanity of Human Wishes," essays a more dignified strain. Garrick accounts for this in his own manner. "When Johnson lived much with the Herveys, and saw a good deal of what was passing in life, he wrote his 'London,' which is lively and easy: when he became more retired, he gave us his 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' which is as hard as Greek: had he gone on to imitate another satire, it would have been as hard as Hebrew."

And yet, flippant little David! thy old school-fellow wrote a hundred lines a day of this poem, if it is "all Greek" to thee! Hard as it was to thee, David, it softened a greater man to tears: for Walter Scott tells us: "The deep and pathetic morality

of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental." Aye, it drew tears from the eyes of the author himself. George Lewis Scott describes a very interesting little family gathering at Thrale's, when Dr. Johnson read aloud his satire; when he recounted the difficulties of the poor, struggling scholar, he "burst into a passion of tears." Poor fellow! he remembered those days when he subscribed himself *impransus*! No longer subject to the pangs of hunger, he now had "all that heart could wish: 'plenty,' honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" but his mind reverted to those bitter days of penury, when he wandered in the streets for want of a lodging, and in the garb of poverty, devoured his dinner, furnished by the hand of charity, behind the curtain at good Mr. Cave's! How had his condition changed! We need not marvel at those outpourings of a grateful heart, which gush forth in his quiet hours of meditation, and solemn seasons of prayer. The great Being on whose goodness and protection he confidently relied in the day of destitution, and hour of trial, had not disappointed his hope! He had "brought him to great honor, and comforted him on every side!" This he deeply felt; and, however at times arrogant and harsh to his fellow men, he ever, as Bishop Horne well says, "walked humbly before the Lord his God."

We must not quit the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," without quoting, also, Walter Scott's remark to Ballantyne; "he had often said to me, that neither his own, nor any modern popular style of composition, was that from which he derived most pleasure. I asked him what it was. He answered, Johnson's; and that he had more pleasure in reading '*London*,' and the '*Vanity of Human Wishes*,' than any other poetical composition he could mention; and I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration, than while reciting aloud from these productions." (Lockhart's Scott.) Lord Byron gives us his opinions in his *Ravenna Diary*: "Read Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, all the examples and mode of giving them are sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. 'Tis a grand poem—so true! True as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages changes all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing about, around, and underneath man, except man

himself, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives, conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes, leads but to disappointment."

Lockhart informs us that, the last line of MS. that Scott sent to the press, was a quotation from the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*." We must apologize for lingering so long on the way; but where there are so many flowers on every side, soliciting our notice, it is difficult to make much speed.

The first notice of Johnson which we find in the "*Monthly Review*," is in Vol. 6 (1752). "Four volumes of the *Rambler*, 12mo. 12s. Payne & Bouquet. These four volumes contain 136 numbers of this excellent paper, out of 200 now published; and still continued on Tuesdays and Saturdays." The first number of the "*Rambler*" was published on Tuesday, March 20, 1749-1750, and the last on Saturday, 17th (14th in fact) March, 1752; 208 numbers in all; never having missed a publication day. Would that all authors who seek to advance the interests of religion and morality, were as conscientious as the author of the "*Rambler*" in imploring the aid of that Divine grace, "without which, nothing is strong, nothing is holy." "Grant, I beseech thee," supplicates the pious writer, "that in this undertaking, thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation [both] of myself and others."

The "*Rambler*" excited but little attention at first. Croker seems to question Payne's assertion to Chalmers, that Richardson's essay, No. 97, was the "only paper which had a prosperous sale, and was popular." But the ladies will side with Payne, when they discover by inspection what "No. 97" is about. We shall not inform them; and, indeed, we strictly forbid any of our female readers to turn to this mysterious paper. If in this Blue-Beard prohibition, we meet with the same measure of obedience which was accorded to our "illustrious predecessor," we must e'en digest it as we may. Boswell, who, with Croker, has our general acknowledgments, enlarges upon this and other publications of his *Domine's*, at greater length than we can afford. Suffice it to give a few interesting facts, for which the busy, or the idle reader who will not take the trouble to look for himself, will please consider himself obliged. The good Doctor was sorely put to it to find a name for his child. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds, "What *must* be done,

sir, will be done. When I began publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. *The Rambler* seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."

The Doctor wrote the whole of the 208 papers, with the exception of "four billets in No. 10, by Miss Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone); No. 30, by Mrs. Catherine Talbot; No. 97 by Richardson, and Nos. 44 and 100, by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter." Of the 204, thirty only were "worked up" from previously prepared materials. The "*Rambler*" soon became appreciated by those who were capable of discerning merit. "The Student" speaks of it as "a work that exceeds anything of the kind ever published in this kingdom. May the public favors crown his merits, and may not the English under the auspicious reign of George the Second, neglect a man, who, had he lived in the first century, would have been one of the greatest favorites of Augustus." Cave received letters of commendation, newspaper verses appeared in its praise, and Elphinstone superintended an Edinburgh edition, which followed the London issue. Richardson wrote to Cave, that Johnson was the only man who could write them; which Cave admitted, but complained that, good as they were, they were *very slow sale*. Even corpulent Mrs. Rambler, who has never been suspected of very exquisite literary sensibilities, was moved by these effusions of the "gude man's," and rewarded his labors with the very handsome speech,—"I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written any thing equal to this." Notwithstanding the tardy sale, at first, the author had the satisfaction of surviving ten editions in London alone. We must not conceal the fact that, some unreasonable beings complained of the erudite dignity of the style; and declared that the author (a true "Yankee trick," we should call it) used the "hard words in the '*Rambler*,' in order to render his Dictionary indispensably necessary!" Mr. Burke, who, like most truly great men, excelled in wit and humor, said that Johnson's ladies,—his *Misellæ*, *Zorimas*, *Properantias*, and *Rhodoclias*,—were all "Johnsons in petticoats." This is much of a piece with Goldsmith's telling Johnson that if he were to write a piece in which *little fishes* had to talk, he would make them all talk like *great whales*!

In his contributions to the "*Adventurer*," the Doctor uses the stilts less; he

walks more; perhaps occasionally runs. Yet are we great admirers of "Johnsonese." Majestic diction was as natural to a man who *thought in rounded periods*, as was a disjointed chaos of the parts of speech, to many of his critics. So far from the elaborate verbal architecture, anxiously built up, and painfully cemented, which the reader supposed, the *Ramblers* were written just as they were wanted for the press; indeed, at times, the first half was in type before the remainder was on paper! Boswell gives us an amusing anecdote relative to the Italian edition of the *Rambler*. "A foreign minister of no very high talents, who had been in his company for a considerable time, quite overlooked, happened, luckily, to mention that he had read some of his '*Rambler*' in Italian, and admired it much. This pleased [Johnson] him greatly; he observed that the title had been translated *Il Genio errante*, though I have been told it was rendered more ludicrously, *Il Vagabando*; and finding that this minister gave such a proof of his taste, he was all attention to him, and on the first remark which he made, however simple, exclaimed, 'The ambassador says well; his Excellency observes—;' and then he expanded and enriched the little that had been said, in so strong a manner, that it appeared something of consequence. This was exceedingly entertaining to the company who were present, and many a time afterwards it furnished a pleasant topic of merriment. '*The ambassador says well*' became a laughable term of applause when no mighty matter had been expressed."

It deserves to be noticed, that the 110th number of the "*Rambler*" (on Repentance) was the means of deciding the Rev. James Compton, of the English Benedictine Monks, at Paris, to leave that body, and embrace the Protestant faith. How many devotees of the Greek Church it would have converted, we have, unfortunately, no means of knowing; yet the author thought, at one time, that it was about having the opportunity presented to it. Somehow or other, he heard that the Empress of Russia had ordered a translation of the *Rambler* into the Russian language. "So," says the author with a complacent smile, "I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace." Whether this was the work of some wicked wag, or not, we cannot tell; but we believe that the Russian edition of the "*Rambler*" is even

scarcer than any "liber rarissimus" which tantalizes the "belluo librorum" in the "choice catalogue of Thomas Thorpe."

"THE LITERARY MAGAZINE, OR UNIVERSAL REVIEW" made its first appearance May, 1756, and its last, July, 1758. For this periodical Johnson wrote five essays and some twenty-five reviews. We have adverted, heretofore, to the temptation under which a reviewer lies, to abuse his position to personal, and often unworthy, ends. Candor compels us to admit that, even our stern moralist was not proof against what has so often seduced the fidelity of smaller men.

Jonas Hanway, a man with more than ordinary pretensions to the character of a philanthropist, as his introduction of umbrellas into Britain demonstrates,—a man who had heretofore ranked as a decent, well-deserving, "highly respectable" citizen,—actually had the hardihood, malignity and effrontery, to publish a violent attack upon—what think you, gentle reader? public morality, or private character? neither, but an attack upon "*Tea-Drinking*." Whether he forgot the Doctor's propensity, or was ignorant of his being a reviewer, or was determined to brave the matter out in his zeal for the public good, does not appear. To suppose that our Doctor would tamely bear this terrific attack upon his favorite beverage, was reckoning without his host. He came down with such sledge-hammer blows upon Jonas, that the latter realized that, now, at least, if never when in Russia, he had "caught a Tartar." Johnson describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker; who for many years diluted his meals only with the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has hardly time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight; and with tea welcomes the morning." Tyens parodied the last phrase "*te veniente die—te decedente*." Imagine the stupefaction of horror into which the zealous Jonas was thrown, by this unblushing avowal of unrepented profligacy! He girded on his sword afresh, and attacked the *Tea-monster* with all the zeal of a true imitator of Saint George. The great dragon, in this instance, however, held with feline tenacity to life; and continued to toss off his dozen or twenty cups of "bohea," or "young hyson," without caring a rush for Jonas Hanway and his caustic strictures.

The "Monthly Review" for April, 1755, was enlarged "four pages extraordinary," and, even at that, the usual "catalogue" omitted, to make room for a copious no-

tice of Johnson's Dictionary. The want of a good dictionary, before Johnson's made its appearance, need not be enlarged upon here. Those who are versed in philology will not need our learning upon the subject; and those who have no taste for it, would vote us a bore. So we resist the temptation of a vast parade of learning, which would be about as profound as much smattering we meet with in this day of universal scholarship. Cooper says, somewhere, that an American would consider himself as ignorant, indeed, if he did not feel competent to talk upon any subject, whatsoever; so our "clever young men," range, at will, from "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," to the Greek particle; and from "*Toilette*" critiques, to the differential calculus. To show how reviewers *worked* in those days, although the dictionary was published only on the 15th of the month, the review of thirty-two pages (principally quotations, indeed) was ready for the press by the 24th. It is much to the credit of the "Monthly Review," that, notwithstanding its Whig principles, Johnson was always treated with a marked consideration; which in days of excited party spirit, is not often accorded to political opponents. In regard to lexicography, all literary men, Whig and Tory, were ready to hail with gratitude one who should promise order and certainty where there reigned obscurity and confusion. English scholars had to endure in silence the sarcasm of the Abbé le Blanc, who declares that, such was the passion for the English tongue that the French had made it one of the learned languages, and that even their women studied it; and yet that there was not so much as a good dictionary, or hardly a tolerable grammar. The Reviewer foresees a brighter state of affairs, since the valiant doctor had come to the rescue:—"But these reproaches, we hope, will in a great measure be removed, as well as the acquiring a competent knowledge of the genius of our tongue, facilitated by the work before us; a work that has been much wanted, and no less eagerly expected, especially by those who are acquainted with Mr. Johnson's literary abilities." After copious quotations, the reviewer thus proceeds: "Such is Mr. Johnson's account of what he has endeavored; and barely to say that he has well performed his task, would be too frigid a commendation of a performance that will be received with gratitude, by those who are sincerely zealous for the reputation of *English* literature: nevertheless, lavish as we might, justly, be in

its praise, we are not blind to its imperfections; for *some* we have observed, even in the short time allowed us for the inspection of this large work, nor are all of them equally unimportant. Some may, perhaps, expect that we should point out what appear to us defects; but this we decline, because most of them will be obvious to the judicious and inquisitive reader; nor are we inclinable to feed the malevolence of little or lazy critics: besides which, our assiduous and ingenious compiler, has, in a great measure, anticipated all censure by his apologetical acknowledgments. Upon the whole, if the prodigious extent of this undertaking, and the numerous difficulties necessarily attending it, be duly considered; also that it is the labor of one single person (who himself tells us it was written with little assistance of the learned, and without the patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow), instead of affording matter for envy or malignancy to prey upon, it must excite wonder and admiration to see how greatly he has succeeded." The reviewer proceeds: "His grammar is concise, yet far from being obscure; several of his remarks are uncommon, if not new, and all of them deserving particular attention. The prosody is treated with an accuracy we do not remember to have met with in other grammarians; and the whole appears to us well calculated to serve its professed purpose, which is, that the *English* language may be learned, if the reader be acquainted with grammatical terms, or taught by a master to those who are more ignorant."

The Doctor, with his usual foresight, had adopted an excellent mode of discouraging all adverse criticism, by admitting in his preface, that, a few wild blunders and risible absurdities might for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt. Now as no reviewer is particularly desirous of being considered either a fool, or an ignoramus, we may suppose that the Jeffreys of the day were contented to praise where they could, and be silent where they disapproved.

Thomas Warton, in a letter to his brother, after admitting that "the preface was noble and the history of the language pretty full," complains that, "strokes of laxity and indolence" were plainly to be perceived. "Laxity and indolence" there will always be in the work of man; but vigor and industry also there were, else

the dictionary had never seen the light. The author commenced with a good stock of confidence. When Dr. Adams started back aghast at the stupendous character of the scheme, exclaiming, "This is a great work, sir. How are you to get all the etymologies?"—JOHNSON. Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh.—ADAMS. But, sir, how can you do this in three years?—JOHNSON. Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years.—ADAMS. But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary.—JOHNSON. Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

The history of Lord Chesterfield's connection with Johnson's first philological aspirations; the tardy patronship, and the severe epistle to his Lordship are well known. Although a bigoted Johnsonite, we consider that the lexicographer was not free from fault in this business. We have no space to spare, however, for any argumentation upon the point. The Earl's suggestions upon the prospectus were all adopted by the author.

The Doctor displayed no little ingenuity in the preliminary arrangement of his *material*. Bishop Percy tells us: "Boswell's account of the manner in which Johnson compiled his Dictionary, is confused and erroneous. He began his task (as he himself expressly described to me) by devoting his first care to a diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language, and under every sentence which he meant to quote, he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper, and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means, he collected the several words and their different significations; and when the whole arrangement was alphabetically formed, he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, Junius, and other writers on the subject."

Andrew Millar's exclamations of delight at the reception of the last sheet, was less reverent than Johnson's pious rejoinder. We do not wonder at Millar's impatience. The "three years," proved to be more than seven; and the copy-right money

(£1575, equal perhaps to \$15,000 in our day) had long been in the hands of the lexicographer. Here was an opportunity, in the pages of a work of general reference, too good to be lost, of giving vent to some of the strong prejudices which the Doctor adhered to with a pertinacity worthy of a worthy cause; accordingly we have some curious definitions:

"OATS. A grain which, in England, is generally given to horses, but in Scotland, supports the people."

"WHIG. The name of a faction."

"PENSION. An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean, pay given to a state hireling, for treason to his country."

We may be sure that the last definition was not forgotten by the lexicographer's friends, or enemies, when a pension of £300 was graciously bestowed upon the author of the "Rambler," by George Third. Nor did Johnson himself forget his unhappy definition; for he consulted Sir Joshua Reynolds, as to the propriety of the author of such a sweeping attack upon pensioners becoming one himself.

The Dictionary sold well; for a second folio edition was published within a year. This was a triumph for the author; who declared that, of all his acquaintances, there were only two who, upon the publication of the work, did not endeavor to depress him with threats of censure from the public, or with *objections learned from those who had learned them from his own preface*.

He complains, in 1771, that, "my summer wanderings are now over, and I am engaging in a very great work, the revision of my Dictionary; from which, I know not at present how to get loose." In the next year, the work had reached its fourth edition, but was much the same as when first published; for he tells Boswell: "A new edition of my great Dictionary is printed from a copy which I was persuaded to revise; but having made no preparation, I was able to do very little. Some superfluities I have expunged, and some faults I have corrected, and here and there have scattered a remark; but the main fabric of the work remains as it was. I had looked very little into it since I

wrote it, and I think, I found it full as often better, as worse, than I expected." "The world," he tells Mr. Bagshaw, "must at present take it as it is."

Mrs. Piozzi tells a curious anecdote upon this point. "As he was walking along the Strand, a gentleman stepped out of some neighboring tavern, with his napkin in his hand, and no hat, and stopping him as civilly as he could,—"I beg your pardon, sir; but you are Dr. Johnson, I believe." "Yes, sir." "We have a wager depending on your reply: pray, sir, is it *irréparable* or irreparable that one should say?" "The *last*, I think, sir," answered Dr. Johnson, "for the adverb [adjective] ought to follow the verb; but you had better consult my Dictionary than me; for that was the result of more thought than you will now give me time for." "No, no," replied the gentleman gayly, "the book I have no certainty at all of; but here is the *author* to whom I referred: I have won my twenty guineas quite fairly, and am much obliged to you, sir," so shaking Dr. Johnson kindly by the hand, he went back to finish his dinner, or dessert." Croker comments: "The Dictionary gives, and rightly, a contrary decision."

Robert Dodsley is entitled to our gratitude, for suggesting the publication of a Dictionary to Johnson; although the latter declares that he had long thought of it. Boswell one day ventured one of his usual sapient remarks: "You did not know what you were undertaking." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it, and have done it very well." When Johnson asked Garrick, what people said of the new book, he replied, that it was objected to as citing authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work; Richardson, for example. "Nay," said the lexicographer, "I have done worse than that: I have cited thee, David."

But all did not find fault. Sheridan paid a compliment to the author, in his prologue to Savage's tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury," worthy of both the donor and the recipient—

"So pleads the tale that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive;
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live."

THE TWO ANGELS.

TWO angels, one of Life and one of Death,
 Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
 The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
 Alike their features and their robes of white;
 But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
 Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
 "Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he, who wore the crown of asphodels,
 Descending, at my door began to knock,
 And my soul sank within me, as in wells
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
 The terror and the tremor and the pain,
 That oft before had filled and haunted me,
 And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
 And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
 And knowing whatso'er he sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin;
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
 Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against his messengers to shut the door?

OF FITNESS IN ORATORY.

IT is not a mere prudential maxim, but an ethical law, that in undertaking to act upon others, we must pay attention to the circumstances under which our attempts are made. These circumstances are nothing else than our relations, which again are determined by the personal character of men and by our influence upon that character. But now every one requires that his personality be respected, and if he admits that it can and must undergo changes, yet he demands that this shall be brought to pass, not in suppressing, but in ennobling and expanding his existing nature. Since this is a universal demand, and since it is a moral law to adjust our demands so that they can consist with the demands of the other party, we are subjected by this law to the duty of respecting their personality; that is, of adapting our mode of procedure to relations and circumstances. For in the effort to put an idea into practice, we assert our own personality; but in order that this may not take place at the expense and through the suppression of the personality of others, we must endeavor by a most thorough adjustment thereto, to extenuate and to make amends for the preponderance we strive to gain. Hence arose the first duty to make our ideas consort with theirs; hence arises now the second duty, in asserting our personality to acknowledge theirs and to approach every thing which belongs to it with the greatest care. Since now, according to our previous position, the highest virtue is also the highest prudence, it follows that this moral propriety or appropriateness in action, will be the surest means and the indispensable condition of success. It is this by which the *practical* man (in the higher and better sense of the word) distinguishes himself; and if his conduct always exhibits this feature, and he is by that means invariably successful, yet we should not simply ascribe to him prudence and forget the moral power of this quality. There are men of this sort, who inspire confidence at the first look, and for this reason; because while maintaining their own personality with dignity and with emphasis, they do not forget that modesty which yields to the personality of every other individual its fullest rights. Scarcely have these men undertaken to conduct a difficult matter, when difficulties disappear and opposition vanishes, because every one who observes their proceedings is convinced that his own interests will be advanced thereby. These are the men

who guide and govern social life: and from such an example as theirs we must take our start, in order to form a lively idea of the distinctive features of the orator. On the contrary there are men enough who are ever ready and anxious to accomplish some good end, but who, because they always bring forward their plans at an unsuitable season, and because they are not capable of adapting them to the peculiarities of those with whom they deal, are perpetually baffled in their plans and undertakings; good men, if you will, yet men who, beyond a doubt, stand in need of a higher moral cultivation. These are the genuine unrhethorical natures, well adapted to illustrate in the clearest manner, what the orator may not be.

As it applies to all moral activity, so does this law of propriety, hold good in rhetoric, and imparts to the rhetoric which is framed in accordance with it, certain characteristics which are of ethical origin, and which, at the same time, may be regarded as the best means of moving the hearer's heart.

In the first place, a discourse constructed in accordance with existing relations, will be so adapted to the capacity of the hearer, that it will neither tax it too severely nor leave it too little employed. For the capacity is dependent upon the knowledge and mental culture of the hearer; forming a very important part of his personality, which the orator is bound to respect, and which he will unpardonably offend if he wearies him with excessive obscurity or excessive simplicity in his discourse. And as a very complete acquaintance with his public is necessary in order to avoid both these errors, it is obligatory upon the orator to use all diligence in acquiring a knowledge of the same. Otherwise he will subject himself to the reproach of one who has undertaken a business, and has neglected to obtain the information necessary in the case. It is true indeed that among the same class of hearers the degree of culture attained will vary in each individual case; yet a middle course is not difficult to be found, and accordingly a fictitious general or normal hearer may be imagined, which may be kept constantly in view, and to which every thing may be addressed; by which device one may escape error in either of the directions adverted to.

When an orator is not in a position rightly to judge of his public, or is incapable of engaging its attention in a suitable

manner, we cannot regard it simply as a natural deficiency, nor express regret merely, but it must be viewed as a moral and a culpable deficiency; one is bound to observe such incompetence in one's self, and one should abandon an employment which is found to be beyond his reach: particularly as in most cases, perseverance and application would have compensated for what was lacking to him of native talent. And indeed were his native talents of the greatest, it would still and forever be impossible for him, to appreciate the habits of thought prevailing in a circle of cultivated hearers, and to adapt his own to the same, unless himself the possessor of a scientific and a learned education. This then he is under obligation to obtain; ignorance with him is to be considered as a defect in character, and to be visited as such with reprobation. And this shows us again how in the case of the orator the activity of all his mental faculties is under a moral guidance.

In the acquisition of a learned and scientific culture, we have absolutely no limit to propose to him; let him proceed as far as he can; let him keep pace with his age or outstrip it; only let him never forget that for him as orator, learning and science are simply means, not end, and that he should not make an exhibition of these various attainments at the expense of those moral ideas which must form the staple of his discourse. This would be in itself immoral as an exhibition of vanity: it would also be to overlook the capacity of the hearer, and would lead to the introduction of topics and discussion which would fatigue the attention of the public without any good result, or would give rise to indistinct ideas instead of clear conceptions; this would be the second and as is self-evident, the equally moral error which is forbidden by the canon of fitness in reference to the capacity of the hearer.

In this adaptation of the discourse to the capacity of the hearer, which, as we have seen, is of moral origin, we discover the first means of exciting the feelings. In order to promote the hearer's interest in a train of ideas, it is absolutely necessary that the activity required of him should not be wearisome; in that case, he would soon become tired of it, and relapse into an inactivity which would render fruitless all further attempts made to interest him by the orator. And should he be disposed to pay attention to a discourse which, by its obscurity, puts his faculties on the rack, yet these extraordinary efforts of his understanding will operate to suppress the activity of imagina-

tion and feeling, so that it will be impossible to affect them. In a similar manner, also, will attention flag, under an excessive simplicity of address, and the finer movements of the affections will ever refuse the bidding of a man who cannot satisfy even the understanding.

Here I must expect the objection, that the man who is prudent enough to make the above observations himself, needs nothing beyond this very prudence in order to act in accordance with them, and to adapt his discourse to the comprehension of the hearer—thus leaving the moral qualities of the orator entirely out of the question. We admit that, with many a demagogue in Athens and Rome, such might really have been the case: such an example, however, proves nothing for us; for there, if any one had ventured to utter any thing unintelligible, he would have been driven from the forum by the hootings of the impatient assembly. In such a situation, where the absolute necessity of following such a rule was apparent, one might, perhaps, dispense with the assistance of moral qualities, which, under other circumstances, are indispensable; but because, forsooth, a bad man is driven by constraint to adopt a particular course, it does not follow that there is nothing of a moral nature involved in it, and that, if restrictions were removed, both bad and good would succeed in it alike. Consider for a moment the pulpit orator of our day, whose relation to his hearers is far less restricted, their reaction upon him being by no means so offensive; how difficult, and, indeed, impossible it seems to be, often for men of the greatest wisdom, and not at all wanting in ability, to judge of the public, to keep their discourse at a just elevation, mounting neither too high nor descending too low for their hearers. Carried away by their own passion for scientific inquiry, they at one time imagine their hearers possessed of like interest and capacity with themselves; at another time, they sink into commonplace, and tediously repeat and prolong the discussion of points already clear to the hearer's mind: and is not the first an indication of excessive vanity, self-conceit—acknowledged offences against morality? And does not the next, as every lifeless adherence to custom, betray a want of wholesome energy of character?

Hence it appears, that this which is a very subordinate quality of eloquence, the adaptation of the discourse to the understanding of the hearer, cannot be acquired without the possession of moral excellence. Should I succeed in creating a conviction

of the correctness of this position, I doubt not, I shall have performed no trifling service for those youths who design devoting themselves to eloquence. Science and scholarship prepare them for an office, in which science and scholarship may no longer be the chief object of their exertions, but must be made secondary to the higher object which they are to aid in reaching. But it will be exceedingly difficult for them to understand that this is a higher object, so long as they are taught in their preparatory course that science and scholarship are absolutely highest, taking precedence of every thing, not excepting religion and morality themselves. Vainly now are they admonished to exclude every thing scientific in matter and in form from their discourses; they despise this canon, which, in their view, savors of a weak spirit of compliance, and which, in truth, is habitually denounced as such by their instructors. In the lack of a professor's chair, they appropriate the pulpit to such a use, and heroically attempt to draw up the people to the elevated sphere in which they float. If at last they recover from their folly, they frequently sink dispirited into flat and insipid commonplace. Now, if this adapting of one's discourse to the comprehension of the auditors is not a mere politic compliance, but a truly moral proceeding, if the opposite course is unjustifiable, and if the question is presented in this light to a youth of noble spirit, he will readily conform to a rule which he finds instead of lowering, only dignifies and exalts him.

But the law of fitness requires not merely that the discourse should be adapted to the understanding, but also that the entire individuality of the hearer, his situation, his relations, the circumstances which affect his destiny, and which especially concern him, should be observed by the orator. And this kind of adaptedness is far more difficult to secure than the first; for this, it is necessary that we should know and keep in view the manifold elements of which the social, moral, and religious condition of man is composed, namely, the circle of his ideas and his experiences, the conceptions which are familiar or unusual with him, the images with which his imagination is mostly occupied, the more or less accurate ideal of good he has formed of social, moral, and religious perfection, his virtues and vices, his wishes and appetites, together with those special situations which are the result of rank, of wealth, of political events, of the condition of one's country and the church.

This fitness of the discourse seems to have been admitted to be a means of exciting the affections (which, indeed, in their sense mean passions) by the best masters of rhetoric; at least, I should be able to assign no other reason why Aristotle (*Rhet.*, Lib. II., ch. 12-17) follows up his theory of the passions with a description of the moral condition of men as it is varied by their age, their rank, and their wealth, while he gives no clear account of any use which the orator is expected to make of this knowledge.

Cicero (*De Orat.* i. 5.), too, desires the orator to be an accomplished, sagacious man, who has comprehended the character of his hearers, their modes of thought, according to their age and rank; and he errs in this alone, that he expects from shrewdness and sagacity results which are best secured by morality. It is not at all impossible that a crafty spirit may succeed in discovering one or another weak side of a character, with the design of bringing it into leading-strings; yet, to gain an enlarged appreciation of the views, feelings, and condition of a man, so as to be able to operate with beneficent and ennobling results upon his character, something more than cunning is necessary; prudence, indeed, is necessary, but such a prudence as follows the guidance of conscientious feeling, and of a disinterested spirit which looks with a genial sympathy upon the various circumstances of men.

Nor may the knowledge thus attained of the hearer be employed to give countenance to his errors, or to flatter his passions; but it must be used in the excitement of his affections, first, negatively, in order to avoid every thing which would wound or offend the hearer, and in regard to things, which though at first view seemingly indifferent, might be disagreeable to him. Without such forethought, it is vain to think of exciting the affections. It is in vain to speak with warmth and emphasis, in vain to the hearer, himself perfectly well disposed to the truth you are presenting, if, on the road to the object which is sought to be gained, he is hindered or vexed by all sorts of annoyances, great and small. And this is not a faulty sensitiveness on his part, for the very demand I make upon him, to surrender himself up entirely to me in one respect, imposes upon me the duty of acting considerably towards him in every other respect, so far as possible. Hence it is the duty of the orator also, acting under the dictates of true moral wisdom, to circumvent all those obstacles which at the moment he

cannot overthrow—this is at once duty and wisdom. The apostle Paul, to attain his great objects the easier, practised this considerateness towards the prejudices of his contemporaries, and became *all things to all men that by all means he might save some*.

The orators of antiquity, with perhaps the single exception of Demosthenes, in their ignorance of the true ground upon which this obligation of propriety is based, practised a kind of artifice and coquetry, alike unbecoming in a person of dignity, as unsuited to the attainment of their end. When Cicero assumes an inability to recall the name of Polycletus (Verrina iv. 3, Wolf ad Leptineum, p. 300) and proceeds as if it had been called out to him by some one in the crowd, he intended, without doubt, by this show of ignorance of Grecian history, to signify his assent to the opinion of the citizens, namely, that it was unworthy of a statesman to occupy himself with such matters. For my own part, I can discern in it only an excuse for that compliance which in a right degree is proper to the orator—in this instance a moral wrong. Nor can I divine what advantage he could expect to derive from such toying who knew how to put in operation the most powerful of motives. But such is the fate of all such endeavors after an object which has been too narrowly conceived of; they become a mere effort after the form, without regard to substance. And this was early the fate of ancient oratory, because its moral element was overlooked, and because it was esteemed merely an instrument in attaining ambitious ends.*

If compliance pushed to such an extreme is to be condemned, so the opposite error, namely, that of offending against existing and unalterable relations among the hearers, is to be expounded as morally wrong and as unwise. An offence of this kind ruins at once the operation of the

most powerful discourse; and we need only examine the kind of dislike that is excited, in order to see, that it is not the result of a lack of acuteness or of productive genius in the orator, but far worse, of moral feeling. Were a public too obtuse to find cause of offence in such blunders (and this is the case oftener than we are apt to suppose), it might indeed lighten the labors of the orator in one respect, while in another it would impede them; for just as the public would be insensible to improprieties in the discourse, so it would fail to appreciate its fitness. Hence we cannot but desire, for the orator, an audience so refined as to take offence at the least unsuitable expression. If such is not to be found, then he must seek to elevate his public to that standing, by manifesting a degree of respect for it which it will soon learn to prize and to understand.

What he may venture upon, and what he must withhold, is a question to be decided not according to the conjectures of a worldly wisdom, but according to the principles of good morals; the severest and the strongest, if it is but appropriate, if by his office and his calling he is required to say it, will not prove offensive; it will not weaken, it will further the operation of the discourse and promote the feeling intended to be aroused. How refined was the feeling for appropriateness among the Athenians in the days of Demosthenes, and yet never did this orator hesitate to charge upon them with the greatest force and plainness their degeneracy, their errors and their weaknesses; and I am not aware that his success was at any time hindered by this frankness, interwoven as it plainly was with his love to his country and to its existing constitution. Much less should the pulpit orator hesitate truthfully to depict the corruption of the moral and religious nature of man, and to threaten the impenitent sinner with the

* An artifice of like character, only far more subtle and crafty, has been ascribed to Demosthenes, for the purpose of explaining the following passage in the oration for Kleophon: "For I," says the speaker to Aeschines, "and all them with me, call thee a hireling first of Philip and now of Alexander! If thou doubtest, put the question to the audience; or I will put it for thee:—Is it your opinion, O men of Athens! that Aeschines was a hireling, or a guest of Alexander? Thou hearest what they say." Here, say the Scholia, Demosthenes intentionally placed the accent falsely in pronouncing the word *μισθωτός*, and he announced the exclamation of the bystanders, who repeated the word with the correct accent, as an answer to his inquiry, and a declaration of their opinion that Aeschines was a hireling. This explanation has been received by many on the authority of the Scholia, and because the reader finds a certain entertainment in the discovery of such tricks in the orators; its correctness I must seriously question. Without doubt, that misplacement of the accent would have extremely offended the ears of the Athenians, and have brought out a clamor of corrections; but could even this mobile populace have suffered its words to have been perverted in its mouth, and framed into a decision adverse to Aeschines, when it simply aimed to correct the accents of Demosthenes? But leaving this, if we only reflect upon what is due to the known character of Demosthenes in explaining his orations, its dignity, if only the half of it be acknowledged, is sufficient to clear him of the suspicion of having employed such pitiable devices; let us reflect that in this most tragical hour of his existence, his intensely occupied soul might well have emitted lightning-thoughts, but not have trifled with accents. And besides, what were more natural than to conjecture in explanation of this passage, than that among the audience he had, even at the beginning, a strong party upon whom he could depend for an appropriate response? This far more suitable explanation is likewise found in the Scholia, who ascribe the response to Menander, the comic poet, one of the friends of the orator.

terrors of a future judgment. Whoever omits to do this for fear of estranging his hearers from him, overlooks the fact that the hearer involuntarily judges the orator by moral rules only, and grants to him to utter whatever he may utter with propriety;—that the most energetic reproofs will not wound him, if he but sees that they are justified by the relation in which the speaker stands to him; indeed that in the moral and religious nature of man there exists a certain tendency closely allied with the taste for the sublime and the terrific, by reason of which the hearer is better content with an abasement of his feelings, such as may lead to an improved state of mind, than with that superficial emotion which is caused by the approaches of the flatterer. Thus the renowned orator who preached before Louis XIV. and his court,—an audience which would never have forgiven the slightest impropriety, employed all the terrors of religion, and often exercised the full judicial power of their office, and always with great effect.

While the fitness of a discourse prevents any occasion of offence which might interfere with the desired movement of the feelings, it contributes, moreover, directly to promote such a movement. For example, if the orator confines himself to such thoughts, images and allusions as calls up to the hearer's memory his own experience and his own personal observations, the discourse must operate with greatly increased power. For the truth is thus not merely rendered clear to his mind, but whilst he associates it with all which he himself has thought and felt, it takes a hold upon his entire inner nature, and creates that very ferment and agitation which we have named the *affected condition*. Many an expression may be appropriate to the thoughts and intelligible to the hearer; there may however be still another, by the employment of which, a region of his thoughts before covered up in obscurity, may suddenly be brought to light, and which touches upon some of the manifold threads of which the web of his feelings is composed; this expression the orator should endeavor to find, and he is enabled to do this by studying his hearer under the influence of a true zeal for his welfare. Should he prefer to this a different style, as easier and more agreeable to himself, his course would be that of an egotist, and the inoperativeness of the discourse would be his just punishment. How powerful is the impression made by the wise use of the hearers' existing feelings, may be seen in

occasional discourses. In a sermon designed for the opening of a campaign, for a victory, or an occasion of public rejoicing, the preacher can take for granted in his hearers, with far greater certainty than on ordinary occasions when the relations are not so definite, certain prevalent views and opinions, certain hopes and fears, certain sentiments of joy and thankfulness; and if he can only in the exercise of a little wisdom, draw together all their different rays, and throw these upon the truth in hand as upon a focal point, he will make it exceedingly effective in the hearers' minds. Thus we explain why it is that the effects of discourses preached on feast days are often more decided than are those of the usual Sabbath-day sermons. It is because to the first, the hearer, however perverted he may be, nevertheless brings with him certain religious sentiments upon which the orator can easily fasten the thread of his discourse.

It is, moreover, a part of this matter of fitness that the speaker should never suffer himself to be elevated in his expressions, turns of thought and images, above the language of social intercourse among educated persons; even, if before an audience competent to follow in such a flight, and to understand more refined modes of expression. I am constrained to refer to this on account of those who expect by poetical ornament, by words which they have collected with great research from the dust of past centuries, and by constructions which are foreign to pure prose, to give their discourses a peculiar weight and dignity. This is, however, nothing more than a cold and powerless display, if indeed, as I take for granted, power means nothing but the efficacy of the discourse in affecting the mind. In the press of active life, under circumstances of deep affliction, in the calm hours of meditation, did ever the hearer express his thoughts and feelings to himself or to others in a highly figurative language, and in far-fetched modes of speech? Assuredly not. The expression which couples itself with the quiet movements of the mind as they present themselves in our consciousness, is ever noble as it is simple; if the orator therefore would penetrate into our inner life and renew there the traces of forgotten thoughts and feelings, if he would indeed *address us*, let him make use of the familiar and customary words in which we are wont to hold converse with ourselves. Every strange expression, every singular turn, hurries us as it were out of ourselves

instead of turning us inward, and the stream of inner harmonies, perhaps already brought to flow, is suddenly interrupted and dispersed. To this is added the feeling of dislike to a man who decks himself out with a parade of sounding phrases, which after all it is not difficult to gather up, instead of speaking to his own as well as to my real advantage in my own familiar language. Those very rare instances in which we choose a rare expression for an unusual thought, must here, of course, be excluded; but to allow one's self, without a very peculiar intention in view, to deviate in the slightest degree from the prevailing usage in language is, in my opinion, improper, contrary to a speaker's aim, and hence liable to a moral reproach.

The employment of the language of Scripture is by no means included in this expression of disapproval; on the contrary, if the expressions and figures of Holy Writ are not introduced simply to fill up a vacant place, but if retaining a sense of their true worth and power, they are inwrought into the discourse, their frequent use is to be recommended to pulpit orators, as a highly suitable and efficacious method of exciting the hearer's affection. Highly suitable; for Scripture language can never grow old, presenting as it does so many expressions full of meaning for the manifold conditions of life and of the human spirit, not a few of which are current proverbs in the language of every-day intercourse; and though religious education and the reading of the Bible, may, to some degree, be neglected, yet the orator may count securely upon having his thought understood far sooner in a Scriptural than in a philosophical garb. But the great power of Scripture language to move the affections, consists mainly in this, that in it the expression for the understanding, and that for the feeling is not distinct, as in human modes of presenting truth, but is always one and the same; the images of which it makes such frequent use, combine with the accuracy of an abstract terminology, the advantage of interweaving the idea into the web of human relations, and of associating it with all the conceptions which have power to work upon the emotional nature of man. They are a ray of combined light and heat that passes from the spirit into the heart, and how should it not inflame the whole man? If now it should happen, as indeed is often the case, that an expression drawn from Scripture, upon first acquaintance with it, or upon succeeding occasions, has awakened a

train of pious emotions, the speaker, as often as he fittingly introduces it, is enabled to call up that movement of the feelings which has already so often been connected with it, and thus, further, the operation of the truth he is discussing. On account of this great advantage, I should deem it advisable to use Scripture language even in those cases where we cannot presuppose an acquaintance with it on the part of the hearer, and where it has never, as yet, contributed to the awakening of his inner life; for thus by employing it more frequently, that more thorough acquaintance with it, and that influence upon the emotional nature which we have described, will by degrees be effected.

But now the thing which hinders the orator in thoroughly understanding his hearer's views, is learning to speak their own language, and in exciting the feelings by the appropriateness of his style: this again is naught but moral delinquency. Especially prominent is that self-pleasing vanity which desires only the gratification of expressing itself easily and agreeably, and which shuns the difficult and often violent effort which is needful in order to come forth out of one's self and enter sympathizingly into the circle of another's individuality. From this defect it is that, among other specimens of pulpit eloquence, we have those artfully constructed and flowery discourses, which, although in consequence of their adaptedness to work upon the hearer's fancy, they often receive enthusiastic commendation (thus men generally, under the blinding influence of their own vanity, fail to judge and to punish that of others so severely as it deserves), yet their idle trifling with thoughts and words can produce only an imbecile void; never a state of feeling favorable to great and noble decisions in the mind. In the next place we mention a kind of shyness unfavorable to this active method which is to be found in noble and refined natures, which embarrass them in entering upon the relations of their hearers, in grasping their hearts with a strong hand, and so in giving to their mode of discourse a fitness such as will move the emotions. In case the speaker entirely abandons himself to the truth under discussion, unfolds it with the greatest care, but touches only superficially and in general terms upon the relations under which it should be realized, so that he hits nowhere and hurts no one, then we may assuredly suspect the existence of this timidity. Similar reprobation, if no greater is deserved, and like enervating

effects are produced upon the style by too great concession on the part of the orator; if, ignoring his idea and his own personality, he busies himself only with his hearer's relations and preferences, in order to say something which will be appropriate and of good tendency; this is a low ambition which seeks perishable praise and not the true and imperishable glory of ennobling the nature of men; an orator who is chiefly led by such an impulse will often melt his hearers into weak sentiment, but will never kindle them into a true moral passion, for the glance of ideal truth by which alone this sentiment is to be reached, never breaks through the inclosures with which he surrounds it. Thus three wrong courses are indicated; that is, either becoming engrossed with one's self, or with the idea, or with the relations of the hearer exclusively; whenever a discourse claiming to be rhetorical inclines decidedly in one of these three directions, it is inappropriate and powerless. In order therefore to speak with entire propriety, the orator should so comprehend, combine, and mediate among the three diverse claims which his own personality, the idea, and the relation of his hearers make upon him, that each one of these demands would be satisfied without loss to either of the others; and this is conclusively nothing else than what is indispensable to a really virtuous transaction, in which a clear, continuous sense of our own personality, of the principle according to which, and the relations in which, we act, is absolutely requisite. The solution of this problem requires really great energy of character in rhetorical as well as in moral acts; and how justly they may be considered as of the same nature, appears in the fact that both the discourses, which are excellent in this respect, as also truly virtuous actions, are distinguished by no outward glare and brilliancy; for here, where three different elements are blended, their colors melt into each other; on the contrary, those faulty discourses, for the very reason that one of these elements appears prominent above the rest, let them but be composed with a little talent, may very readily possess a certain brilliancy, an object of admiration with the unintelligent, but which warms neither him nor any one besides.

Demosthenes, in this connection, deserves the highest praise with the least blame; for surely never an orator united with such a dignified assertion of his own personality, such a luminous development of his idea, and such a comprehensive view of the existing relations. And it is from this sustained combination of these three elements that his powerful and profoundly attractive simplicity arose; which would have disappeared the moment a separation of the lyric and philosophic parts from the matters of fact had taken place in his discourse. On the other hand, Cicero is far less deserving of the rank of a model of appropriateness; not as though he elevated himself above the comprehension of his hearers or uttered any thing unsuitable and violent; but because with him, now his personality, now the truth, and now the circumstances become too prominent, and the element at any time preponderating invariably throws the others into the shade. By this very failing he is found to possess a more showy coloring than Demosthenes, and can be understood, in the general, with far less effort and pains to penetrate the relations of his times.

Without in the least intending to compare Massillon with Demosthenes, or Bossuet with Cicero, they have these points of similarity: Massillon, like the Greek orator, without giving up himself or his idea, placed before his eyes in the fullest manner the life of his hearers; on the contrary, Bossuet, and indeed (as I suspect) on account of an inferior purity of character, almost entirely overlooked this last consideration. Hence men were carried away by Massillon and forgot to admire him, the best praise an orator can receive; on the contrary, Bossuet in his sublimest flights can only excite a cold admiration, or at most a ferment of the imaginative powers, entirely useless for moral ends. If, moreover, the French themselves almost universally prefer Bossuet to Massillon, this only shows, what appears from many other decisions of their critics, how little they understand and appreciate what of real excellence they have among them.

OUR EXODUS FROM JERICO.

A RAZORIAL RHAPSODY.

"HAIR."—*Ben Jonson.*"BEARD."—*Shakespeare.*"DON MUSTACHIOS."—*The Spaniard.*

THE news of the day is not one of the recognized departments of "Putnam's Monthly," but there is one local fact so striking—so patent, in the face and under the eyes of the people, that we step aside to make it History.

So some fat band-leader, hidden by his trombone—oblivious as to his boots—reckless as to his path—purple as to his face, and puffed out as to his cheeks to such extent that his beard looks straggling; will sometimes intermit his professional labors, to give—perhaps a glance at his following—perhaps a moment to his handkerchief—perhaps a turn to his perched-up music-book—perhaps an unexpected attention to some too prominent vocal and personal imitator among the urchins, and then fall back to his spasmodic sound-volcano, as if his tortured lips had never before quitted the sonorous metal since they were transferred from the maternal bosom.

Be it known then, that this instant month of March, 1854,—the time of gestation of the current number of "Putnam's Monthly;" to wit, Number XVI.—is to be known for all time, and noted by all future Valentines, as the month of incipient mustachios! One half the men you meet in New-York to-day (be it kalends, nones, or ides of March), shave not their lips. The hirsute growth of one half of these is not yet long enough to begin to turn down, or is down, downy, and not begun to turn to any thing else. Of this half, one half left off shaving this week, half of whom stopped day before yesterday! (Let the wise and statistical air of this statement make up for its concealed looseness and unimportance; it will not be the first trial of such an expedient.) So one sixty-fourth of the face of nature (human nature, of course, in cities) is in a mere cloudy state; or in other words, the reform is *in nubibus*. One thirty-second part bears hairs that look as if they had come out wrong end first, or were in a surprised state at not finding themselves nipped in the bud. One sixteenth is in stubble of all sorts and shades, and one eighth, in all, is now unchecked in its persistent efforts to produce the crop that needs no planting. As is clear to

every deep thinker and political economist, (and to whom else need we try to speak?) this leaves one half to be counted as minors, and one quarter as adult females, among whom the beard is of no account. Not that they oppose by indifference, the great movement. No, bless them! They are right now, as always. To be sure, as a class, they say "horrid," but it is with an air that rather helps than hinders its progress; an air that says, "we set our faces against it," and so suggests charming pictures. They like beards, but each very much prefers to have some one to carry hers for her. The *Múσταξ* is a tax she likes not to have imposed on herself, though hirsute she likes to see her suitor.

The rubicund is past (as Brown said when he handed the claret to Jones), and the manly is attained. The crisis has arrived—the climax of the shaving edifice has been reached; let us hope no annihilator may be nigh when it is set fire to. Its fall is begun. The "Emollient," the "Military," the "Cream" and the divers other shaving-soap factories may cease to offend olfactories—may boil their last boiling—ley their last ashes—in sackcloth, if they like. There shall be no more lather. The nose of the razor-strop man is out of joint, and he had better raise a moustache, himself, to hide it. Razor factories need no longer raise their hideous heads, for we no longer raze ours. The barbers' poles shall be hereafter seen only in collections of antique curiosities. The barbarous walls of Jericho are trembling, and we have tarried there long enough. We are coming out. Every day of this blessed month has seen a delivery. It is as if thirty-one gates had been opened and from each of them Nature has received a cloud of returning children; the new roughness of their lips gratifying her, as they each kissed her fair hands in repentant submission, with a titillation that has brought tears from her eyes and great sighs from her bosom unceasingly. Vide the weather-gauge.

The modest and conservative person now addressing the public held out with an obstinacy of opposition that seems incredible when looked back upon. Ever

since he first scraped an acquaintance with his chin, had he each morning, thwarted the purposed kindness of Nature, and each night had she come again with her gentle, timid offering—it often reviled and cursed, but she never disheartened. How I thank thee, kind mother, that on no morning of those weeks, and months, and years, didst thou turn away, saying "Go to, scoffer! I come nigh thee and thy fellows no more!" Think of the loud consternation, if thou, repulsed and insulted, hadst turned away thy face from us; thyself from our faces! But no, indeed, that is not like thee! Thine erring and rebellious child laid down his arms—his sharp blade and his leather—and instantly it was to him almost as if he had never taken them up. A tear trickles down and mingles with thy gift as he thinks of these things—a simple tribute to its generous and unmerited luxuriance.

Mystax, as has been hinted, is a Greek word. Thence, by most obvious gradations, have we *my-tax* (semper-matutinally submitted to) and *meat-axe*; an allusion to the sharpened, gaunt, and polished appearance of my jaws after the amercement. Some go still farther, and trace it to the *moustache*, and the *mystery* it is that we have enslaved ourselves so long; but I am not one of those who profit in distant philological analogies.

"Let not the corners of your whiskers be marred, When it's so much handsomer and healthier and easier and cheaper and better every way to go bearded like the pard."

These two lines of poetry, drawn (by an imminent modern poet) with much research, the first line from the Bible and the last from Shakespeare, show the whole case in a few words and a clear light. Not to speak of the two influential authorities adduced, what can more clearly express the (growing) necessity of having some insuperable distinction between the sexes? And look at its allusion to the influence on children! How necessary to them to have some emblem of the strength of "par" as contra-distinguished from the gentle smoothness of "mar"!

How art thou fallen, oh thou razor; now raise thyself if thou canst! Little didst thou think when last I shut, with its usual and peculiar "phlemp" thy leathern case; that the rattle thou gavest was against the sides of thy coffin—that thou quittedst my œsophagus for thy sarcophagus! So when some poor, crest-fallen cur, a mongrel rough and valueless, comes trotting soft behind his lord, obedient, and suspecting nought till on the bridge, the which they've passed a hundred times on other days, the keystone

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reached, amazed he sees his master stop, and crouching low lay hands on him, with what intent he can but dream. With upturned eyes and piteous cries he feels the rope his neck about. Then if his master softens down, so is our simile carried out. Yes, razor; from destruction I spared thee, for the sake of the affection with which in my boyhood I regarded thee; but never shalt thou be unsepulchred, but for low and menial services; to cut another growth than that thou hast heretofore reaped, and not, like that, one that is spontaneous and thrives without cultivation. It is, however, a meek plant, that loves to be oppressed, and that is fostered by abuse. It is the corn! With this must thou be contented, for even this is only a temporary salvation from utter oblivion. When nature ceases to be maltreated even in her care of our foundations, then thou shalt indeed be laid up. But good sense descends to us, so I am afraid that about our feet thou hast a long office to perform before it gets down there. After that, shalt thou be even as an unmatched scissor, or an old bachelor—thy fang removed (across the poker) and thy cold brightness dimmed with the rust of neglect. Perhaps my great-grandchildren may sometimes climb prattling upon my knees, touching with reverent hands my mouth's bleached curtain, and say, "show us the razor, Grandpa, and tell us all about it." Then will it be held up to fresh marvel that these things should have been. And at some of those times thou wilt be forgotten to be put back, and wilt go unheeded to that bourne, "lost," which is the ultimate destination of all manufactured things—an insatiable grave—a bottomless pit, from which nothing ever comes out, and where so few things ever are heard of.

"Some traveller there may find thy bones,
Whitening amid disjointed stones;
And, ignorant of man's cruelty,
Marvel such relics there should be."

But enough. It is history. Monthly, return to thy trombone. Blow thine own trumpet—my pipes are broken.

It has been reserved for this great nation to complete the beard reform, and restore man to his primitive manliness. The clergy are at last aroused to the importance of the great movement of the age, and are about to beard the lion in the pulpit. We had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Orson Truman in the street, when that zealous gentleman put his hands to his face to hide his bald and emaculate-looking jowls. He informed

us that he had set the day for burying the razor, after which he should allow his beard to grow as God intended, feeling ashamed to acknowledge that the loose fish of society, the artists, authors, pick-pockets, musicians, reporters, editors, gold-miners, Hungarian patriots, and other

picturesque vagabonds had got the start of the clergy in commencing the great reform, in going back to Nature, and throwing off the effeminate habits of a corrupt, and luxurious century. The beard movement may be looked upon as fairly inaugurated.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman in the moonlight, there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane
He envies me my brilliant lot,
And blows his aching fists in vain,
And wishes me a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks, how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smiles he sees me win,
Nor our host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble—watery—thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance
The galley slave of dreary forms.

O! could he have my share of din
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

A CHAT ABOUT PLANTS.

LONG years ago I was in the Holy Land. It was the last day I was to spend near Jerusalem, and as the sun sank towards the blue waters of the Mediterranean, I found myself once more sitting on the banks of the Jordan. The air was perfectly calm; the tolling of a convent bell came faintly over the plain from Bethlehem, and mingled its well-beat cadences with the gentle, playful murmuring of the sacred stream at my feet. By my side sat an Arab, tranquilly following with his eye the light clouds of his pipe, as they gracefully rose up in the clear, blue ether, but apparently buried in deep thought. Abu Abdallah was his name; so I said, "Abu Abdallah, do you believe in God?" "Thou sayest it, oh brother!" was his quiet answer. "But Abu Abdallah, I fear you do not believe that your soul is immortal;" for the old Arab, though my friend for the while, was a sad thief, and when he swiftly rode through the desert, there were voices heard, it was said, mournful voices of men, who called for the sweet life he had taken from them. He gazed at me for an instant from the depth of that unfathomable eye, the precious heirloom of a son of the Orient, but vouchsafed not a word. I was struck by his silence, and asked again. "Oh brother, oh brother, thou wrongest me!" he said, and quietly rising, he seized upon a little shapeless mass, that lay half hid in the fragrant herbs at our feet, and gently pushing it into the purling stream, he added: "Has not the God of our fathers, whose prophet is Mahomet, given us the Rose of Jericho? And does not my brother, who reads the books of the wise men of the Franks, know that the burning sands of the desert are its home, and that it delights in the fiery winds of the west, which scatter the caravan, and strew the sands of the Sahara with the bones of the traveller? There it grows, and blossoms, and our children love it. But the season comes again, and it withers and dies. And the dread simoom rises, and seizes the dry, shrivelled roots, that my brother beholds there, and on the wings of the tempest the Rose of Jericho rides far far east, until it falls upon holy soil. Now let my brother wait and he shall see!"

And we did wait, waited until the shadows grew long, and dreamy dusk covered mountain and plain. And the little shapeless mass became a miracle indeed, and right before our eyes! The roots had expanded, the leaves had un-

folded, life and breath had returned to the dead child of the Sahara, and the very blossoms began to show, and to rival the faint rosy tints of the evening sun!

I never forgot that lesson of immortality—I never forgot that Rose of Jericho. On my return to Europe I learned that botanists called it "*Anastatica*," the flower of resurrection. I wished to know more about it, and that was the way I first learned something about plants.

I found botany very little attractive—very little deserving of its ancient name of the "lovely science." I found that botanists would go out into the fields, their text-books in their pockets, and gather the tender children of Flora into huge masses, then dry them and classify them, describe their head-dress and uniform, their rank and dignity, and finally deposit them in magnificent herbariums. There they were, well dried and well pasted, clad, to be sure, in all the pomp and circumstance of high-sounding names—so much Latin hay. But where was their color and graceful shape? where the breath of air that made them gently wave to and fro? where the sweet perfumes they gratefully sent up to their Maker? where the bright water at their side, in which they reflected their lovely form? where the whole glorious scene for which they were intended by Nature, and to which they lent, in return, life and beauty?

Thus it was that botanists of old collected the material only—not without bestowing unceasing industry upon it, not without making unheard of sacrifices, often of the very lives of devoted laborers in that field of science—but they were content with a form only and a name. They were like the French officer, who in one, I forget which, of the French revolutions, came to Rome and there had the good fortune to discover a precious inscription on a monument, dating far back into antiquity. Proudly, and carefully, he detached one bronze letter after another, then slipped them into a bag, and sent them to the antiquarians of Paris to be deciphered.

But there have arisen, within the last thirty years especially, men who have studied plants with the view, not only to know who they were, but rather what they were, how they lived and how they died, what their relation was to the world, and what their purpose in the great household of Nature. Kindred sciences have lent their aid; the microscope has laid

open the innermost recesses of plants; travellers have brought home new, generalizing views, and an insight has at last been gained into the life of the vegetable world. Great, startling discoveries have there been made, new truths and new beauties have been revealed to us, and natural science has unfolded the most delicate resources and most curious relations in the vegetable kingdom.

Thus we have learned, that it is a fallacy—to be sure as old as botany itself—that plants have no motion. Old Aristotle, it is true, had a curious idea, that they were buried in deep slumber, out of which nothing could awake them, and that thus by a kind of enchantment, they were spell-bound, until the great word should be spoken, that was to restore to them life and motion. Modern science also teaches that the characteristic of organic bodies is independent motion, that of inorganic, rest. But plants have both life and motion; we dare not as yet say whether it be the effect of a mere dream, of a mechanical pressure from without, or of instinctive life within. For what do we as yet know of the simplest functions of the inner life of plants? Who has not, however, observed how the pale sap courses through the colossal stems of gigantic trees and the delicate veins of a frail leaf, as rapidly and marvellously as through the body of man? Take a microscope and you will see the plant full of life and motion. All its minute cells are filled with countless little currents, now rotatory and now up and down, often even apparently lawless, but always distinctly marked by tiny grains which are seen to turn in them or to rise without ceasing. In this world nothing is motionless, says a modern philosopher. Let the air be so still, that not a breath shall be felt to creep through it, and yet the forest leaves will seem stirred as if in silent prayer. The earth moves small things and great, all obey the same law, and the little blade of grass goes around the sun as swiftly as the tallest pine. The very shadow dances, as if in idle mockery, around the immovable flower, and marks the passing hours of sunshine.

But plants move not only where they stand—they travel also. They migrate from land to land, sometimes slowly, inch by inch, then again on the wings of the storm. Botanists tell us of actual migrations of plants, and a successive extension of the domain of particular floras, just as we speak of the migration of idioms and races. Individual plants, however, travel only as man ought to travel, when they

are young. If they have once found a home, they settle quietly down, grow, blossom, and bear fruit. Therefore it is, that plants travel only in the seed. For this purpose, seeds possess often special organs for a long journey through the air. Sometimes they are put, like small bombshells, into little mortars, and fired off with great precision. Thus arise the well-known emerald rings on our greenswards, and on the vast prairies of the West, which some ascribe to electricity, whilst the poet loves to see in them traces of the moonlight revels of fairies. The truth is scarcely less poetical. A small circular fungus squats down on a nice bit of turf. It prospers and fills with ripening seed. When it matures, it discharges the tiny balls, already mentioned, in a circle all around, and then sinks quietly in the ground and dies. Another season, and its place is marked by an abundance of luxuriant grass, feeding upon its remains, whilst around it a whole ring of young fungi have begun to flourish. They die in their turn, and so the circle goes on enlarging and enlarging, shifting rapidly, because fungi exhaust the soil soon of all matter necessary for their growth, and closely followed by the rich grass, that fills up their place, and prevents them from ever retracing their steps.

A similar irritability enables other plants also to scatter their seeds far and near, by means of springs bent back, until a breath of wind, a falling leaf, or the wing of an insect, causes them to rebound, and thus to send the pollen with which they are loaded often to a great distance. The so-called Touch-me-not balsam scatters its ripe seeds, by such a contrivance, in all directions, and the squirting cucumber is furnished, for the same purpose, with a complete fire-engine. Some of the geraniums, also, of our greenhouses have their fruit-vessels so curiously constructed, that the mere contact with another object, and frequently the heat of the sun alone, suffices to detach the carpels, one by one, with a snapping sound, and so suddenly as to cause a considerable jerk, which sends the seeds far away.

Other fruit-vessels again, have, as is well known, contrivances the most curious and ingenious, by which they press every living thing that comes near them into their service, and make it convey them whithersoever they please. Every body is familiar with the bearded varieties of wheat and other grain; they are provided with little hooks which they cunningly insert into the wool or hair of grazing cattle, and thus they are carried

about until they find a pleasant place for their future home. Some who do not like to obtain services thus by hook and crook, succeed by pretended friendship, sticking closely to their self-chosen companions. They cover their little seeds with a most adhesive glue, and when the busy bee comes to gather honey from their sweet blossoms, which they jauntily hang out to catch the unwary insect, the seeds adhere to its body, and travel thus on four fine wings through the wide, wide world. Bee fanciers know very well the common disease of their sweet friends, when so much pollen adheres to their head that they cannot fly; and must miserably perish, one by one, under the heavy burden which these innocent-looking plants have compelled them to carry. We have but little knowledge as yet of the activity of life in the vegetable world, and of its momentous influence on the welfare of our own race. Few only know that the gall-fly of Asia Minor decides on the existence of ten thousands of human beings. As our clippers and steamers carry the produce of the land from continent to continent, so these tiny sailors of the air perform, under the direction of Divine Providence, the important duty of carrying pollen, or fertilizing dust, from fig-tree to fig-tree. Without pollen, there come no figs, and, consequently, on their activity and number depends the productiveness of these trees; they, therefore, regulate in fact the extensive and profitable fig trade of Smyrna. A little, ugly beetle of Kamschatka has, in like manner, more than once saved the entire population of the most barren part of Greenland from apparently unavoidable starvation. He is a great thief in his way, and a most fastidious gourmand, moreover. Nothing will satisfy him on a long winter evening—and we must charitably bear in mind that these evenings sometimes last five months without interruption—but a constant supply of lily bulbs. The lilies are well content with this arrangement, for the being eaten is as natural to them as to a Feejee-islander; and they are, as compensation, saved from being crowded to death in a narrow space, whilst those that escape the little glutton, shoot up merrily, next summer, in rich pastures. Still better content are the Greenlanders; for, when their last mouthful of meat, and their last drop of train-oil are gone, they dig and rob the little, provident beetle of his carefully hoarded treasure, and, by its aid, manage to live until another season. It is thus that we see every where the beautiful and close

bonds of love connecting even those parts of creation, that seem to be without sense or voluntary motion, humble subjects of the dominion of the elements, and which yet respond to the action of those mysterious powers, that rule, under God, in nature. The flower opens its gorgeous chalice, filled with rich honey, to the tiny insect; the insect, in return, carries the fructifying pollen to the flower's distant mate, and thus propagates it anew. The herbs of the field send forth their luxuriant tufts of leaves for the browsing cattle, and sheep and oxen carry the seed in their hides from meadow to meadow. The trees themselves, planted by stones that birds have dropped, grow and flourish until "they are strong, and the height thereof reaches unto heaven, and the beasts of the field have shadow under it, and the fowls of heaven dwell in the boughs thereof."

When neither quadruped nor insect can be coaxed or forced to transport the young seeds that wish to see the world, they sometimes launch forth on their own account, and trust to a gentle breeze or a light current of air, rising from the heated surface of the earth. It is true, nature has given them wings to fly with, such as man never yet was skilful enough to devise for his own use. The maple—our maple, I mean—has genuine little wings, with which it flies merrily about in its early days; others, like the dandelion and the anemone, have light downy appendages, or little feathery tufts and crowns, by which they are floated along on the lightest breath of air, and enjoy, to their heart's content, long autumnal wanderings. These airy appendages are marvelously well adapted for the special purpose of each plant: some but just large enough to waft the tiny grain up the height of a molehill, others strong enough to carry the seed of the cedar from the low valley to the summit of Mount Lebanon. The proudest princes of the vegetable kingdom often depend for their continuance on these little feathery tufts, which but few observers are apt to notice. A recent writer tells us that, a few years ago, the only palm-tree the city of Paris could then boast of, suddenly blossomed. Botanists were at a loss how to explain the apparent miracle, and skeptics began to sneer, and declared that the laws of nature had failed. An advertisement appeared in the papers, inquiring for the unknown mate of the solitary tree. And behold, in an obscure court-yard away off, there had lived, unknown and unnoticed, another small palm; it also had blossom-

ed apparently alone, and in vain—but a gentle breeze had come, and carried its flower-dust to its distant companion, and the first palm-flowers ever seen in France were the result of this silent mediation.

Reckless wanderers, also, there are among the plants, who waste their substance, and wildly rove about in the world. The rose of Jericho, which we have already noticed, and a club moss of Peru, are such erratic idlers that wander from land to land. When they have blossomed and borne fruit, and when the dry season comes, they wither, fold their leaves together, and draw up their roots, so as to form a light, little ball. In this form they are driven hither and thither on the wings of the wind, rolling along the plains in spiritlike dance, now whirling in great circles about, now caught by an eddy and rising suddenly high into the air. It is not until they reach a moist place that they care to rest a while, but then they settle down at once, send down their roots, unfold their leaves, assume a bright green, and become quiet, useful citizens in their own great kingdom of plants.

There are, however, thousands of plants that have neither servants nor wings to gratify their wishes, and who seem condemned to see their offspring die at their feet. But here again we see how the resources of nature are always far superior to the apparent difficulty. These very seeds which seemed so hopelessly lost, often travel fastest of all; they travel on the wings of birds. The latter steal our fruit, our cherries and grapes; they carry them off to some convenient place, eat the pulpy part, and drop the stone with the seed in it, where it is most likely to find a genial soil and a sheltered home. Even their evil propensities must thus serve the purposes of nature. Jays and pies, it is well known, are fond of hiding grains and acorns among grass or moss and in the ground, and then, poor things, forget the hiding place, and lose all their treasure. Squirrels, also marmots and mice, bury nuts under ground, and often so deep that neither light nor warmth can reach the hidden grain. But then comes man, and cuts down the pinewood, and lo! to the astonishment of all, a young coppice of oaks shoots up, and the wonder is, where all the acorns have so suddenly come from. It is not without its ludicrous side, to see even the ingenuity of men baffled by these unconscious but faithful servants of nature. We are told that the Dutch, with a sublime kind of political wisdom, destroy the plants which produce our nutmeg, for the purpose of keeping up

their monopoly, and high prices into the bargain, by the limited amount of the annual produce, which is entirely in their own hands. With this view, they cut down every tree of the kind in the Molucca Islands, where it was originally indigenous, and punish, to this day, with the severest penalties the mere possession of a nut. But it so happens that a little bird of the same Moluccas also is fond of these nuts; and as the air cannot very well be guarded and watched, even by Dutch ingenuity, he insists upon eating them, and carries the seed to distant islands of the ocean, causing the stupid Hollanders infinite trouble and annoyance.

Seeds that have not learned to fly with their own or other people's wings, it seems are taught to swim. Trees and bushes which bear nuts, love low grounds and river banks. Why? Because their fruit is shaped like a small boat, and the rivulet playing with its tiny ripples over silvery sands, as well as the broad wave of the Pacific, carry their seed alike, safely and swiftly, to new homes. Rivers float down the fruits of mountain regions, into deep valleys and to far off coasts, and the Gulf Stream of our own Atlantic carries annually the rich products of the torrid zone of America to the distant shores of Iceland and Norway. Seeds of plants growing in Jamaica and Cuba have been gathered in the quiet coves of the Hebrides. The fruit of the red bay has the form of a pirogue; at first it sinks to the bottom, but nature has given it a small hole in the upper part; a little air-bubble forms there, and causes it to rise again. The gigantic cocoa-nut itself, weighing not rarely more than five pounds, but air-tight in its close shell, and buoyant by its light, fibrous coat, is thus drifted from island to island, and rides safely on the surges of the ocean from the Seychelles to the distant coast of Malabar. There it lodges, and germinates in the light moist sand, so that the Indians of old fancied that they grew under water, and called them sea cocoas. A still more striking provision of nature is this, that there are some seeds of this kind so exquisitely adjusted to their future destination, as to sink in salt water, while they swim with safety in sweet water.

Large vegetable masses even travel on the great waters of the ocean. Compact fields of marine plants are occasionally met with in the Southern seas, and on the coast of Florida, large enough to impede the progress of vessels, and filled with millions of crustaceae. They are not

unfrequently so firm and so extensive as to afford a building place for the nests of aquatic birds and for quadrupeds, who thus float at the mercy of wind and waves to their new, unknown home. Amid the Philippine Islands, also, after a typhoon, floating islands are fallen in with, consisting of matted plants and wood, with tall, old trees, growing on them. These strange, insular rafts, are carried along by swift currents, or wafted onward by the slightest breath of air which fans the foliage of their dense woods, until, after a passage of weeks or months, they land, like a new ark, on some distant shore.

But we need not go to far-off countries to see plants wandering about in the world: our own gardens afford us, though on a smaller scale, many an instance of the recklessness of these very plants that are so much commiserated because they cannot move about and choose their own home. Every casual observer even knows that many bulbs, like those of crocus, tulips or narcissus, rise or sink by forming new bulbs above or below, until they have reached the proper depth of soil which best suits their constitution—or perhaps their fancy. Some orchids have a regular locomotion: the old root dies, the new one forms invariably in one and the same direction, and thus they proceed onwards year after year, though at a very modest, stage-coach rate. Strawberries, on the contrary, put on seven-league boots, and often escape from the rich man's garden to refresh the weary traveller by the wayside. Raspberries, again, mine their way stealthily under ground, by a subterranean, molelike process; blind, but not unguided, for they are sure to turn up in the brightest, sunniest spot they could have chosen, had their eyes been wide open, and their proceedings above ground.

As if in return for the manifold services which plants require and receive from their fellow creatures, they show kindness of their own to animal life, and shelter and feed the most timid as well as the noblest of beings, with the hospitality of their generous life. In early childhood already we are taught, that even the smallest of seeds, the mustard seed, grows up to be a tree, "in whose branches the fowls of the heavens have their habitation," that "both Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, all the days of Solomon," and that Deborah, the prophetess, "dwelt under a palm-tree." Modern science has furnished us numerous striking and detailed instances of the great variety of life, which is thus intimately connected with the vegetable kingdom.

It is not only that the plaintive nightingale sings in the murmuring poplar, whilst the gay butterfly loves the sweet-scented rose, that the sombre yew hides the owl's nest, and the dark northern pine harbors the fur-clad squirrel. Animals, invisible to the naked eye, have been found to float in the sap of trees, and even the smallest moss has its own tiny insect, which it boards and lodges. Aphides and gall insects live, in every sense of the word, on the leaves of plants, flies and butterflies on their flowers, and ants and worms crowd upon them, after death, in countless multitudes. Every plant, moreover, is inhabited by some insect, to which it affords an exclusive home. Many caterpillars are born and die with the leaf on which they live, whilst, on the other hand, the proud monarch-oak alone supports seventy different kinds of insects—a swarm, which sets all measurement at defiance, and, moreover, replaces by numbers and the enormous voracity with which they are endowed, what they want in bodily magnitude.

Already Pliny was surprised to see small ants run up the tall cypress, and devour its rich fruit with surprising avidity; he wondered that so insignificant an insect should be allowed to destroy the seed of the largest tree of his country. But plants have to support guests of every size and shape. The butterfly and its less gaudy relations, drink with their long trunks sweet honey out of gorgeously colored flower-cups; four-winged bees carry away the precious dust of anthers in large spoons, fastened to their thighs; gall insects pierce with sharp daggers the tender leaf, drink its refreshing juice, and deposit their eggs in the delicate texture; beetles gnaw and saw with a hundred curiously shaped instruments through the hardest wood of noble trees; naked, helpless-looking worms make the very trunk their cover and their home, and with sharp augers often destroy whole forests. The ingenious ant of South America has its winter residence in the warm ground, and its cool summer house on tall plants. For there grows on the banks of the Amazon River a gigantic reed, nearly thirty feet high, which is frequently crowned with a large ball of earth, like the golden globe on the utmost end of a lofty church steeple. This is the comfortable home of myriads of ants, which retire to these safe dwellings, high and dry, at the time of rains and during the period of inundation, rising and descending in the hollow of the reed, and living on what they find swimming on the surface of the water. Another

curious lodger of a South American plant is the famous cochineal bug, well known from the precious red color, that bears its name, and which it draws from a certain cactus until its body becomes impregnated with the brilliant scarlet. It is probably the most sedentary of all insects, making but one short journey in early life, and then settling down for ever upon one and the same spot. As soon, namely, as the young insect leaves its egg, it manifests great activity and a restless desire to travel. But alas! it finds itself upon a prickly, thorny stem, hanging high in the air, and in contact with no other. But nature soon comes to its aid, and sends a small spider to spin a silken thread from branch to branch. Upon this slender, trembling bridge, the young cochineal wanders boldly out to a new world, seeks a promising spot, deliberately sinks its fragile trunk into the juicy leaf—and never draws it back again, drinking, drinking, like a toper as he is, through his whole existence.

Even larger inhabitants are often found on quite small plants. Thus England produces a slight but well-supported thistle, which is frequently found to have little elaborate nests hanging down, at an elevation of a few inches from the ground. These contain not insects, but mice, though of the smallest variety known, and are occasionally large enough to hold as many as nine young ones, carefully stowed away and well secured against all enemies and dangers.

Birds seem, of course, the most natural lodgers of plants; they find there abundance of nourishment, all the material for building their nests, and a well-protected home. The eagle gathers the knotted branches of oaks or pines, to bring up his fierce brood upon the hard, uncushioned couch; the thorn tears a handful of wool from the passing sheep, for its tiny inhabitants, and the despised mullein covers its broad leaves with the softest of downs, to line the bed of the delicate children of the humming bird. There is probably no bush and no tree, that has not its own, particular bird; every where do the fowl of the air find a foliage, thicker or thinner, to shelter them against rain, heat and cold; a hollow trunk affords safe and warm lodgings; soft moss carpets their dwellings, and insects and worms swarm around, to offer, at the same time, food in abundance. They give, in return, life and sound to the immovable plant. Song birds of many kinds perch and sing their beautiful anthems on every spray; locusts thrill their monotonous and yet pleasing note among

a world of leaves through long summer noons, and the katy-did utters its shrill cry during sultry nights. They all love their home, making it their dwelling by night and by day, and many are the instances in which birds, that had long lived in certain trees, have died from home-sickness, when they were felled.

Monkeys also, it is well known, are frugivorous animals, and by their food as well as by the peculiar structure of their body, so closely bound to trees that they but seldom leave them. The tree-frog clings to the rugged trunk, mingling its faded colors with those of the bark, and feasting upon the insects hid in each crevice. The unsightly sloth fastens its enormous claws to the branches, and passes thus, head downward, with astounding alacrity, from tree to tree; whilst even the black tiger of South America, finding the undergrowth too dense and impenetrable, lives on trees, and coursing on his bloody race, leaps from branch to branch, until he has hunted down his exhausted prey.

Nor has man himself neglected to avail himself of trees, as a dwelling or a home. Already Lucinius Mutianus, an ex-Consul of Lycia, took special pleasure in feasting twenty-one guests in a hollow plane-tree; and modern travellers tell us of a gigantic Boabal in Senegambia, the interior of which is used as a public hall for national meetings, whilst its portals are ornamented with rude, quaint sculptures, cut out of the still living wood. The sacred fig-tree of India, which, as Milton says,

"Branching so broad along, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar's shade
High overarch'd, with echoing walks between,"

is worshipped as sacred, and the lazy, helpless priest, the Bonre, builds himself a hut, not unlike a bird's cage, in its branches, where he spends his life, dreaming in contemplative indolence, under its cool, pleasant shade. Nay, whole nations live in the branches of trees. There is a race of natives of South America, west of the mouth of the Orinoco, the Guaranis, who have never yet been completely subdued, thanks mainly to their curious habitations. The great Humboldt tells us, that they twine most skillfully the leafstalks of the Mauritius palm into cords, and weave them with great care into mats. These they suspend high in the air from branch to branch, and cover them with clay; here they dwell, and in a dark night the amazed and bewildered traveller may see the fires of their dwellings high in the tops of lofty trees.

More civilized countries even have not left us without similar, though isolated instances of men who have found a dwelling in the trees of the forest. Evelyn tells us of the huge trunk of an oak in Oxfordshire, which served long as a prison for felons; and he who lived in the shades of old Selborne so lovely and sweet, mentions an elm on Blechington Green, which gave for months reception and shelter to a poor woman, whom the inhospitable people would not receive into their houses. When she reappeared among them he says, she held a lusty boy in her arms. Men are, however, more frequently buried than born in trees. The natives of the eastern coast of Africa, hollow out soft, worm-eaten Baobabs, and bury in them those who are suspected of holding communion with evil spirits. Their bodies, thus suspended in the dry chambers of the trunk, soon become perfect mummies. The Indians of Maine had a more touching custom of the kind. They used to turn up a young maple-tree, place the body of a dead chief underneath, and then let the roots spring back, thus erecting a sylvan monument to his memory.

Thus it is that vegetable and animal life go hand in hand, showing that beautiful bond of love, which pervades all nature, even in its minor parts; where there is life, there are plants, and on land and on water, on the loftiest mountain top, and in the very bowels of the earth, every where does man find a plant to minister to his support and enjoyment, every where he sees plants quietly and mysteriously perform their humble duty in the great household of nature. Plants alone—it would at first sight appear—have no home, for they seem to be at home every where. Turn up the soil, where you will, to any depth, and such a rich abundance of vegetable life is mixed with the loam, that almost instantaneously plants innumerable spring up from seeds, which may have lain slumbering for thousands of years in the warm bosom of our mother earth. Man himself cannot master this exuberance of vegetable life. He may change it by cultivation, it is true, but that also only for a time. And what is a generation, or two, in comparison with the eternal earth? Do not even in our day, and before our eyes, lofty trees raise their proud heads, where our fathers cut the green turf with their sharp plough? In vain does man take the Alpine rose from the banks of its pure mountain brook and plant it in the lowly valley; in vain does he bring costly seeds from the Indies and the warm climes of the tropics, even to the ice-clad coast of Norway.

They live and pine and die. It is true, he sometimes seeks to reverse nature itself. He places bubbling fountains on the top of high hills, and plants lime-trees and poplars between great masses of rocks; vineyards must adorn his valleys, and meadows spread their soft velvet over mountain sides. But the poet of old already has taught us, that you may drive out nature even with the pitchfork, and yet she will ever return. A few years' neglect, and how quickly she resumes her sway! Artificial lakes become gloomy marshes, bowers are filled with countless briars, and stately avenues overgrown with reckless profusion. The plants of the soil declare war against the intruders from abroad, and claim once more their birthright to the land of their fathers. The fine well-trimmed turf is smothered under a thousand coarser plants, rank grass and fat clover overspread the exotics; briars climb up with the aid of hooks and ladders, as if they were storming a fortress; nettles fill the urns of statues with their thick tufts, and unsightly mosses creep upon the very faces of marble beauties. Wild cherry-trees and maples seize on every cornice and cleft of every stately mansion; hardy invincible roots penetrate into the slightest opening, until at last victory is declared, and the trees of the forest wave their rich foliage over the high turrets, and raise triumphantly on spire and pinnacle, the gorgeous banner of Nature.

There is high life and low life among plants, as among men. The stately palm raises its high, unbroken pillar, crowned with sculptured verdures, only in the hot vapors of Brazilian forests and tropical climes, and like a true "king of the grasses," as the ancient Indians called the noble tree, it must need fare sumptuously and upon the richest of earth's gifts, before it justifies the prophet's saying, that "the righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree." How humble, by its side, the lowly moss, barely visible to the naked eye, clad in most modest garb, and yet faithfully covering with its warm mantle the dreary, weatherbeaten boulders of northern granite, or carpeting our damp grottos, and making them resplendent with its phosphorescent verdure! The brilliant flower of Queen Victoria's namesake, the most superb cradle in which child was ever rocked, must needs float its rosy leaves on the warm bosom of the silent lakes of Guiana, and the Aristolochia of South America, whose flowers are large enough to serve Indian boys as hats or helmets, deigns not to live, unless it can bathe its delicate roots in the shady waters

of the Magdalen River. Theirs is the warm golden light of the sun, theirs the richest of soils, the purest of waters, an everlasting summer, an unbroken enjoyment. And yet, are they really more beautiful and graceful than the humble house-leek, which flourishes under circumstances that would be fatal to almost all other plants? In the very driest places, where not a blade of grass, not a spire of moss can grow, on naked rocks, old crumbling walls, or sandy, scorched plains, these step-children of nature are seen to prosper and to thrive. Alternately exposed to the heaviest dew at night, and the fiercest rays of the noonday sun, they withstand all, and live upon so small a particle of soil, that it seems to them more a means of keeping them stationary, than a source of nutriment. Rock-roses bear that name, because they will only flourish in dry, rocky places, where other plants would never find a due supply of moisture. These rocks they are industriously engaged in ornamenting with a profusion of brilliantly colored flowers, for nature loves to combine every where the beautiful with the useful. Still, their beauty is but short-lived; their blossoms usually expand at night, and after a few hours' exposure to the sun, they perish. But their long evergreen branches, trail year after year, with great beauty over the rough banks and rocky cliffs that give them a shelter and a home. The very sand of the sea, dry, and drifting at the mercy of the waves, fickle and false to a proverb, is not too poor for a most useful plant, the so-called sand-reed. It has no beauty of form to please the eye, no delicacy of structure to engage our attention, the cattle themselves will not touch it. But when planted by the hand of man, to give firmness to dikes and embankments, it pierces them with an entangled web of living structure, which offers a resistance stronger than that of the gigantic walls of fabled Cyclops, and is but rarely overcome by the violence of the storm and the fury of the waves. The loose sand of South American deserts still harbors little cacti, so small, and so slightly rooted in their unstable home, that they get between the toe of the Indian—and even the fearful deserts of Africa, those huge seas of sand without a shadow, are at least surrounded by forest shores, clothed in perpetual verdure; even there a few solitary palm-trees, sighing in loneliness for the sweet rivulets of the oasis, are scattered over the awful solitude, and wherever a tiny thread of water passes half concealed through the endless waves of sand, a

line of luxuriant green, marks it to the exhausted traveller, and reminds him of the green pasture and still waters of Holy Writ.

Nor are plants dwellers upon land only: the waters also teem with vegetable life, and the bed of the mighty ocean is planted with immense submarine forests, and a thousand varied herbs, from the gigantic fucus, which grows to the length of many hundred feet, and far exceeds the height of the tallest tree known, to the little yellow blossom of the duckweed on our ponds. Every river has its own reed; some, covered with snow for part of the year, hardly rise above the sluggish, silent waters of the Irtysh in cold Siberia; others form ever-murmuring forests of graceful bamboo on the banks of the Ganges. For the earth opposes every where to the encroaching tides of the ocean, another sea of restless vegetation, yielding constantly, and yet never giving way; with its green waves, so delicate, fragile and airy, and yet as strong in their very weakness as the deep-blue waves of the ocean. Further out at sea, enormous sponges fill vast spaces of the watery realm, and when mature break loose from their safe anchorage, to float in countless myriads through the surrounding sea. For here also nature pours out, with a lavish hand, living food, storing even the waves with nutriment for their gigantic denizens, and literally casting bread upon the waters for the living world of the ocean. In other zones, immense and permanent banks of verdure are met with, by far exceeding the largest prairies on land, true oceanic meadows. For twenty-three long days did Columbus sail through one of these marvels of western waters, covering an area like that of all France; and yet there it is, even now, as large and as luxuriant as it was more than three centuries ago.

Trees and shrubs still gather around the desolate North Cape in spite of eternal winter, and relentless storms. Ice-clad Spitzbergen even boasts still of a willow, the giant of these Arctic forests, the woody stems of which, it is true, creep so close on the ground, and conceal themselves so anxiously in the turf bogs, that the small leaves, never rising more than an inch or two, are hardly discoverable amid the thick moss. The plains bordering on the Icy Sea are full of cryptogamous plants, and show even, here and there, patches of green turf, a most gladsome sight to the weary traveller. The swampy districts, also, which there extend further than eye can reach, are covered with a closely

woven carpet of mosses, minute in size, and yet so abundant, that they support immense herds of reindeer for a whole, dreary season. Even the perpetual snow of the polar regions is often adorned with beautiful forests of diminutive plants, and extensive fields of bright scarlet are seen, consisting of myriads of minute fungi and microscopic mushrooms, which form the so-called "gory dew," beheld by early navigators with a wonder nearly akin to awe. Capt. Richardson found the ground near the Arctic circle, though it remains frozen throughout the whole year to a depth of twenty inches, covered with bright flowering plants; and the great Humboldt saw at a height of more than 18,000 feet, on the uncovered rocks of the Chimborazo, traces of vegetation piercing through the eternal snow of those inhospitable regions. So far from ice and snow being hostile to plants, it has even been observed that some of the most beautiful flowers on earth grow in the very highest and bleakest parts of the Alps. There the snow has hardly melted, and lies still close at hand, when these Alpine roses unfold their brilliant flowers, with a haste, as if they knew how costly were the moments of their short summer-time. They seem to devote their whole strength to the development of their flowers, and as their stems are but short and partially buried in the ground, their bright blossoms often appear to spring immediately from the unsightly drift and gravel, in which they live. Thus bare steep cliffs, vast dazzling snow fields, and dark-blue glaciers, are seen in immediate contact with graceful little plants, decked with a profusion of flowers of the purest and brightest colors. The tiny forget-me-not of the Alps blossoms by the side of huge boulders of rock, and sweet roses unfold their rich crowns at the foot of massive blocks of ice, exhibiting a beautiful picture of loveliness mated with grandeur.

The vegetable kingdom extends its colonies even into the bowels of the earth—the so-called subterranean flora is large and beautiful. Wherever rain or surface water can percolate, either through natural cavities or openings made by the hand of man, there plants will appear, and busily hide the nakedness of the rock. Far below the soil on which we tread, plants thrive and adorn our globe. When the miner first opens his shaft, or the curious traveller discovers a new cave—every where they find the rough rock and the snow-white stalactite covered with a delicate, graceful network of an usnea, or, as in the coal mines near Dresden, a lumi-

nous fungus shines brightly, and turns these regions of darkness into the semblance of a begemmed and illuminated enchanter's palace. The narrow, deep crevices of the glaciers, have a vegetation of their own, and even in the thick-ribbed ice of the Antarctic seas, marine plants have been found floating.

Heat deters plants as little as cold; the fiery furnace of volcanoes is tapestried with *confervæ*, and hot springs, whose breath is certain destruction to animal life, feed plants, and water the roots of others, which bear beautiful blossoms. There are springs in Louisiana, whose temperature is 1458, and yet not only mosses, but shrubs and trees are seen to bathe their roots in their boiling waters. In the Fumarole, or the fairy island of Ischia, near Naples, a sedge and a fern grow in the midst of ascending vapors, and in a soil so hot that it instantly burns the hand which attempts to touch their roots! Nay, in the very geysers of Iceland, which boil an egg in a few minutes, a small plant grows, blossoms, and reproduces itself annually.

If land and water abound thus with vegetable life, the realms of the air are not less well peopled, at least with germs and seeds of plants; they float upon every breeze, are wafted up and down the heavens, and round and about our great mother earth. Nothing is more startling, more wonderful, than the almost omnipresence of fungus germs in the atmosphere. A morsel of ripe fruit, a little water spilt on a crumb of bread, a drop of stale ink, a neglected bottle of medicine, afford at once ample evidence of this teeming, living world around us. In a very short time, a delicate, velvet-like covering, envelopes the decomposing mass, and presently acquires the utmost luxuriance of growth. And a wonderful race are these fungi, the earth's vegetable scavengers; called upon, by the mysterious distribution of duties in nature, to destroy all decaying matter, and to absorb noisome exhalations, they grow with a rapidity that outstrips decay itself. A very common kind of puff-ball swells, in one night, from a minute speck to the size of a gourd, and there is a fungus at home, on the continent of Europe, which has been known to increase from a point invisible to the naked eye, to a weight of more than a hundred pounds! Or take the simple mould of every day's life. Arm your eye, and you will behold myriads of delicate forms, standing up in jaunty attitudes, and rearing their tender filaments over the decaying mass, in which they are living in lux-

urious plenty. They lengthen, they swell, they burst, and again scatter their light and invisible germs, like a cloud of smoke, into the air. There they float around us, like motes in the sunbeam; there we breathe them, for they have been found in the membranes of the lungs of living men. Our common house-fly may be seen in fall, glued by cold and inertia to the window-pane, and at once covered with its own appropriate mould; in the West Indies, wasps have been observed flying about with plants of their own length hanging down from behind their heads. It is a fungus, the germs of which was introduced through the breathing pores into the body of the poor victim, where it takes root, and feeding upon the living substance, develops its luxuriant vegetation.

Heat and moisture are the two great requisites of plants: without them no vegetation is possible—heat, especially, is of all their necessities of life the most important: it is the iron sceptre which rules the vegetable kingdom, whether the plant hangs in the air, is half buried in the ground, or for a lifetime covered with water. The same degree of heat produces every where the same union of kindred plants; hence the arrangement of all vegetables according to zones on our globe. The Arctic, nearest to the poles where the lichens still support the reindeer, and cheerful mosses cover the bare rock, is destitute of trees,—but it has dwarfish perennial plants, with large flowers of beautiful colors; it has its gentle smiling meadows and green pastures, which we miss so sadly in the sunny South. More varied and of higher order is the flora of the temperate zone, though not approaching in luxurious abundance and gorgeous brilliancy the splendor of the torrid zone. But what can compensate for the periodical, anxiously awaited, reawakening of nature, at the first breath of the mild air of spring? What is more beautiful than the fresh evergreen foliage of firs and cypresses, so rare in the tropics, which cheer up the desolate winter landscape, and loudly tell the nations of the North, that, though snow and ice cover the earth, the inward life of plants is never extinguished, and that spring will come after winter as surely as eternity comes after death? The great leading features of the temperate zone are its vast plains and steppes, which the eye of man cannot compass, and where he feels himself, as on the high sea, face to face with his Maker. These large prairies, or savannahs, are covered with luxuriant, waving grass, ex-

pressive of all that is cheerful in their airy grace and tremulous lightness. In other regions, strange, fantastic-looking soda plants, succulent and evergreen, strike the eye and dazzle it with their brilliant, snow-white crystals—or, as on Russian steppes, plants of all kinds are so densely crowded on the unmeasured plain, that the wheels of the traveller's carriage can but with difficulty crush them, and he himself is half buried in the close, high forest of grapes, too tall to allow him to look around.

In the torrid zone all vegetable life attains the highest development, from the exclusive and constant union of a high temperature with abundant moisture. Here we find the greatest size combined with the greatest variety, the most graceful proportions by the side of the most grotesque forms, decked with every possible combination of brilliant coloring. Here also—and here alone—are found truly primeval forests, impenetrable to man and beast, from the luxuriance of thickly interwoven creepers above and the density of a ligneous undergrowth, through which not a ray of light can penetrate.

As the distribution of plants in zones depends almost exclusively on the amount of heat which they require for their development, we find that the succession of plants from the foot of mountains upwards to their summit, is nearly the same as that from the middle latitudes to the poles. For heat decreases in the same proportion by height above the level of the sea as by latitude; and the horizontal zones on a mountain's side present the same variety of plants, as the great zones mentioned, only in a much smaller space; as we feel the temperature of the atmosphere diminish more rapidly in ascending a lofty mountain, than in travelling from the tropics to the poles. Hence the same peculiar plants are found in the arctic zone, and on the highest mountains which reach the line of perpetual snow; the same humble but no less beautiful flowers blossom in Spitzbergen and on the icy shores of Victoria Land, as on the desolate cliffs of the Andes, the Alps and the snow-covered heights of the Himalaya. Even under the tropics, the evergreens of the North appear again: the most elevated regions of Peru, and the lofty plains of Asiatic mountains are covered with superb forests of that noble tree of which the poet says:

"Where summer smiles with verdure crown'd,
Where winter flings his storms, the pine is found;
With heaven aspiring head it grows
Mid burning sun—and everlasting snows."

On the highlands of Mexico, and the mountains of Java, the traveller from the cold North meets with surprise the chestnut and the noble oak of his own distant home. It is one of the most interesting enjoyments offered to the layman as well as to the botanist, thus to pass from zone to zone in the course of a few hours or days at most. Rising, for instance, from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, his eye dwells at first with wondering delight on perfumed orange gardens and dusky olive-trees, "fair and of goodly fruit;" he passes through thickets of fragrant myrtle, laurel, and evergreen oaks, above which tower the stone-pines of the South, and here and there an isolated date-palm, lifting up its gently-waving crown. A few steps further, and the aspect changes; he has left the evergreens of the milder climate behind him, and stepping out of the glowing, fiery sunshine, he delights in the cool, refreshing gloom of the wide branches of lofty chestnuts and proud oaks, the very kings of the forest. Revived by their luxuriant foliage, "at dewy eve distilling odors," he gazes upwards, where their branches interlace and form grand cathedral aisles, and bows down in awe and reverence in this fit temple of the Most High. As he ascends he meets yet with the maple, spreading out its broad dome of dark green leaves in masses so thick, that beneath it he fears not the passing shower, and the beech, which shows its dappled bark and bright green foliage. The silvery trunk of some white birch, with "boughs so pendulous and fair"—begins already to gleam among the under-wood, when he leaves behind him the aspen with its ever-quivering leaves, which almost shed a sense of breezy coolness through the sultry day.

His next step leads him into the dark woods of truly northern trees: pines, firs and larches. Their dense shade fills his soul with sombre thoughts; the gentle murmuring of their boughs sounds to his ear like low complaint, and even the sweet aroma that perfumes the air, brings with it—ke knows not why—feelings of vague grief and sorrow. He gazes up with amazement at the tallest of the tall, worthy to be

* Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast of some tall admiral.*

Now, as he mounts still higher, trees grow fewer and fewer; low bushes stand scattered about, forlorn outposts of their happier brethren below; they also soon venture higher, and low but fragrant herbs alone remain to greet his eye and cheer him on

his way upward. At last he reaches the eternal snow, that knows no season and no change, and stands in unsullied purity, dazzling white, high in the clear blue ether. All traces of life are left behind—he stands there alone in the awful, silent solitude, alone in the presence of his Maker.—Thus he has seen in rapid succession, and in a few short hours, what it would have cost him months to behold, had he travelled from the same Mediterranean northward to the frozen Ocean.

Still more striking is the sudden change in high northern regions. In the year of revolutions it was my good fortune to cross the lofty, snow-capped mountains which divide Sweden and Norway. On the south we left summer behind us; as we climbed up the steep ascent, misty autumn and cold winter seized us by turns. At last we stood on the very line that forms the water-shed between the two kingdoms, and parts the loving sisters. Huge boulders of dark granite lay scattered about in wild disorder, and gigantic blocks of ice rose in stern majesty before us. Beyond was Norway. As we turned round one of these awe-inspiring masses, behold! a sight met our eyes that froze the very blood in our veins. A vast table land, bare and silent, spread its horrors before us: it was strewn with the bones of hundreds of men, who lay there stiff and cold—not a feature marred—"death had put on so slumber-like a form"—but unburied, unconfined and unknown. They were the sad relics of a whole regiment of brave, blooming sons of Sweden, who had marched into Norway. It was a fierce, bleak day of winter, and as company after company defiled from the well-protected south around the very rock, by which we stood, the cold blast from the pole froze their breath within them, and laid them, one by one, lifeless on the cold ground.

And yet, within a few hours' ride from this most melancholy scene, there lay spring and summer at our feet. We descended rapidly, from the eternal snow, through the treeless zones into the faint, fairy sheen of white birchwoods, and the dark shade of pine-forests, brightened up by the showy blossoms of the foxglove—when all of a sudden the sweet odor of fresh-mown hay was wafted upward to greet us. A short hour more, and the almost magical change set us down in the midst of waving fields of ripened corn, and meadows adorned by cherry-trees, which bent under the weight of their luscious fruit, and luxuriantly-blooming roses.

THE BIG BUCK.

I MET my friend Jack N. at a wedding in South Kentucky. It was a rollicking festivity, held at the house of a wealthy tobacco-planter, who was giving away his last and youngest daughter to a fresh, manly-looking young fellow, who was, as usual, a second, or third cousin; for your true Virginian never marries "out of the family," and every planter in South Kentucky was a Virginian, of course.

Amidst the merry crowd, I very soon made out the tall, lank figure of my friend Jack N., whom I had not met for several years. Indeed it would be difficult to mistake him in any crowd, for he was as lean and as sharp as a rail-splinter, with his beaklike nose, and projecting chin. There was about him, too, the decided, haughty carriage of the high-blooded animal, and with his head thrown back in a hearty, fox-hunting guffaw, there was something indescribably keen, game, and dashing in his appearance.

As I expected, when I approached him I found him in the midst of a glowing description of his last run with his dogs, and closely surrounded by an eager auditory of young men, for Jack was no great hand with the women.

"Spot" had just seized a big "ten-prong" buck on the bound, by the throat, and brought him to his knees, when Jack caught my eye. The names of "Music," "Sound," and "Rattler" died away upon his tongue, in thick-coming utterance, as he stared at me for a moment of doubtful recognition.

"Halloa! Charlie W.! by old Bell-Mouth!" (Jack always swore by his favorite slow-track dog, Bell-Mouth, who never gave tongue on a false trail.) "Why, my boy, how are you? Just in time—the bucks are just in the 'blue.' The dogs are as lean as I am, and as fierce as starved tigers for a chase!"

"I'm your man!—but lean as you are, Jack, why, you make them carry weight in a high wind, don't you? Glad to see you, by my faith! They say you've got the finest pack west of the Alleghanies, now!"

"West of the Alleghanies! Pshaw! man, nothing to equal them, on top of the sod! Twenty-five, all told, with throats like the trump of resurrection! When they open in full blast, they make the hills skip like young lambs—and the trees bend before the sound, like in a

hurricane! I tell you, they make the Mississippi walk up stream, and the cat-fish stand straight up on their tails, out of the water, to listen to them."

"That'll do, Jack! When do you go back home?"

"Start in the morning—you'll be all ready?—Won't let you off under three weeks—We have the cream of the hunting season now?"

"Won't promise for all that time—but I will be ready for you in the morning!"

"That's a good boy! bring nothing but your rifle—if you want birds, I have guns enough, and Ponto's nose is as keen as a brier!"

A two days' ride through the wild and picturesque "Barrens" brought us to the banks of the Mississippi River. Here we entered upon a long deep stretch of land, covered with the most tremendous forest I ever saw. It extends from Columbus, or the "Iron Banks" as they are called, up some thirty miles, nearly parallel with the present course of the Mississippi—though greatly elevated above the present bottom—and constituting what is thought to be the old bank of the river.

From seven to ten miles in width, this singular tongue of land is without a single inhabitant, except the settlement of the N.'s about a mile from Columbus—though composing some of the richest land of the State—from the fact of its being an old military reserve, and covered, as Jack said, "six deep with titles,"—which had sufficed to keep at bay, even the unscrupulous squatters—so that it was literally given over to the possession of wild animals, and constituted, at that time, the greatest hunting-ground within hundreds of miles.

Here, the N.'s—who were a wealthy and aristocratic "Old Dominion" stock—had opened a large plantation, immediately upon the river bank, where it descended three hundred feet, perpendicularly to the water.

From the portico of the Mansion-House placed upon this lofty perch, you could command a clear view of the majestic river, to its junction with the Ohio, thirty miles above. This was no insignificant sight, you may rest assured, with sometimes twenty steamboats in view at a time—rolling like huge omnibuses along

the "Broadway of Creation," as Jack, who had once visited New-York, afterwards insisted upon calling his favorite river.

Such a hullabaloo, as greeted us when we alit at the gate! The hounds had first discovered us, and to the shout of their master gave us a reverberating echo. Then the picaninies came pouring in sooty legions out of the cabins of the extensive "quarter" which flanked the mansion in the back-ground—their black, shiny faces, stretched in yells and grins, exhibiting an ivory ecstasy of delight at the return of "Massa Jack"—while the hounds nearly tumbled us into the dirt, with their rude gambols. In a moment the whole plantation seemed alive, and Jack's favorite hunter Lara, which had the freedom of the yard, came prancing into the melee.

The ladies of the hospitable mansion met us at the door, and I was greeted with that gentle and high-bred frankness, for which the true Virginia woman has always been noted—which has that indescribably, motherly, and sisterly something in it, which makes the stranger feel at once that he has found home.

After his mother and three lovely young sisters, Jack's next greeting was to his mulatto foster-mother, who stood with a loving and humble smile, upon her good-looking face in the back-ground, along with her son, Jack's foster-brother and body-servant, Cato.

Then to supper.

Ah! that delicious supper! the fresh, juicy venison, the cakes of grated green corn, kneaded in its own sweet milk by some mysterious process, known only to Virginia women—and coffee that is a redistillation of nectar, thickened with golden cream!

Then to bed.

Cato roused us, with the dawn; and we went out to see the dogs fed, preparatory for the morning hunt. It was, indeed, a magnificent pack, such as I had never seen together before. Twelve of them were of the same family, and of great size and power, standing very high upon their legs, and marked with great uniformity with black spots, upon a pure white ground.

"Spot," the sire and leader of this noble group, was of a pure white body, with a single black spot in the centre of the forehead—from which he took his name. He was a most powerful animal, and able to cope with the largest buck, alone. He was a stag-hound, carefully crossed upon

the short-legged and long-bodied fox-hound.

"Music"—the dam—was a fox-hound of the "true Spartan breed," with a voice like a distant alarm-bell; while the organ of old "Spot" was as sonorous as the boom of "old ocean" against hollow cliffs.

But among them all, my eye instantly detected a magnificent creature—a black tan hound, that to me seemed absolutely perfect, as a specimen of canine symmetry. His coat was as fine as the most glossy silk; from his head, which was pointed like a serpent's, his fine, broad, and thin ears, with their great swelling veins, depended more than an inch below the tip of his nose. His neck, like a young stag's; his chest, barrel-ribbed, and deep as a panther's; his loins as clean as a gray-hound's, with a broad, strong back; limbs that seemed to have been hammered by some wondrous skill out of fine steel; and such a voice! bugles, clarions, cymbals, bells, winds, waters, echoes, mingled, clashing, rolling, roaring, in one tide of rushing sound; altogether, they were nothing to that voice! "Nowhere, nor nothing!" as Jack exclaimed, "to the voice of 'Black Terror,' and 'Smile,'" as he named a beautiful tan slut of smaller size, which stood beside this noble animal.

The history of this splendid couple was a singular one, as Jack gave it to me on the spot.

He was sitting in the portico one morning, looking out over the river, which was very much swollen, and filled with drift wood. He observed some strange, black objects, which seemed to be struggling with the current. He called to Cato for his spy-glass, and saw at once that they were two animals of some sort, who were trying hard to climb upon the drift-wood which floated in the middle of the mighty stream.

Here was an adventure, at any rate; and, followed by Cato, Jack descended the steep bank of the river. When he reached the water, he found that his boat had been torn away by the current. Here was a nonplus with a vengeance! Jack was staggered but for a moment, when the low plaintive howl of a hound reached him across the waters.

It was a terrible venture; but Jack's coat was off in a minute, and, looking round at Cato, he only heard him say, "Go in, Massa Jack, I'm here," when he plunged into the turbid current, followed by the brave boy. Jack said, If it had been a man's voice, it could not have "hurt him" more than the sound of that hound's plaintive howl.

Suffice it, the adventure, after having nearly cost them both their lives, was successfully accomplished, by bringing these two hounds, which were coupled together by a chain, to shore, some four miles below, by the help of the drift-wood, which they pushed before them. The poor animals were nearly exhausted, and had probably been in the water for many hours.

Jack vowed that a whole plantation couldn't buy them. They had probably fallen from some steamboat, and had got caught by their chain to the drift-wood, which had prevented them from swimming ashore.

The whole kennel was fed upon bread exclusively, during the hunting season, and were never permitted to touch any meat except what they themselves killed. This kept them in fine bottom and wind for running, and made them very savage.

CHASE OF THE BIG BUCK.

A delicious breakfast is rapidly dispatched, the horn is sounded, and we are off for our stands in the deep forest.

Cato, who "drives," turns to the left, at the corner of the plantation, followed by the whole pack, while we follow a bridle-path, leading straight ahead, into the depths of the forest.

In a half a mile I am stationed just on the verge of the "old bank," as it is called, of the river, with the deep forest, through which Cato is driving, on my left, and, on my right, after a sheer descent of twenty feet, a tremendous swamp, which was now dry, except where traversed by deep lagoons filled with quicksands. Jack rode on some half a mile farther to his stand.

My instructions were, not to let the hounds pass my stand, if I missed the deer, which would attempt to get by me into the almost impenetrable swamps, where, if the dogs followed him, they would be lost for the remainder of the day.

I had not long to wait; for I could just begin to hear my heart beat in the restored silence, and a neighboring squirrel had only just commenced barking at me, when a low and distant bay, followed by a faint whoop, showed that a trail had been struck. Gradually the sounds gathered, as voice after voice joined in, until at last the thunder bass of old Spot boomed out, and old Music followed with a blast; and now the clashing clangor of Black Terror's tongue leads off the bursting symphony, and the forest rang

to reverberations which startled the heart into my very throat.

Peal on peal, and now a sudden silence—my blood is running like mill-tails through the swollen veins, and the arteries throb almost to bursting. Crash! there it goes again! Heavens! what music! How the leaves flutter, and the trees sway to my vision!

"Whoop!" in a smothered gasp. If I could only yell! Here they come; I wonder the forest isn't level before the mighty roll of sound! Ha! lost again! No! it is only muffled as they go down some valley! Now they rise again! Gods! if I could only give one yell! How it deafens! they must be right upon me! they will be running over me, deer, dogs, and all! I am no Actæon! Oh, hurricanes, and thunder-claps—hist! here he comes! and out bounded, within ten feet of me, a tremendous buck, with his mighty antlers, like forest-trees, thrown back upon his rump! He has paused an instant.

Crack! away with one prodigious bound, he clears the twenty feet of bank, and is crashing through the swamp.

What a roar! here they are! bristles up, tongues out, Black Terror ten paces ahead, Spot next, then Music, and all the rest in a crowd, looking savage as harried wolves. You might as well talk of stopping the Mississippi—they have smelt the blood—what a terrific burst! Black Terror's leap is as long as the buck's! Old Spot roars again! They are out of sight! That's Jack's yell. Hark! his horse's feet, already! He is coming, furious, because I did not stop the buck!

And furious he was, sure enough! I began to exclaim at the top of my voice, before he came in sight, but it was no use. He comes clattering up, and nearly rides me down.

"Why the deuce didn't you stop that deer! Are the dogs gone? Black Terror will never stop. Confusion, man! were you asleep?"

"He was as big as an elephant, Jack. Here's plenty of blood," said I, trying to appear cool, and pointing to the ground, with my gun, "he's done for!"

Jack sprang to his feet and examined the signs. "Oh, thunder! you have shot him too far back, and through the loins; he will take to the river—what a track! it must be the 'big buck,' I shall lose Black Terror! Come ahead, and let's cut him off before he gets there, if we kill our horses!" And away he dashed through the wood.

I followed as fast as possible, and such a ride as that was! Through vine-matted thickets, over dead trees, leaping at break-neck speed the wide lagoons,—away! away! we clattered, foaming through the dense swamp like wild men possessed of demons.

At length we burst upon open ground, and Jack gave a yell that would have waked the dead. "Too late! too late! the Big Buck, by old Bell-Mouth! he'll take the river."

Jack's yell had slightly startled the buck, which was making for the river, along the bank of a wide lagoon. He turned sharp, and attempted to leap the lagoon, he disappears—on we rush, at mad speed—but Jack knows what he is about, and his horse too—while my mare leaps. Plump, we land in the middle of the lagoon, followed by a roar of laughter from Jack.

"Next time, shoot farther forward, if you please, old boy!"

But it was no joking matter for me—we had landed in a quicksand. I looked around with an expression of terror at Jack, for I felt my mare rapidly sinking under me.

"Catch that limb above you," shouted

he, "and tie your bridle to it, or you will both go under."

There was no time for mincing matters. I let go my gun, which sunk out of my sight forever. Rising in my saddle, with a desperate effort I reached the stout limb of a bending cotton-wood tree, which I dragged down, and to which I managed to secure my bridle by a strong knot. I succeeded finally by the aid of the cotton-wood, in reaching the bank, and by this time, when I looked back, I found that my poor mare had sunk nearly up to her eyes.

I now looked round, and saw Jack, busy enough, between beating off the dogs and attempting to secure the buck, which had stuck fast also in the quicksand. He succeeded in throwing a rope about his horns, and when the "driver" came up, we dragged it out at our leisure, after having rescued my poor "Celeste," who from hanging so long by her head-stall, had grown quite black in the face.

The buck was a prodigious animal, and had several times before been chased by Jack, when it always took to the river, and had thus lost him several fine hounds.

We had many a hearty laugh over my adventure in the quicksand and the chase of the "big buck."

A LETTER ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

BY ——— BROWN, ESQ.

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly.

SIR:—I do not know of any medium better calculated to convey an important announcement to the public than your widely circulated and most popular Magazine, which I understand from a friend of mine, whose opportunities for knowing are indisputable, is taken and read by all the learned, wealthy, and refined classes throughout the country; and these classes constitute the very public whom I wish to address on this occasion.

The present age, sir, I think will be known in future times, as the gold teakettle or silver pitcher era, or some such epithet by which the peculiar mania of the times may be distinguished from all other epochs in history. The presentations of table services of gold and silver are peculiar to the present day. The passion, or mania, for bestowing a service of plate upon every

body has now attained so high a pitch, that, unless it shall be reduced to a system, it has been calculated by an expert actuary of a life insurance company, all the precious metals in the world will soon be absorbed in the manufacture of complimentary presents, and there will not be gold and silver enough left for the purposes of a currency. We do not open a daily paper without our eye falling on an account of a presentation of plate to somebody; and the alarming part of the matter is, that these great somebodies and their meritorious services, are first heard of by the public in connection with the complimentary testimonial in the shape of a gold teakettle, a pair of gold water-pots, and other domestic utensils of the same precious material. In fact I am told by one of the members of our first society, that in the Fifth Avenue and other genteel parts of the city, not to

have had a complimentary testimonial in the shape of a gold teakettle, or something of the kind, is to be most undesirably notorious. It has been said that certain persons have even paid for a service of plate to be presented to themselves, and have carried the delusion to the extent of inviting a party of friends to witness the ceremonies of presentation, and partake of a superb supper served up on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the occasion. The next day the whole affair has been found reported at length in the morning papers, with the names of the donors, the correspondence that grew out of the presentation, the particulars of the festival, the toasts, the speeches, and the services of the distinguished recipient of the splendid gift. These complimentary gifts were once confined almost wholly to the captains of ships and steamboats, and took the shape of silver speaking trumpets, snuff-boxes, and pitchers. They were the grateful and spontaneous offerings of timid passengers, who regarded themselves as special objects of divine favor in having been conducted safely across the Atlantic; and as their gifts cost but little, and could readily be converted into money, they caused little harm, and excited less attention. But now the custom has expanded, the magnificence and number of the complimentary presents daily and nightly made are producing disastrous effects in the commercial world, and draining our banks of their specie. I was assured by the fortunate recipient of a modest silver service, whose presentation supper I had the honor of attending a short time since in Avenue A., that the teapots, salver, goblets and so forth, of which the present was composed, were manufactured from forty-four hundred American half dollars. It can easily be seen where all our specie goes, the loss of which causes such disastrous reverses in the commercial world.

In consideration of these very alarming circumstances, and in anticipation of greater excesses than any yet heard of, a movement has been made towards arresting the evil, by the formation of a GRAND CONSOLIDATED ASSOCIATION for the PROMOTION OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION AND THE PRESENTATION OF GOLD AND SILVER SERVICES OF PLATE. The capital stock of the Association to consist of one hundred thousand shares, at one dollar each, and every subscriber of ten shares to be entitled to the compliment of a service of gold plate upon the condition of his giving a supper to the committee of presentation, who shall have the privilege of inserting an account of the whole affair in the daily

papers at their own expense. The Association has been already organized, and the greater part of the capital subscribed and paid in. I am not at liberty at present to publish the by-laws of the Association, but any gentleman desirous of joining the enterprise may do so by applying at the Office of the Company, Brokers' Court, Wall-street. The principal object of the enterprise is to purchase a magnificent service of gold plate, consisting of teakettles, water-pots, salvers, goblets, pitchers, and other articles usually forming a presentation service, which shall be of such a degree of magnificence, costliness, and splendor, as to make any private attempts to equal it entirely hopeless. This superb service of complimentary gold plate shall remain the property of the Association to the end of all time, and, after having been used at a presentation, shall be immediately returned and locked up in the vaults of the Company. The Association pledges itself to furnish complimentary letters, toasts, speeches, and the names of most respectable committees, and, unlike the present loose system of making presentations of gold and silver services, no name shall ever be found on more than one committee. Members who wish to become candidates for complimentary gifts are to send in their names to the committee, stating the nature of their claims, and also what style of a compliment they prefer; whether a public dinner, a service of plate, or a public procession. Gentlemen belonging to the Army and Navy, and the Militia, will be accommodated with swords and epaulettes. The profits of the Association are to be employed in making complimentary presents to eminent public men who have distinguished themselves in the public service, or who have rendered their names illustrious by their genius. The following list of names, now before the committee, will be the first attended to, when the public presentations are begun.

His Excellency Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania, on his patriotic services in the great Erie war of 1853-4.

To the Hon. J. Y. Mason, our Ambassador to Louis Napoleon, on his assuming the Court costume. A large quantity of gold lace.

Phineas T. Barnum, Esq., on his introduction of the Fire Annihilator, which nearly consumed his country residence in Connecticut. A gold water-pot.

Henry M. Paine, Esq., of Worcester, on the discovery of his aquatic light.

Mr. Daniels, our chargé at Turin, on his epistolary correspondence.

To Captain Ericsson, on his superseding

steam by the invention of the Caloric Engine.

To the Hon. Robert J. Walker, on his projected Railroad to the Pacific.

To Alderman Sturtevant, on his magnanimous contempt case.

To Judge Edmonds, on his remarkably satisfactory explanation of spiritual manifestations. A gold tea service.

To the Manager of the Perham Gift Enterprize, in the name of the Ticketholders. A gold snuff-box.

To the Architect of the Smithsonian Institute, on his brilliant idea of making a modern seat of learning to resemble an old feudal castle. A tea set of silver.

To Mr. Powell, on the completion of his great National painting. A gold vase.

To Senator Douglas, of Illinois, on his Nebraska bill. An epergne, half gold and half silver, emblematic of the North and South.

To Henry Arcularius, Esq., the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, on his resignation of office. Something of inestimable value.

To M. Soulé, our Ambassador at Madrid, on his Turgot duel. A gold sword.

To John Mitchell, on the establishment of the Citizen. A gold ink-stand.

A simple wreath of oak or laurel leaves, was once regarded as a sufficient testimonial of public gratitude for the most exalted merits; the gift of a garter which may be purchased for a shilling, is even

now an envied proof of illustrious services in a certain kingdom, and in another a little silver cross, attached to a bit of red ribbon, the entire cost of which is less than a dollar, is proudly worn as a mark of distinction by those upon whom it is conferred in acknowledgment of their virtues or genius. But here, where all titles of nobility, have been forbidden by our glorious Constitution, the complimentary gifts which are made in acknowledgment of splendid talents, or exalted services, must have a positive and intrinsic value, bearing some proportion to the importance of the person complimented. Stars, garters, ribbons, crosses, and titles are too aristocratic for our simple republican habits, which demand solid gold and silver of an avoirdupois value. Fine words butter no parsnips. Our practical republicanism requires something solid even in compliments; and as our great men are multiplying at a fearful rate, it will be easily seen that unless some method of rewarding distinguished services, similar to the one I have explained, shall be adopted by the public, all the gold of California and Australia will be insufficient to supply even a teakettle apiece to such as may fairly be entitled to a compliment of the kind.

I have the honor to remain the public's obedient servant,

— BROWN.

SHAKESPERIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE Shakesperian Miscellany in our last number has brought us correspondence from many quarters, and through divers channels. We can notice but little of it. First, an intelligent and courteous correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, finds fault with us for occasionally supposing that the editor of the readings of the Quincy Folio, "supports or is in some way responsible for the annotator at whose posthumous nativity he assists." Far from it. We would as soon hold a medical man responsible for the still-born babe "at whose posthumous nativity he assists." But still, if he should claim that the sinless little stranger was alive, it seems undeniable that he should be held responsible for that assertion. We desire, however, to repeat the statement made in the March

number of the Monthly, that the editor in question "disclaims all pretence to authority" for the readings, and to add, that his defender, or apologist in the Boston Advertiser, who evidently is fully empowered to speak for him, declares that the favorable comment which he made upon one of the most objectionable of the corrections, was intended "merely to show that it could be supported quite as plausibly as many of Mr. Collier's." For "many" the writer might, with more propriety, have written "most!" We are happy to observe the declaration, that the changes in this folio "were not published to throw light upon the text of Shakespeare, but simply as a pertinent comment upon the value of Mr. Collier's discovery." As such we regarded it, and thought that we

had stated that opinion with sufficient clearness, when we said, that the publication had "at least a temporary value beyond that which belongs to it, as a literary curiosity;" and that "succeeding Mr. Collier's publication, it is useful, as showing the utter worthlessness of his folio, as far as its claims to authority are concerned," &c.

One sentence in the communication in question we must notice, as exhibiting an erroneous estimate of the injury which can be done by the publication of even glaringly mistaken constructions and changes of Shakespeare's text. The writer says, "The merit of exposing the impotence of such emendations as make *Dogberry* talk correctly, or convert a lively expression of pique into a common-place statement of fact (*As You Like It*, Act. iv. Sc. 3), was left for those who should think it worth while so to employ themselves." That he who undertakes to defend the integrity of Shakespeare's text, must not disdain to expose the impotence of even such corrections, is sufficiently shown by the fact that one of these very changes, that one which makes *Dogberry* talk correctly, is sustained by Theobald, the editor to whom, of all those of the last century, except Malone, the text of Shakespeare is most indebted! The judicious need no warning against such errors; but, in the words of another of our correspondents, thanking us for our exposure of the worthlessness and presumption of these MS. corrections, "all are not judicious till judgment is whipped into them." The editor of the pamphlet on the Quincy Folio has certainly succeeded in his laudable design of making his publication "a pertinent comment upon the value of Mr. Collier's discovery." We regret that his desire "to give the emendations in some instances, *the same sort of support* that Mr. Collier gave his," should have occasionally betrayed him into the use of terms which certainly express a faith in the value, though not the authority, of the changes which he made public.

One word as to the 'conservatism' which is spoken of as characteristic of our criticisms. Conservatism with regard to the authentic text of any author is a charge which any critic may be well contented to sustain. It means simply that the author shall be allowed to speak his own thoughts, and not those of some one else. But with regard to the text of Shakespeare, we are conservative thus far and no farther. When the authentic folio has a comprehensible, and consistent reading, no man has a right to change it, even

for one which is better,—in his opinion. When the folio does not afford such a reading, it must be sought from the quartos, when the play exists in that form, and next through conjectural emendation. Such emendation must take the form of proof reading.—That is, that word must be sought which best suits the context, and most conforms to the trace of the letters in the word found in the corrupted passage. To suppose it necessary to defend the propriety of such conservatism, would be to insult the understanding of our readers.

That Juliet's Runaway has been fairly caught in the person of Rumor, we are glad to find is the opinion of nearly the entire American world of Shakesperian readers. But we hear from three or four who are yet unconvinced. Our correspondent in Maine, G. W. E., writes: "Rumor is associated in my mind (perhaps wrongly), not with a *person* who *sees*, but with a spirit invisible, intangible, which *hears* and *tells*, of course, but as a concealed wind harp *hears* and *reports* the vibrations of the air—the very word, *rumor*, seems to me (also wrongfully, perhaps), to be a sound to be heard, *not* a thing of vision." This involves the mistake made by so many critics of Shakespeare, that in deciding upon his text, or interpreting it, they are at liberty to decide by *their* feelings, their knowledge, their habits of thought; when, on the contrary, it is their only function to assimilate, for the time, their feelings and thoughts to those of their author, and to consult the manners and state of knowledge in his day, and among the very people for whom, as a playwright and a manager, he wrote his plays. Now, whatever G. W. E. or any one else, may feel or think about Rumor, the people who sat in the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres in the days of Elizabeth and James were in the habit of seeing Rumor represented as both visible and tangible; and of seeing her represented not only with tongues, but with eyes. Shakespeare, himself, brought Rumor bodily before his audience, "painted full of tongues" (Henry IV., part II., Induction), and his contemporary, Thomas Decker, represented her, to the public in 1603, with *open eyes*, as well as tongues, as we pointed out in our last number. Shakespeare's public would, therefore, instantly both apprehend and comprehend Juliet's prayer, that "Rumor's eyes may wink," in order that *Romeo* may come to her "*untalked of and unseen*."

With regard to other topics in our correspondent's letter, we can only point out

to him that to call any plea or suggestion "plausible" is necessarily to cast doubt upon it; that to call it both "plausible and ingenious" expresses not a whit more confidence in its soundness. The Devil himself, the Father of Lies, never made a plea that was not plausible and ingenious in the highest degree. Briefly, however, in those cases in which we have spoken of the changes made in Mr. Collier's folio as "plausible," we do not agree with them; except in two instances,—*Mea for Mea*, Act IV., Sc. 2, and *Henry VIII*, Act V., Sc. 3. Our correspondent, had he read with the attention proper in one who intended to criticise, would have found that not only in one instance (*King John*, Act III., Sc. 3,) did we expose the gross injury to the text, which would result from the adoption of one emendation which we styled "plausible," but that the change in withstanding which we shed most ink—"who smothers her with painting," *Cymbeline* (Act III., Sc. 4), we expressly called "the most striking and plausible of all the inadmissible changes proposed by Mr. Collier." All our readers may not have our correspondent's fondness for the subject, and therefore, in spite of the attention which it is receiving, we cannot promise not to comply with his request for more Shakesperian articles. The book about which he asks is to be published by the Appletons, and will be issued in a few weeks.

As to his suggestion of "*rudesbies*" eyes" for runaway's eyes," we admit, on his demand, that one word might be misprinted for the other, and that the first is not too coarse to be used by *Juliet*, who, as we have pointed out, was a very 'free spoken' young woman. But as to the

fitness of the word for the text, we must really be excused from discussing that. We prefer to turn its advocate over to dispute the matter with another correspondent, who argues that because "the scene of the play is Verona, where *Juliet* was at the time she made puzzling invocation, and she would naturally have been most anxious that all Verona's eyes should wink on that occasion," and because 'runawaies' is almost an *anagram* of Veronaise; that, therefore, it is the word which Shakespeare wrote. The two can settle the difference between them.

From "Wall-street" we have the suggestion that it would be well to read,

"That wide awake eyes may wink;" &c.

It is quite in keeping, that this wide awake suggestion should come from a quarter where to be wide awake, is—must be, the cardinal virtue, and where wide awake eyes do "wink" when they see a good operation; but as *Juliet* was not 'bulling' or 'bearing' herself, and as we have no ground for believing that any of her townspeople so occupied themselves, we do not see the perfect propriety of the suggestion.

One correspondent winds up his letter by asking our opinion of "the Spirit Manifestations." We answer that we have no opinion of them; and refer the querist to Mr. Owen Glendower, who once advertised that he had some knowledge of those matters, and whose 'Card' is published in the *First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act III., Scene 1; but it is there accompanied with a running commentary by *Henry Percy, jr.*, of Northumberland, Esquire, which we confess we think very much to the purpose.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—THE BARCLAYS OF BOSTON. We learn from the daily papers that this new American novel has created a great sensation in Boston, and that the first edition of fabulous thousands was immediately exhausted, and another put to press to supply the demand. But books that sell before they are published, very often fail after they have been read; and we should not like to hazard our critical reputation

by predicting that such a fate will not befall *The Barclays of Boston*. The author of *The Barclays* is Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, a lady of high social standing, and of extensive connections, and the Boston public was naturally in a feverish state of curiosity to know who and what the Barclays of Boston would prove to be. But that feverishness must soon be abated by an inspection of the book, and then it must stand, like all other books, upon its

individual merits. The Barclays of Boston is a genuine woman's book, not only in its defects, but in its merits. It has no story, and the incidents are either impossibly extravagant, or tamely real. Nearly all the characters get married, and there is an immense quantity of satin dresses, orange blossoms, and bride's cake. Evidently Mrs. Otis is no Malthusian. Like a true woman, she thinks the great aim of human effort is a wedding. Yet, oddly enough, the hero and heroine do not get married, and for a reason that none but a woman could have invented. Georgiana Barclay marries the wrong man, by mistake, clandestinely, in the middle of the novel, and in a manner, too, which would be both legally and morally impossible in Boston; and then, to show her contrition for disobeying her parents, she refuses to marry the man with whom she was in love, and whom they wish her to marry. But the book is full of cross purposes and every thing turns out not just as it should, in a novel, but just as it should not. In these perversities Mrs. Otis has shown a lack of true artistic management of her puppets, for the reasonable anticipations of the reader must not be disappointed in the denouement of the story, or his feeling will be one of disappointment and disgust instead of pleasure. The perplexities of the reader must arise from the developments of the plot, from the unanticipated events which the art of the writer uses to bring about the denouement which all parties anticipated at the outset. In the Barclays there is no plot at all, and the surprises are in the denouements which are constantly happening, and destroying the interest which should be felt in the final explosion in the last chapter. The hero and heroine do not get married; a widow and an old bachelor who hate each other very heartily, all through the volume, marry each other at the close; a gay young creature marries a sedate clergyman, and a wealthy old miser who was to have enriched every body at his death, proves to be next door to a beggar. In this last character, Philip Egerton, Mrs. Otis has created a new being in fiction, and, if she had made him the principal personage of her novel, she might have given us a romance, that would have been equal to Hawthorn's *Scarlet Letter*. Philip Egerton is a retired merchant who had lived in India, and where it was supposed he had accumulated a large fortune; but he returns home almost a beggar, in consequence of various losses, and finds, to his mortification, that he is regarded as a million-

aire. He has not the courage to confess the truth, and, for the sake of enjoying the reputation of a man of wealth, he assumes the character of a hard-hearted miser, and knows that he is despised and hated by those who pay him every mark of outward respect for the sake of his imagined fortune. This character is finely conceived and admirably well sustained, excepting in a few incongruities which were unavoidable in a womanly delineation of a masculine character; but he plays no important point in the novel, and might have been left out without detriment to the other characters. Although the novel is full of Boston, and the rest of the world is nowhere, yet there is very little of local coloring in the descriptions, and, if the names were altered, the scene might be changed without violence to Liverpool or any other provincial English town. The truth is, that Boston is a very English town, and as the characters in *The Barclays* are all of the wealthy classes, merchants, lawyers, and professors, they are not essentially American. Natural characteristics are found only in the lower orders. The descriptions of local manners in *The Barclays*, are not so good as we should expect from so clever and observant a woman as the authoress; for it is in such things that women have evinced their greatest power in literature. The book opens at a children's party, where the two Barclay sisters are introduced, but the scene is very vaguely depicted, and the reader is left to fill in the coloring from the resources of his own imagination; and so with all the other "set scenes," where we should have had bright and distinct pictures of local manners, such as most women novelists have given us, the sketches are in the flimsiest outline. There is one very great merit in *The Barclays of Boston*; it is entirely free from the fashionable cant of philanthropy, and there are none of those superangelic little creatures who have been called into existence, in the domain of fiction, by the success of Dickens's *Little Nell*. *The Barclays of Boston* is, at least, a thoroughly honest book; it is a novel and not a sermon, nor a treatise on political economy in disguise; and, though not of a high order as a literary work of art, it displays considerable knowledge of the world, and contains many sagacious hints on the conduct of life which a good many readers may profit by.

—Joel Barlow and Pop Emmons are no longer to stand as solitary authors of American epics, for Mr. THOMAS L.

HARRIS has recently presented us with a poem which he calls "*An Epic of the Starry Heavens*." We say Mr. Thomas L. Harris, and yet we are not quite right, because the book comes to us in the double character of a revelation from the "spirit-world," and a poem. Mr. Harris was merely the agent by whom it has been given to us, while the real authors were some unknown persons beyond the grave, though it is intimated that Dante is one of the number. In the introduction we have this account of the mode in which the Epic was dictated.

"The poem bearing the above title was spoken by THOMAS L. HARRIS in the course of fourteen consecutive days, the speaker being in a *trance state* during its delivery. From one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty lines were dictated at each session, of which there were twenty-two in number, and the precise time occupied in communicating the whole was TWENTY-SIX HOURS AND SIXTEEN MINUTES. On several occasions, while the Epic was being delivered, Mr. Harris was unexpectedly entranced, under rather unfavorable circumstances, and in two instances, as will appear from the Appendix, he was absent from his lodgings when the trance occurred. The general appearance and manner of the *improvisatore* while subject to the influence of Spirits, was much like a person in an ordinary magnetic sleep. There was a slight involuntary action of the nerves of motion, chiefly manifested at the beginning and close of each sitting, or during brief intervals of silence, when some new scene appeared to the vision of the medium. The eyes were closed, but the expression of the face, which was highly animated and significant, varied with every change in the rhythm, and was visibly influenced by the slightest modification of the theme. The voice of the speaker was deep-toned and musical, and his enunciation distinct and energetic. Occasionally he exhibited considerable vehemence, but when the nature of the subject required gentleness, his voice was modulated with great delicacy, and at times his whole manner and utterance were characterized by remarkable solemnity and irresistible pathos. The writer has been personally acquainted with Mr. Harris for some twelve years, but has never witnessed on his part the slightest attempt to sing previous to the delivery of his Epic, portions of which were chanted in a low, musical voice, and with remarkable effect. Moreover, our friend several times remarked, during the progress of the work, that the invisible powers seemed to be singing it within him, and that all his nerves vibrated to the music.

"If the reader will refer to the Appendix, he will perceive that the particular Spirits whose presence was disclosed to Mr. Harris, did not, strictly speaking, communicate the Poem to or through him. This is not pretended. It is merely claimed that they used their influence—doubtless in harmony with existing psychological laws—to entrance the medium, and that when the state of interior perception and consciousness was induced, his spirit—by virtue of this inward quickening or opening of the interiors—was brought into intimate relations with the essential principles, invisible forms, and immortal inhabitants of the Spirit-world. While in this condition it may be presumed that he was as well qualified to obtain correct information respecting the sphere to which he was thus admitted, as men in the external state are to re-

ceive reliable impressions from the outward world. Thus the primordial elements or archetypal images of the thoughts embodied in this grand Epic were communicated to the receptive spirit, and the process of their reception was undoubtedly as strictly NORMAL as that by which the forms and qualities of outward things are perceived through the ordinary avenues of sensation."

Alexander Dumas will announce a five act comedy in one week and see it played at the *Theatre Française* the next, but what is his rapidity of composition compared with that of a medium, like Mr. Harris, who in "twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes" turns off an epic of four thousand lines? The spirits are great labor-saving machines, and we commend their agency to the editors of the daily press and literary men in general.

As to the epic itself, we do not hold ourselves competent to speak of its merits as a revelation, but of its merits as a poem we have formed no very high opinion. We are bothered in the outset by its being called "an epic," seeing that it is a mere collection of enthusiastic lyrics, which answer to no single requisite of the epic order of poetry. There is neither beginning, middle, nor end to it,—neither narrative nor catastrophe,—and it consists wholly of pleasant vaticinations on the part of Mr. Harris and his angels, in regard to the future well-being of the universe. But they may have other notions than ours in the land of spirits as to the nature of epics! We will, therefore, say no more on that head.

Nor are we greatly impressed, in the second place, with the lyrics of "Jupiter, Mars, and the electric ocean of the solar system." They are not a whit better than, nor half so good as, many lyrics that we know of on this plain, commonplace orb. Here and there, it is true, we fall upon passages of considerable vigor, but the greater part of the book seems to us utterly vague and unmeaning. Any body who will take the usual "disclosures" of the spirits and put them into agreeable verse, may make a volume which will correspond in every sense with that of Mr. Harris. We do not deny that there is thought in it, and, occasionally, fancy, but the impression it leaves upon us, as a whole, is that of a pretentious rhapsody. Like the talk of a man, in a state of high cerebral fever, it gives forth some profound suggestions, and some brilliant imagery, but the general effect of it is confusing and fugitive. No one after reading the book feels himself a jot the wiser; he carries away with him no single pregnant thought; on the contrary, he feels that his mind has been jaded, with-

out result. It is related that Mr. Harris, after his trances, immediately fell asleep, and we suspect that most of his readers will be happy to escape into the same gentle oblivion.

—PROFESSOR MAURICE'S *Theological Essays*, to which his dismissal from King's College has given a temporary notoriety, have been republished in this country, by Redfield. They are sixteen in number, and treat of all the prominent topics controverted between the Orthodox, Unitarians and Universalists; Original Sin, the Trinity, the Atonement, the Personality of the Spirit, the Judgment Day, Eternal Punishment, and the relation of Faith and Charity, are the subjects chiefly handled; and handled, too, we need not say, in a profoundly religious spirit, yet with independence and freedom. The author, it is evident on every page is a churchman, humble and reverent, but a churchman, who cannot accept the traditional interpretations of his creed. He does not separate himself from orthodox openly, nor does he openly reject any of its received doctrines, but he questions the prevalent expression of those doctrines, and endeavors to give a more liberal, and as he thinks, a profounder significance to them. The opinions which he publishes of the Atonement, of the Day of Judgment, and of Future Punishment, are not the views which nine out of ten men would gather from a reading of the English symbols. He denies, for instance, the vicarious nature of Christ's suffering, believing the essence of the atonement to consist in his delivering men from sin and not from punishment and implanting in them a true righteousness; he denies the general judgment, as a special day set apart for the final decision of our future destiny, holding that judgment is perpetually decreed in the course of human destiny; and he denies that the "eternal" of the Scriptures carries with it any idea of duration; and, in doing all this, we conceive, he departs from the tenets of his church, as they are almost universally taught. We do not mean that his theology is any the worse for these modifications, but simply that it is not the old and accepted theology.

There is one thing in Professor Maurice's controversial writings which we desire, especially to commend. It is the tone of candor and tolerance with which he speaks of all adverse views. A great many of his remarks are levelled directly at the Unitarians, but we are persuaded that no sincere man of that persuasion could take the least offence at any thing

he says. He does not conceal or withhold the expression of his total dissent from the Unitarian theories, yet he does not consider it necessary, on account of that fundamental difference, to visit those who adhere to them, with the outpourings of his wrath. This is an advance in the temper of theology which cannot but be regarded as a favorable sign of the times. Nor will it hurt the cause to which he is so evidently devoted in the minds of his readers, of any denomination.

—Literature is making its way into California, for the last mail brings us the first number of the *Pioneer, or California Monthly Magazine*,—a most promising periodical. Its matter is furnished by resident Californians, and is various in its nature as well as agreeable in its form. Among the contributions we find one relating to the "Poetry of California," as if a school of rhyme had already sprung up in that far locality, and another is a notice of a new object in the animal creation, which is nothing less than a viviparous fish. It seems that books of original poems have already been published at San Francisco, while the "California Academy of Natural Sciences" has also been occupied with dissertations on certain small fish, which in one respect are wholly different from any specimens before known to naturalists. Dr. Wm. P. Gibbons, on the 13th of June, 1853, read to the Academy a memoir on a species of Percoides, which produce their young from the body, and not by means of external eggs; and on the 5th of January, he described five new species of these viviparous novelties. Professor Agassiz in the November number of *Silliman's Journal* refers to two species of these fish, but he was clearly anticipated in the discovery by Dr. Gibbons, who also rejects the name of *Embriotico*, which Agassiz has given, and classes them among the *Labroides*, from which they scarcely differ. We must congratulate the California Academy, on signaling its advent into the world of science, by this interesting discovery. San Francisco is only five years old, and yet it supports two or three theatres, an opera, a monthly Magazine, an Academy of Science, thirteen Daily Papers, and we don't know how many weekly papers.

—Among professional books we are called upon to notice, the *Homeopathic Practice of Medicine, embracing the history, diagnosis and treatment of Diseases in general, including those peculiar to women*, by M. FRELEIGH,

M. D., who is reputed to be a gentleman of intelligence and ability. Our acquaintance with the subject is too limited, to allow us to make more than an announcement of the work. The publishers are Lamport, Blakeman & Law.

—Is it not significant of a growing demand for poetry, that the stereotype plates of *Bryant's Poems*, were sold at the Trade-sale at Philadelphia, the other day, by Mr. Hart, who is retiring from the trade, for Twenty-two Hundred Dollars, which is more than their original cost?

—DR. HEMPEL, of whose industry as a translator we have before spoken, has lately made an original contribution to his profession, in the shape of an *Organon of Specific Homœopathy*. It is an ample statement of the leading doctrines of Hahnemann, with a criticism of their merits and defects. Dr. Hempel is a follower of the great German medical reformer, but not a blind follower, and in his essay points out, with remarkable shrewdness and ability, the weak points of the system, suggesting at the same time, what he esteems a profounder and juster view of the science of healing. Dr. Hempel, though a foreigner, writes the English language with unusual facility and force. His book, if we mistake not, will produce a sensation among his fellow practitioners.

—We are glad to see the *Thesaurus of English Words*, by PETER MACK ROGET, one of the authors of the Bridge-water Treatises, republished in this country. It is a most valuable work, giving the results of many years labor, in an attempt to classify and arrange the words of the English tongue, so as to facilitate the practice of composition. The purpose of an ordinary dictionary is to explain the meaning of words, while the object of this Thesaurus, is to collate all the words by which any given idea may be expressed. Phrases are therefore classed, not according to their sound, or their orthography, but according to their signification. Thus, supposing a writer is describing the general form of some object, and wishes to vary the expression, he will find under the term "form," a large number of related words, such as "figure, shape, configuration, make, formation, frame, construction, conformation, cut, set, build, trim, stamp, cast, mould, fashion, structure, &c." He finds at hand, on every topic, a copious store of phrases, adapted to express all the more important shades and modifications of the general idea with which he is engaged. Words, it should be remembered, are not

only the tools of the writer, the vehicle or medium through which he communicates his sentiments, but they are the very instruments of thought. Few intellectual operations can be carried on without their agency, and, consequently, a facility in using them is necessary to precision and rapidity of thinking as well as to accuracy and grace of expression.

The American edition of this work has been edited by Dr. Sears, the eminent secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, who has greatly improved it by correcting numerous errors, and enlarging the index. But there has been one exercise of editorial judgment to which we decidedly object. Dr. Roget had incorporated into his work a large number of idiomatic and colloquial phrases, which Dr. Sears omits, on the ground that they were vulgar and low. He does so, as he alleges, because such phrases are of no use except to "professed authors who have occasion to represent the language of low life," and adds, "whom we do not undertake to aid." But Dr. Roget undertook to aid them, and his editor had no right to deprive any class of writers of the assistance he meant to supply. Vulgar and low words, as they are called, are often the most expressive words, and so long as they are not positively offensive or incorrect, ought to be retained in a Thesaurus of this kind. Many of the best writers in the English language, such writers as Swift, De Foe, Fielding and Cobbett, abound in words and phrases that a fastidious taste might condemn as vulgar, but which, in reality, are only idiomatic and popular. Such words add a great deal to the force, the ease and the picturesqueness of style, and are always favorites with men of vivacious as well as of earnest dispositions.

We regret the omission of them, the more because one great defect, in the style of American writers, especially those of New England, arises from what appears to be a careful avoidance of easy and familiar terms. They are uniformly too stately and sustained, and give a look of stiffness to whatever they say. Take Dr. Channing, as an instance,—who was certainly a writer of remarkable elegance and force,—and yet one can hardly read more than two pages at a time of his essays without a sense of weariness. The reason is, that he uses no colloquial and easy words—words that Dr. Sears would call vulgar or trite—to break and relieve his lofty and sonorous periods. Even in the three volumes of letters addressed to his intimate friends, where it might be sup-

posed he would naturally descend to the talk of common life, there is but one single idiomatic expression. It is where he says that "he had been all day as busy as a bee," but in all the rest he is as dignified and precise as in his most solemn sermons. Mr. Everett exhibits the same defect, and so does Webster, but neither of them to the same extent as Dr. Channing. Our newspaper writers, on the other hand, run into *slang*, simply for the want of those cozy and apt idiomatic phrases, which cut into the core of a subject, and avoid the necessity for clumsy paraphrases and heavy circumlocution. We hope, therefore, that in the second American edition of Dr. Roget's book, it will be given to the public without the abridgments of which we complain.

—One of the most acceptable additions recently made to our current literature, is the translation of Weiss' History of the French Protestant Refugees, made by Henry W. Herbert, and published by Stringer and Townsend. Such a book as this, which gives not only the history of one of the most important episodes in the progress of Christianity, but an authentic narrative of the wanderings and fate of those who were the subjects of the most malign persecution of modern times, many of whom were the founders of historical families in this country, cannot fail to be most favorably received by American readers. The History of the French Protestant Refugees has already become famous in Europe, and it will lose nothing by the admirable manner in which it has been rendered into English by Mr. Herbert.

ENGLISH.—Now that the English people are on the eve of war, their current literature is running almost exclusively into the Eastern Question. Every body that has ever visited the Black Sea, or sojourned in the Danubian principalities, or floated down the great river, is putting his recollections into a book, while old books relating to the same subjects are revived, and there is no end to the pamphlets and essays on the comparative resources of Russia and Turkey. Many of these publications are of course utterly worthless, being mere fugitive and catch-penny attempts to take advantage of a prevailing excitement, but others are not only appropriate but valuable, and furnish a large amount of necessary and useful information. Some of the latter we shall notice, beginning with *The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828-'29, with a view of the present state of affairs in the*

East, by a distinguished officer of the British army, COL. CHESNEY, who went to Turkey in 1828, to offer his services to Mahmoud, but was unfortunately too late. Yet, being on the spot he visited the seat of war, both in Asia and Europe, and gathered particulars of its incidents from Russian and Turkish officers as well as from other sources. As the same countries are again the scene of conflict, his descriptions possess a present interest, while his critical account of the old campaigns afford us grounds of conjecture as to the probable result of the anticipated conflict. Indeed, it is in the latter point of view, that the chief value of the work consists. Col. Chesney estimates the respective abilities of Russia and Turkey so clearly, that he leaves little doubt in the mind, that even in an unassisted encounter between the two nations, the Turks would in the end get the upper hand. In all that concerns mere fighting, whether in open field, behind cover, or in that regular hand to hand which accompanies the sally, or the desultory combat on broken ground, the Turks, according to the English Colonel, were quite equal, if not superior to the Russians. In the art of quickly covering themselves by entrenchments, he also adds, they are superior to all European nations, while in regular battle they are not inferior. But what they wanted thirty years ago, was discipline, which has since been supplied under the instruction of English and French officers, so that they are now first-rate and effective soldiers. With the assistance of France and England, Colonel Chesney thinks they will have an easy time in routing the forces of the Czar. We are not so sure of that ourselves, though quite willing that the gallant Colonel should prove a good prophet. It would be worth while giving Russia a drubbing, if only to take the preposterous conceit out of the head of its half-barbarous monarch.

—A later, and on the whole, more interesting book on the East, is a *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities, in the autumn and winter of 1853*, by one who is obviously an Irishman, if we may judge from his name, PATRICK O'BRIEN. He left Constantinople last September for Bucharest, and was fortunate enough to be present at one or two of the less important skirmishes which have taken place between the combatants. But without dwelling upon any details of battles, let us extract the following striking account of the appearance of a small body of Russian troops, while

marching—which seems to us to present a suggestive picture of character. He says, just before reaching Bucharest,

"There were about five hundred Russians quartered in the neighborhood of the khan. They had that staid, soldierly look which is the effect of severe discipline. This I observed to be the characteristic of nearly all the Russian soldiers that I have seen in the Principalities. The exceptions are the young recruits, who of course are not yet properly formed. I have never observed any appearance of light-heartedness among the Russian soldiers even when off duty. It is true that at times, in marching, whole battalions sing in chorus either the National Anthem, which is a fine, solemn air, or some wild melody, generally of a warlike character, interspersed with sharp cries and an occasional shrill whistle. These latter songs are particularly animated and spirit stirring, and the quick rattle of the drum, which is the sole instrumental accompaniment, increases their exciting character. To the listener there is something sublime in thus hearing thousands of manly voices blended together in chorus uttering sentiments of devotion to God and the Emperor, or of fierce defiance to the enemies of the Czar. But even in these exhibitions the sternness of military rule is seen. Upon the faces of the men thus engaged no trace of emotion is visible; their tread is measured; their forms are erect; they are obeying a command, and not an impulse. The emotions of the heart seem to have been drilled into order, and expressions of love or anger, devotion or revenge are only awakened by the voice of their commander."

Mr. O'Brien gives a spirited description of the affair at Oltenitza, for which we must refer our readers to his volume.

—Far more interesting to scholars than the whole litter of books on the Eastern Question, is a work with the strange title of the *Bhilsa Topes*, which will doubtless convey no meaning to the minds of a large number of our readers. But the second title, or *Buddhist Monuments of Central Asia*, will elucidate the obscurity. Buddhism, as most people know, is one of the superstitions of the East, which formerly controlled the faith of more than one half the human race, and which is still a matter of life and death to some two hundred and fifty millions of votaries. It took its rise in India, some two thousand years ago, and flourished for a long time with great vigor, but it afterwards decayed, or rather migrated into Thibet, Siam, Burmah, Japan, Ava, Ceylon, and Cochin China; and it is, at this day, the most widely-diffused religion in the world. If truth could be determined, therefore, by a majority of voices, we ought all of us to be serenely contemplating the supreme and excellent Buddha. Yet truth cannot be determined in that way, and prevailing as Buddhism may be, it must be regarded as rather in its decay, and the object of MAJOR CUNNINGHAM'S book,—for he is the author of "*Bhilsa*

Topes"—is to illustrate the monuments of its former existence and glory. These consist, as a writer in the *Athenæum* who condenses Major Cunningham's accounts, says, of caves, temples, monastic retreats structural and excavated, inscriptions on rocks and columns, and *Topes* or religious edifices. The last here named, though numerous, are contained in few localities. They are found in Afghanistan, near the Indus, near the Ganges, at Tirhut and Bahar, and round Bhilsa in Central India. Of the Bhilsa *Topes*, the largest was examined a short time ago by Major Cunningham's brother, who induced the Court of Directors to carry out the research. Lieut. Maisey was therefore employed, and Major Cunningham joined him in January, 1853. The results of their labors were valuable, and the record of their discoveries is intrinsically of uncommon interest.

The Buddhist *Topes* are of three kinds: the first, immense hollow mounds of masonry, dedicated to the Eternal Buddha; the second, the Funereal, erected over the ashes of his "*Mortal Emanations*" and most pious saints; and the third, memorials, raised on spots sanctified by some extraordinary religious event. The first are the largest, and placed in the loftiest situations:—of the third little is known.

"The *Funereal Topes* were of course the most numerous, as they were built of all sizes, and of all kinds of material, according to the rank of the deceased and the means of his fraternity. At Bhojpur, the *Topes* occupy four distinct stages or platforms of the hill. The largest *Topes*, six in number, occupy the uppermost stage, and were, I believe, dedicated to Buddha; that is, either to the celestial Buddha *Adinâth*, or to the relics of the mortal Buddha, *Sikya*. This view is borne out by the facts that the largest *Topes* contained no deposit; and that the second and third sized *Topes* yielded crystal boxes, one of which, shaped like a *Topes*, contained only a minute portion of human bone smaller than a pea! The second-rate *Topes*, sixteen in number, stand on the second stage. According to my view, these *Topes* contain the ashes of those who had reached the rank of Bodhisatwa. We discovered relics in five of these *Topes*, but there were no inscriptions of any historical value. The third stage of the hill is occupied by seven small *Topes*, all of which I suppose to have built over the remains of the third grade of Pratyeka Buddhas. Of the eight *Topes* which stand on the lowest stage of the hill, one is much larger than any of those on the third stage. These *Topes* were, I believe, built over the ashes of the lowest grade of the Buddha community, the *Srâvaka Buddhas*."

They were built at a vast cost, and with infinite ceremonies. The foundation-stones were trodden down by elephants, and milk, oil, vermillion, and precious gums were used in the cement. Like the Egyptian monarchs, when they reared

their Pyramids, the Buddhist Rajahs often erected these structures by means of forced, unpaid labor, and the bones of many wretches lay on the earth around them. The Topes are of various shapes, according to their age. The most ancient are hemispherical, forming simple mounds. Next, in point of antiquity, are those which are raised a few feet on cylindrical plinths. In the third order, the height of the basement is equal to that of the superstructure; and so on, until in the latest we find a tall, round tower, surmounted by a dome.

—The English press has teemed of late with poetry, but we find among the mass nothing worthy of comment, unless it be a volume of *Poems* by MATTHEW ARNOLD, who not only writes his verses, but prefaces them, like Wordsworth, with a long dissertation, in order to show the principles on which he has written. Mr. Arnold is a disciple of the classic, as contradistinguished from the romantic school, and urges with no little earnestness a more sedulous study of the great masters of antiquity. He even questions whether Shakespeare is a good model for young poets (though he admits him to be "the greatest of all poetical names"), because the mere accessories of his excellence, "his happy, abundant, and ingenious expression" are more likely to captivate the young imagination than his more real and substantial qualities as an artist. Clearness of arrangement, vigor of development, and simplicity of style, can be better learned, he says, from the ancients. As a specimen of his own success, in this study of the classic authors, we give Mr. Arnold's "Ode to Philomela."

"Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

"O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world
pain—

Say, will it never heal?

And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain

Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

Dost thou again peruse

With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes

The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?

Dost thou once more assay

Thy flight, and feel come over thee,

Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Dauls, and the high Cephissian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding through the
leaves!

Again—thou hearest!

Eternal Passion!

Eternal Pain!"

This is very beautiful, but has it not the defect that it retains the diction of the ancients, while it is altogether too scholarly and remote in its allusions to produce any popular effect? Comparing it with Keats' Nightingale or Shelley's Sky Lark, we feel that it wants much more than rhyme in order to win it a place in the enduring memories of our race.

—Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, says the *Literary Gazette*, has been combating the alleged heresies and paradoxes, delivered in that city by Mr. Ruskin, in a recent course of lectures before the Philosophical Association. Mr. BLACKIE read a paper on *Mr. Ruskin and Greek Architecture*, before the Architectural Institute, in which the excessive laudation of Gothic, at the expense of Greek architecture, was censured, the beauty and effects of the two styles not being subjects of comparison. Mr. Ruskin's theory about religious faith being necessary for high art, was also shown to be fanciful, some of the noblest works being by skeptics, while men of the noblest faith and truest piety, such as the Covenanters, abhorred every idea of the fine arts. Professor Blackie and Mr. Ruskin are both enthusiasts in their way, and, by their earnest advocacy of their extreme views, they will at least gain more general attention to questions of art, in connection with history, literature, and taste.

FRENCH.—We have already announced the Reminiscences of Contemporaries in History and Literature, *Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature*, by M. VILLEMMAIN, and have now the first volume of the work before us. It is occupied chiefly by a memoir of M. de Narbonne, who was Minister of War under Louis the XVI., and whose friendship Villemmain enjoyed in his younger days. He is scarcely of importance enough in himself to be entitled to the front rank in a volume of biography; but, as he was intimately connected with Madame De Stael, Napoleon, Fox, Lafayette, and other personages of note, and had a good deal to do with the diplomacy of the Great Captain, his position rescues him from his native insignificance. Napoleon was in the habit

of conversing in the most unreserved manner on all his projects to M. de Narbonne, who transmitted records of them to Villemain, by whom they were preserved and are now published. Of course they give a lively and faithful idea of the interior life of the court at that time, and of that of the several head-quarters on the march to Russia. They are not so elaborate as the memoirs of Count de Segur, but they produce, on the whole, a more favorable impression of the times. A great many personal reminiscences and anecdotes are scattered through the narrative, but Villemain is a man of too much self-respect, and too high a position, to indulge in the scandals which form the chief interest of so many French memoirs. His book is not likely to find, therefore, as many readers as the autobiography of the more garrulous and less conscientious Veron, but it will take a more permanent place in literature. Appended to the commemoration of Narbonne, is a chapter entitled *Demosthenes and General Foix*, and another, which is called *M. de Feliez and the Salons of his time*, which are both interesting. The subsequent volumes will enter upon the subject of the author's literary history, and may be expected to be more generally entertaining than the first volume.

—The literary treaty recently concluded between France and Spain has just been formally promulgated by the French Emperor. It gives full protection in France and Spain to authors of books, plays, musical compositions, pictures, designs, engravings, lithographs, sculpture, geographical maps, and other similar productions; the protection to last not only all the lives of the authors, but twenty years after their death, if they leave direct heirs, and ten years if they have only collateral heirs. Protection is also extended to translations, and authors may reserve to themselves for five years the right of translating their works. But imitations of works are to be tolerated, provided they be not made with the evident intention of pirating the originals. We cannot record this honorable agreement between two great nations, made in the interest of their authors and artists, without expressing the deep mortification we feel at the dilatory movements of our own government in recognizing the rights of foreigners from whose labors we are constantly reaping such precious harvests. How long, oh, how long, American legislators, must the world wait to see you do the simplest act of justice? Why have we commercial treaties with nearly all the nations of the

globe, but literary treaties with none? Are books an object of less importance than bales of wool or cargoes of guano?

—COUSIN has commenced in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a history of the literary saloons of the 17th century, beginning with the Marchioness de Sablé, who was one of the most amiable and accomplished women of the first half of that century. She did not possess, as he says, the beauty of Madame de Montbazou, nor the audacity of Madame de Chevreuse, nor the virtue of Madame de Rambouillet, nor the genius of Madame de Sevigné; but she possessed, in the highest degree, what was then called *politesse*, and was a happy combination of mind, grace, and goodness. At the first, a brilliant woman of the world, living in the very centre of fashion, she afterwards became the centre of a renowned intellectual society, the Port-Royalists, who gave a new phase to literature. Of both periods of her existence ample memorials have been preserved, and these COUSIN weaves into a most entertaining biography. She appears to have taken a lively interest always in public affairs, and among the figures who float about among the scenes of her activity are the Prince de Condé, Richelieu, Balzac, Corneille, M^{lle} de Scudery, Pascal, Nicole, Arnauld, La Rochefoucauld, and other illustrious personages. After her retirement to the Port Royal, she became very devout, but she managed at the same time to live in the greatest comfort, drawing around her a most polished and aristocratic society.

—It is remarkable, amid the variety of writers in France, that no good history of French literature is extant. There are many admirable works, such as the *Discours et Melange Littéraires* of Villemain, on particular periods of literary history, many eloquent and instructive monographs on eminent literary men, but a connected and systematic history of the entire course of literature has yet to be written. M. EUGENE GERUZEZ attempts in two volumes, just published, *Essais d'Histoire Littéraire*, to supply the deficiency, but not with marked success. His work is well written, but is rather a gallery of portraits, beginning with St. Bernard and ending with Rousseau, than a regular history. In the absence of a better one, however, it will answer a good purpose, for it gives a tolerably clear conception of the gradual growth of the language, with some faithful pictures of the more impressive periods. The author

evinces artistic taste and critical discrimination.

—We know of few French authors whose works furnish pleasanter reading than those of M. EMILE SOUVESTRE. His last book is a series of literary and historical conversation (*Causeries Historiques et Littéraires*), which seem to have been originally given as lectures in Switzerland. They make no pretensions to erudition, and yet they discourse of the principal writers of antiquity, and the great literary monuments of the middle ages, with the precision of a scholar, as well as with the liveliness of a man of the world. The several subjects are treated with animation, while many obscure points of history are elucidated with a clearness of language which must make them intelligible to the most un instructed mind. Another recent work of his, is a narrative of a family, *Le Memorial de Famille*, which takes a young household, from the moment it is formed, and carries it along through a whole career of varied experiences, sometimes gentle and sometimes rough, showing the dangers to which it is exposed, describing its pleasures, and suggesting principles for its guidance. It is a simple-hearted and honest story, meant to be read by the fireside, and though it contains many scenes of domestic life, does not offend in points where French romances are most apt to be objectionable. It may safely be recommended, both for style and subject, as a proper subject for translation.

—We cannot say as much of M. ARNOULD FREMY'S *Journal of a Young Girl*, *Journal d'une Jeune Fille*, which, possessing a powerful and moving interest, is yet tinged occasionally with vulgar and trite phrases, as well as scenes that one might as well not read. It details the history of a young woman of education and elevated tastes, who is reduced to the support of her mother by giving lessons in music. This resource at last fails and she is forced to accept of service in a chateau in the country, where she becomes the victim of the heir of the house, and afterwards falls into dishonor and misery, and destroys herself by poison. The first part which relates her precarious life as a music teacher, exhibits a rare dramatic truthfulness, and pith; but the subsequent parts are not so well executed. The author's apology may be, that his work is not an invention, but a real history; yet, we cannot conceive that truth itself is any justification for a violation of either morals or art.

—What are the rights of temporal power,

and what those of the religious power, are the questions discussed by H. Thiercelin, in a book entitled *Du Mariage Civil et du Mariage Religieux*, which, however, can have but little significance in this country, where the law has long since settled the respective authorities of Church and State.

—A history of Madame de Maintenon is published by GUSTAVE HEQUET, which is the most complete account of the extraordinary life of that woman that has appeared. It has been undertaken by M. de Noailles, but of such enormous proportions, that no one can tell when it is likely to be finished. The recent work of M. Lavillée, too, is rather a history of the Royal House of St. Cyr, than of its celebrated founder. But M. Héquet devotes himself to a biography proper, and tells us in graceful language, and with full details, all that it is profitable to know of the career of M^{lle} d'Aubigné, from her early prison-house, through the marriage with Scarron, till she achieved the throne of France. His materials are drawn chiefly from her own correspondence, with such light as may be thrown upon that by contemporary memoirs. From these he extracts a more favorable view of her character than is ordinarily given, reliving it of a good many imputations which the scandal of the times had fixed upon it, and showing her, indeed, to have been, though a woman of ambition, selfishness and intrigue, without reproach in other respects.

—The French writers of the period of the Reformation have found a diligent student in M. SAXOUS, whose *Etudes littéraires sur les écrivains français de la reformation*, contain a multitude of interesting particulars in respect to Calvin, Farel, Viret, Theod. de Beza, Henri Etienne, Duplessis Mornay, &c. &c. The author, though somewhat of a polemic, brings to his task great sagacity, independence of judgment and a sincere love of the truth. He seems to have caught some of the fire and spirit of his illustrious subjects, and discourses of religious truth with all their mingled learning and enthusiasm. His work is a real contribution to theological literature.

—The *Athenæum Français* contains a criticism of Mr. Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, in which it says that his romance "has none of the charm of a story and all the monotony and tediousness of real life without its truth." The talent of this author, it goes on to say, "presents singular anomalies,—it is an assemblage of fatalism, socialism, and

magnetism, mingled with an excessive puerility in its material details, and an inconceivable negligence in the description of important situations and passionate sentiments. His action never advances; from time to time the author is obliged to introduce some unknown to whom he relates his facts, and during the while, his principal personages amuse themselves with disguises and travels, even in the midst of events the most important for them." The critic adds, however, in respect to the Blithedale Romance, that there are passages written with "incontestable talent, with energy and vigor, but always, without imagination." In short, the whole criticism is ludicrously absurd. The same periodical has a brief notice of *Queechy*, by Miss Wetherell, which it says has "not a single well-developed intrigue, nor one moving drama, but is a series of monotonous conversations." It grants, however, that the writer has an excellent spirit and a maternal heart. The poetry of the book is said to be superior to the prose.

—A scientific discovery of vast practical interest is reported in the last *Compte Rendu* of the Academy of Science at Paris. It is nothing less than the extraction of a metal Aluminum from common clay. Sir Humphrey Davy long since suggested that the clays might be made to yield metals, and now M. Wokler has shown the feasibility of his suggestion. He states that by treating clay with a chlouret of sodium, heating the compound to a red heat in a porcelain crucible, the chlouret of aluminum is disengaged, and there remains a mass of the pure metal of aluminum. This metal is as white as silver, is malleable and ductile, may be hardened by hammering like iron, does not change in damp or dry air, does not oxydize when cast, is not affected by either hot or cold water, and does not dissolve in ordinary acids. As it is widely dispersed throughout nature, is feasible and ductile, while it is also lighter than glass, a pure white metal, not blackening in the air, it must suggest, sooner or later, the most important applications in the arts. The discoverer is about to institute a series of experiments on all the argillaceous or clayey substances with a hope of obtaining other similar results.

—A notable specimen of conservative thinking is M. SAINT BONNET's book on the decay of human reason and the decline of Europe (*De l'affaiblissement de la raison et de la decadence en Europe*). It is divided into three parts, the first of

which treats of the prevailing spiritual and intellectual maladies which are hastening the dissolution of modern society,—the second points out their causes, and the third suggests the remedy. The great disease, as he considers it, is the want of religious faith, or rather in the supremacy every where allowed to the mere intelligence, which is essentially skeptical, over the reason, which is essentially religious. The causes of this disease are, first, the study of pagan authors, second, the natural sciences, and third, the German philosophy. While the cure for these aberrations must be the substitution of the Christian fathers for the ancient classics, as the grounds of education, regenerating literature thus as some propose to regenerate art, the conversion of the sciences from naturalism, and the entire exorcism of those Teutonic monsters, who are making all the world pantheists. What nonsense! As if the whole of modern literature, science, and philosophy, could be suppressed to make room for the fathers! M. Bonnet does not see, as he ought, that Christianity, though ever the same in its substance, is variable in its form; and these apparent heresies, of which he complains, these materializing sciences, and pantheistic philosophies, are only preparing the way for a grander manifestation of Christ's religion than the world has yet seen. The great truths of revelation, which have been evangelical at one time, political at another, and philosophical at a third, are yet to be scientific, and after that reconcile all views in a transcendent unity.

—Under the title of *Stories and Travels*, (*Contes et Voyages*), Mr. EDMOND TEXIER has collected three tales of different objects and lengths. The first is called *The Golden Fleece*, and relates the adventures of two Frenchmen who went to seek their fortunes in California; the second is *Mademoiselle d'Aulnay*, which describes the very sentimental love of a lady of quality, and the third is the *le Diable à Paris*, which gives a sad account of the discomfitures of a rich heir, who falls into the hands of a *lorette* at Paris. Great power is shown in the invention of characters, and in the charms of style.

—A history of Canada (*Histoire du Canada, depuis sa découverte jusqu'à nos jours*) has been published by M. FRANÇOIS XAVIER GARNEAU. It is complete in its details, and written with animation and skill.

—The political alliance of England and France has had its effect on literature, for

we see that M. Francis Wey, in his book, called the English at home (*Les Anglais Chez eux*), treats them with much less severity than French writers have been accustomed.

GERMAN.—The Brothers GRIMM, among the most distinguished philologists of the world, have issued the first part of their great dictionary of the German language (*Deutsches Wörterbuch*), which promises to be an exceedingly valuable contribution to lexicography. After giving to Germany a historical grammar which established comparative philology on its true basis, they are now crowning their work with this important completion. It is needless to say that it exhibits throughout the profoundest erudition and excellent judgment.

—An able work is "The System of Christian Life" (*System des Christlichen Lebens*) by Dr. WILHELM BOEMER, a theological professor at the university of Breslau. It can hardly be called a treatise upon Ethics, because the author considers Christian principles as something superior to mere moral precepts, and yet he is careful to show the intrinsic agreement of his results with human reason. He discusses the modifications of Christianity introduced by the late speculative philosophers, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Feuerbach, as well as by the speculative theologians, Schleiermacher, Daub, Marheineke and De Wette, showing wherein he conceives them to be wrong, and deducing a more evangelical theory. Neander, in his history of the church speaks of Boemer as one of the soundest of the modern theologians.

—VIEHOFF, who is known as the author of a life of Goethe, is publishing a new edition of the poems of that great man, which are arranged under the heads 1st. of natural-poetry period, —2d. classical and artistic poetry, and 3d. the period of eclectic universalism. A full commentary accompanies each volume.

—An instructive account of Surinam (*Sechs Jahre in Surinam*) is put forth by A. KAPPLER, whose long residence in the island enables him to speak of its military and social condition with perfect understanding and completeness.

—A new periodical, under the title of the Protestant Church-Gazette for Evangelical Germany (*Protestantische Kirchenzeitung für das evangelische Deutschland*) is published in Berlin, under the editorship of Mr. KRAUSE. Its aim is to defend historic Christianity against all those tendencies, which seek to subvert

Religion and Church, and, on the other hand, to support liberal Protestant principles against the encroachments of sectarianism and ultramontanism.—One of its principal objects will be, to combat the attempts of modern times to confine the Protestant Church within the narrow limits of obsolete ecclesiastical formulas and ordinances—attempts, which, if successful, would inevitably destroy the independence and cramp the free development of Protestantism.

—The fifth edition of *Burmeister's Geschichte der Schöpfung* has just been published, a fact which proves the wide circulation of this important work.

—The first volume of a German translation of Rev. THEODORE PARKER's Writings has just been issued, containing the critical and miscellaneous essays. A second edition of a previous translation of his *Ten Sermons on religious subjects* is about to be printed. The doctrines of this theologian have found many admirers and adherents in Germany.

—The late M. E. GUNTHER, of Leipzig, is the author of an excellent translation of Horace into German, which may vie with the masterly translation of Homer by Voss. Like that famous work it combines a faithful version with a truly poetic diction, and is greatly distinguished from all similar attempts.

—A continuation of EHRENBURG's large Work on Infusoria of 1838, to be entitled *Microscopic Geology (Mikroskopische Geologie)* will be published in a few months. The first volume of the letter-press (95 sheets folio) will be published first; it treats of Australia, Asia, and South America. At the same time an Atlas containing the plates which belong to the whole work will be issued. This Atlas is to contain in forty engraved plates numerous, mostly colored, delineations of the results of the famous author's geological researches extending to all parts of the globe.

—The portraits of Johan and Margaret Luther, the parents of the great German Reformer, Martin Luther, copied from the originals of Louis Cranach, have just been engraved and published.

—The second part of a work that has made some stir, the Free Thinkers in Religion (*Die Freidanker in der religion, oder die representanten der religiösen aufklärung im England, Frankreich und Deutschland*), has just made its appearance. It relates to the infidels, as they are called, of France, and in the next part those of Germany will be treated, The author is Dr. L. NOACK.